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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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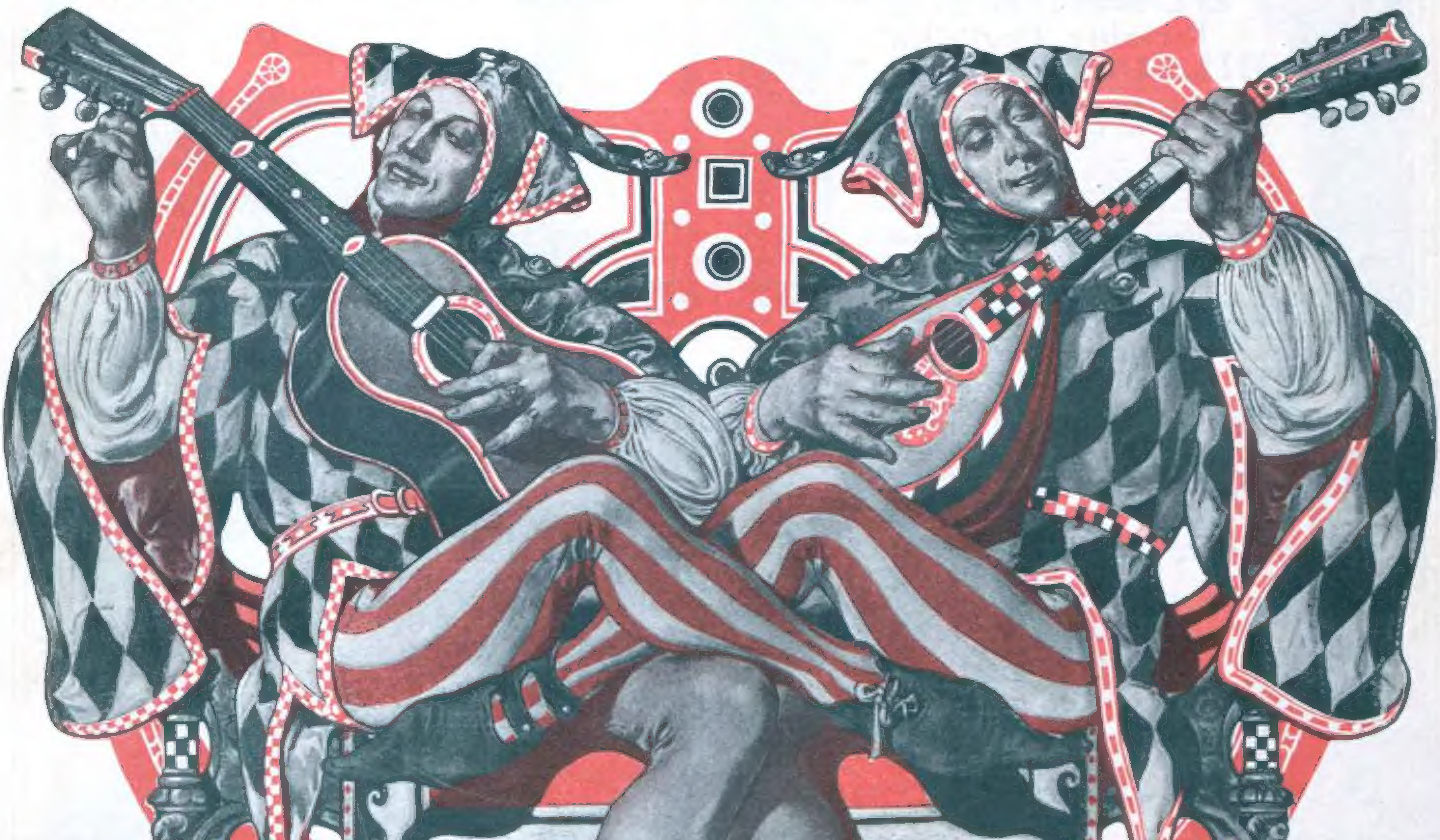

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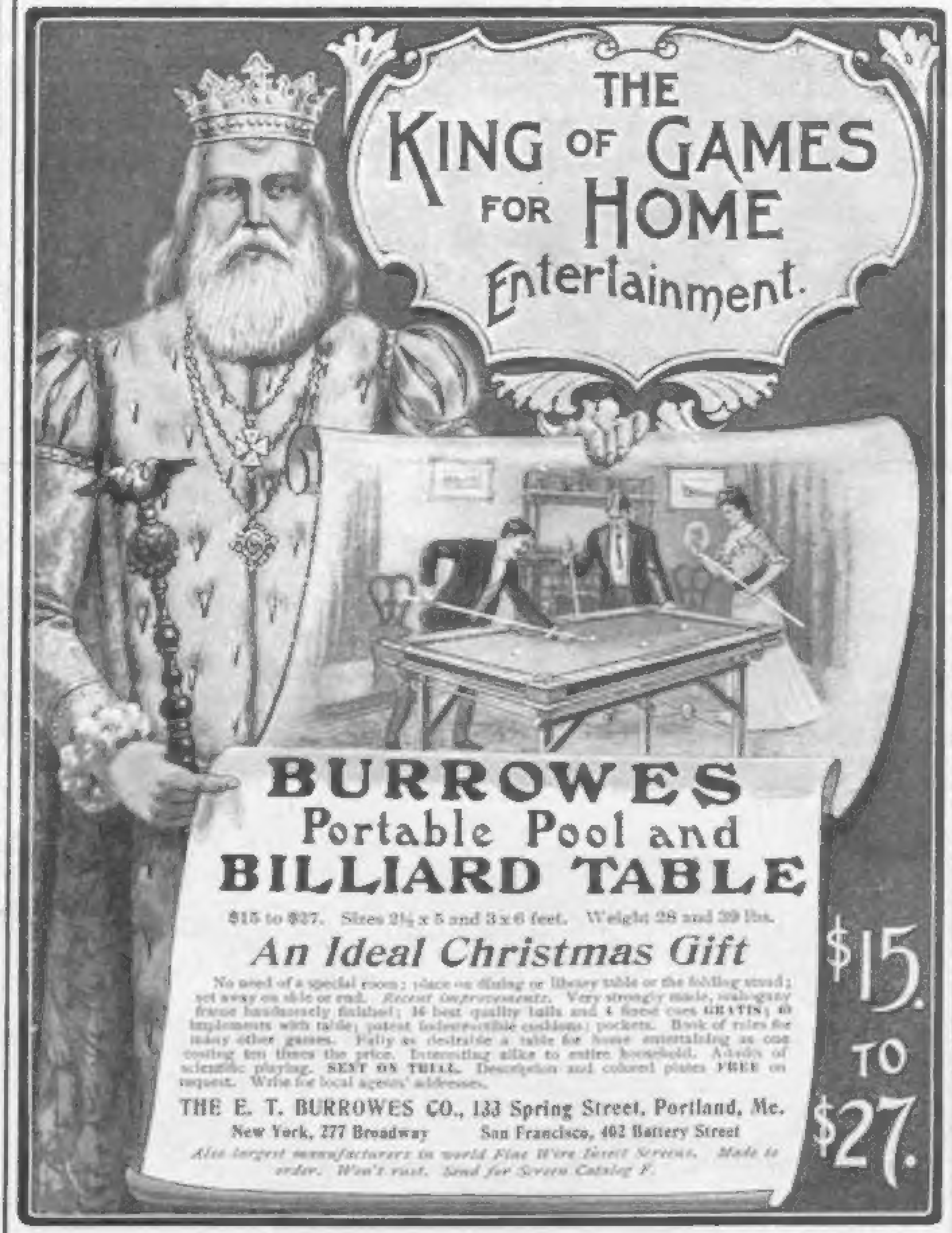

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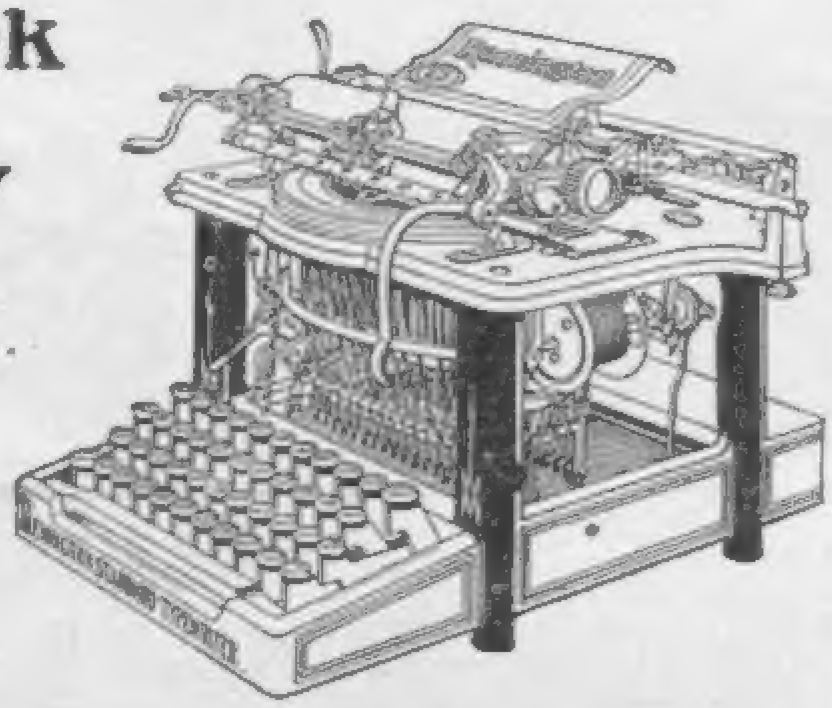

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The White Invasion of China

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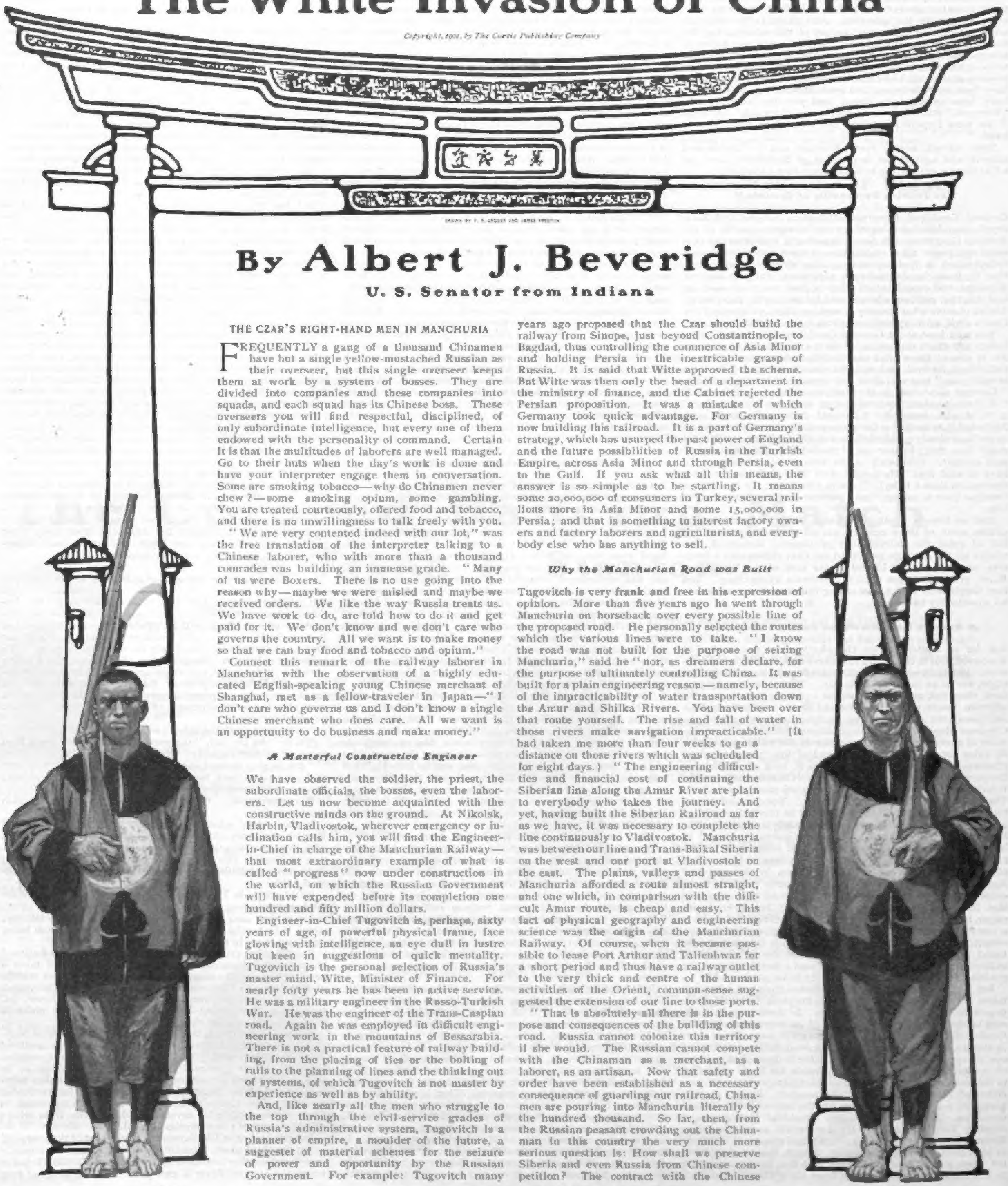


DRAWN BY F. X. LEYENDECKER AND JAMES PRESTON

By Albert J. Beveridge

U. S. Senator from Indiana

THE CZAR'S RIGHT-HAND MEN IN MANCHURIA

FREQUENTLY a gang of a thousand Chinamen have but a single yellow-mustached Russian as their overseer, but this single overseer keeps them at work by a system of bosses. They are divided into companies and these companies into squads, and each squad has its Chinese boss. These overseers you will find respectful, disciplined, of only subordinate intelligence, but every one of them endowed with the personality of command. Certain it is that the multitudes of laborers are well managed. Go to their huts when the day's work is done and have your interpreter engage them in conversation. Some are smoking tobacco—why do Chinamen never chew?—some smoking opium, some gambling. You are treated courteously, offered food and tobacco, and there is no unwillingness to talk freely with you.

"We are very contented indeed with our lot," was the free translation of the interpreter talking to a Chinese laborer, who with more than a thousand comrades was building an immense grade. "Many of us were Boxers. There is no use going into the reason why—maybe we were misled and maybe we received orders. We like the way Russia treats us. We have work to do, are told how to do it and get paid for it. We don't know and we don't care who governs the country. All we want is to make money so that we can buy food and tobacco and opium."

Connect this remark of the railway laborer in Manchuria with the observation of a highly educated English-speaking young Chinese merchant of Shanghai, met as a fellow-traveler in Japan—"I don't care who governs us and I don't know a single Chinese merchant who does care. All we want is an opportunity to do business and make money."

A Masterful Construction Engineer

We have observed the soldier, the priest, the subordinate officials, the bosses, even the laborers. Let us now become acquainted with the constructive minds on the ground. At Nikolsk, Harbin, Vladivostok, wherever emergency or inclination calls him, you will find the Engineer-in-Chief in charge of the Manchurian Railway—that most extraordinary example of what is called "progress" now under construction in the world, on which the Russian Government will have expended before its completion one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Engineer-in-Chief Tugovitch is, perhaps, sixty years of age, of powerful physical frame, face glowing with intelligence, an eye dull in lustre but keen in suggestions of quick mentality. Tugovitch is the personal selection of Russia's master mind, Witte, Minister of Finance. For nearly forty years he has been in active service. He was a military engineer in the Russo-Turkish War. He was the engineer of the Trans-Caspian road. Again he was employed in difficult engineering work in the mountains of Bessarabia. There is not a practical feature of railway building, from the placing of ties or the bolting of rails to the planning of lines and the thinking out of systems, of which Tugovitch is not master by experience as well as by ability.

And, like nearly all the men who struggle to the top through the civil-service grades of Russia's administrative system, Tugovitch is a planner of empire, a moulder of the future, a suggester of material schemes for the seizure of power and opportunity by the Russian Government. For example: Tugovitch many years ago proposed that the Czar should build the railway from Sinope, just beyond Constantinople, to Bagdad, thus controlling the commerce of Asia Minor and holding Persia in the inextricable grasp of Russia. It is said that Witte approved the scheme. But Witte was then only the head of a department in the ministry of finance, and the Cabinet rejected the Persian proposition. It was a mistake of which Germany took quick advantage. For Germany is now building this railroad. It is a part of Germany's strategy, which has usurped the past power of England and the future possibilities of Russia in the Turkish Empire, across Asia Minor and through Persia, even to the Gulf. If you ask what all this means, the answer is so simple as to be startling. It means some 20,000,000 of consumers in Turkey, several millions more in Asia Minor and some 15,000,000 in Persia; and that is something to interest factory owners and factory laborers and agriculturists, and everybody else who has anything to sell.

Why the Manchurian Road was Built

Tugovitch is very frank and free in his expression of opinion. More than five years ago he went through Manchuria on horseback over every possible line of the proposed road. He personally selected the routes which the various lines were to take. "I know the road was not built for the purpose of seizing Manchuria," said he "nor, as dreamers declare, for the purpose of ultimately controlling China. It was built for a plain engineering reason—namely, because of the impracticability of water transportation down the Amur and Shilka Rivers. You have been over that route yourself. The rise and fall of water in those rivers make navigation impracticable." (It had taken me more than four weeks to go a distance on those rivers which was scheduled for eight days.) "The engineering difficulties and financial cost of continuing the Siberian line along the Amur River are plain to everybody who takes the journey. And yet, having built the Siberian Railroad as far as we have, it was necessary to complete the line continuously to Vladivostok. Manchuria was between our line and Trans-Baikal Siberia on the west and our port at Vladivostok on the east. The plains, valleys and passes of Manchuria afforded a route almost straight, and one which, in comparison with the difficult Amur route, is cheap and easy. This fact of physical geography and engineering science was the origin of the Manchurian Railway. Of course, when it became possible to lease Port Arthur and Talienhwan for a short period and thus have a railway outlet to the very thick and centre of the human activities of the Orient, common-sense suggested the extension of our line to those ports.

"That is absolutely all there is in the purpose and consequences of the building of this road. Russia cannot colonize this territory if she would. The Russian cannot compete with the Chinaman as a merchant, as a laborer, as an artisan. Now that safety and order have been established as a necessary consequence of guarding our railroad, Chinamen are pouring into Manchuria literally by the hundred thousand. So far, then, from the Russian peasant crowding out the Chinaman in this country the very much more serious question is: How shall we preserve Siberia and even Russia from Chinese competition? The contract with the Chinese

Government for the construction of the road provides that the Chinese Government may take it off our hands in thirty-six years, and that in any event it shall become the absolute property of China in eighty years. I think, and all the deeper students think, that exactly this will occur. You ask why, then, are we expending all of this energy, all of this money in constructing the road at all? It is to complete the Siberian road, as I tell you."

This same question was asked of another official, who made a similar answer, but added: "I admit that is no sufficient answer to the question. And there is no sufficient answer to the question nor to any of the schemes for the extending of Russian empire. We are moving forward, always moving forward in each particular and specific case without knowing exactly why. The practical and immediate reasons against each of our advances for more than a century have been overwhelming, and most Russians, as individuals, have been opposed to them; and yet the command is 'Forward,' still 'Forward' and ever 'Forward.' It is as if we were impelled outward and onward by some unseen hand."

Sure enough, nearly every Russian met in Russia and Siberia was against the acquisition of Manchuria; and yet all of them were willing to fight rather than abandon it.

The Striking Personality of Grodekoff

General Grodekoff, Governor of Eastern Siberia and Manchuria, and Admiral Alexieff, executive representative of the Russian Government in South Manchuria and upon the Oriental seas, were all very frank, very open and astonishingly independent in their opinions—astonishingly independent, that is, from the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint, which is that all Russians, and especially all officials, have the same opinion, and that that opinion is formulated for them at St. Petersburg. Let us observe what manner of men are these overlords of the Czar's civil, military and industrial forces in Manchuria.

You will hear about General Grodekoff a thousand miles before you reach the capital where he has his headquarters. He is one of those vital personalities about whom there is individual interest and mouth-to-mouth gossip. "He is a simple man," you will hear one remark. Another will say, "General Grodekoff is the hardest worker in all Russia." "A hard worker, yes! but not so hard as Witte, is he?" a third will interject. "General Grodekoff fought with Skobeleff," remarked a German-speaking Russian merchant, as our boat slowly paddled down the Shilka River. "He did more than that; he was one of Skobeleff's prime favorites," said another. (Skobeleff is the hero of all Russians. To have it said that "He fought with Skobeleff" is a greater distinction than a title.) "He is a bachelor; he has always been too busy to marry," said another, and much more of the like.

And so from a medley of chance remarks, most of them praise, some of them censure, but all of them personal and full of color, the individuality of General Grodekoff, who wields all the absolute powers of the Czar throughout a territory as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River, grows upon you until it becomes a living thing. And how simple, how direct, how strong this man is you must lose no opportunity to observe.

A Russian with American Business Methods

Ask for an audience, then, the afternoon of your arrival at Khabaroff. It is customary to receive callers only in the forenoon. But audience is granted not for the next day, nor for that night, nor in an hour, but instantly. There is no "red tape" here, then, but an air of business curiously American. An adjutant meets you at the door and conducts you through an anteroom into an impressive audience chamber where the Governor-General receives deputations, delegations, commissions of every kind from any portion of the sub-empire which he rules for the Czar. At one end of this room is a raised platform with three great chairs upon it, back of which hang the portraits of the Czar and Czarina. On either side and in front of this platform two quick-firing guns command the hall. The impression is that of naked power. You can understand that a deputation of Chinese received in this hall would go away with an idea of sheer force instantly available. The hall in which the Spanish Governor-Generals received in Manila is elegant, even sumptuous, and adorned with pictures, and the caller received the atmosphere of luxury, but not of power. Can we not find a lesson in the contrast? Again, the hall in which the Chinese Emperor received looks quite noble at first glance. But at the second glance you see that the magnificent columns are not real, but covered with paper, the grandeur a flimsy fraud; the appearance of majesty a pretense. But Grodekoff's audience chamber is plainness, simplicity—power; and here again in this contrast can be found a lesson—an explanation of the decay of Chinese authority within Chinese dominions and a justification of the gradual advance of Russian authority in its place.

But you do not stop in this audience chamber. You are taken through into a plain office with plain desk and many papers in neatly arranged bundles. In a moment a quick step is heard and through the door of an inner room General Grodekoff himself comes forward to greet you. He is short in stature, broad-shouldered, bald-headed, full-bearded, nervous of speech, direct in manner. He is dressed in uniform of course, and wears his trousers inside his boots according to the universal Russian custom. He talks quickly, with precision of idea and directness of manner. Force, energy, keenness, masterfulness—these are the impressions he makes upon you. He knows all about President McKinley and admires him, of course. He knows all about President Roosevelt, too (then Vice-President), and speaks of incidents in his career. You get the notion, though, that Grodekoff has not been a great reader of books, and that the reason is that he has been too busy. He has been the maker of materials for books. He was an officer under Skobeleff. He knows all about Afghanistan from having tramped and ridden over and through it. The same is true of Persia. On all these subjects he has clear and vigorous personal opinions.

First-Hand Knowledge of the World

Turn where you will you find this deputy of the Czar informed, usually at first hand and from personal observation. Where it has been impossible for him to see for himself he has learned from the lips of those who have seen. He knows all about our situation in the Philippines and is not reserved in his opinion. He is a master of the Chinese conditions in comprehensive generality and in particular detail (the secret of this was learned later in China itself). Most of all, you note his unhesitating frankness. No matter what the subject, he does not pause for ready and full reply; and, if there is hesitation, he leads the conversation himself. Above all, there is no attempt to impress or to please or to do anything else than simply to meet you face to face on any ground of possible mutual interest. To sum it all up, you find that he is a man so absorbed in his work that he has given his whole life to that. And this is the quality of man whom the representatives of other nations must meet and overcome wherever their interests conflict with those of Russia. It is a consideration worthy of as much thought as the subject of Oriental markets and Oriental statesmanship itself. For America will not be permitted to have her own way on the Pacific, in the Orient or in any other place in the world until such highly equipped and devoted men as General Grodekoff are met and reckoned with; and Germany has just such men, too.

Two more examples of the intellectual agencies employed by Russia in Manchuria and you have enough data from which to form a fair estimate. Admiral Alexieff, with headquarters at Port Arthur, makes upon you the impression of almost abnormal alertness. He, too, is a bachelor. His life also has been devoted, with the enthusiasm of a boy, to the growing power of Russia. He is perhaps fifty years of age and instinct with nervous energy. His step is impetuous. The whole movement of the man is full of dash. His speech is the vocalization of force; his attitude, even when sitting, in conversation, is that of bolt-upright intentness. Alexieff also is informed; also, he is very frank, open, never hesitating to formulate a reply and giving you his opinion quite offhand. And if one goes away who had come to take the measure of this man he will find this one expression repeating itself again and again: "Equipped, well equipped."

A Wonderful Administrator of Railways

Let us now take a type of railway administrator who is neither governor nor engineer nor soldier, and yet who is every one of them in education, experience and natural aptitude. The best type of civil officer that Russia sends to do her work is Mr. Girshmann, the administrator of the southern divisions of the Manchurian Railway. A very hearty, offhand man you find him. He, too, was a soldier in the Turkish War; he, too, has seen service in the Caucasus; he, too, has constructed other railroads for Russia; he, too, has read many books and been instructed by personal experience. He gives you the impression of steady and informed intelligence, thoroughly awake and well in hand. Like Grodekoff and Alexieff, he is an incessant worker. Having had a hard day and night, the interpreter wanted a little rest. "Why!" exclaimed Mr. Girshmann, "I have not had a wink of sleep for two nights running, and I feel quite fresh." The occasion for this unusual exertion was the destruction of his grades and bridges by the great flood of last August.

The energy of this administrator, his attention to details and his comprehensive knowledge suggested inquiry concerning him. It was found that he was at work usually ten and sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, every day of the year. That was very much like an ambitious young American building his fortune in one of the great cities of the United States; and yet this man was an imperial railway administrator in South Manchuria, more than fifty years of age. Such energy and application are not characteristic of the Russian, however; very much reverse is the rule. Indeed, his slothfulness is one of the striking characteristics of the Slav.

After learning about Mr. Girshmann, you would not be surprised to find that, though the railway is only being constructed as yet, it is nevertheless hauling local traffic for more than two hundred miles from its southern terminus at Port Arthur. Although the track is given up to construction and material trains, the income from this local traffic for three months last spring was 700,000 rubles ($350,000). This gives you a hint of the paying possibilities of this property when completed. It gives you a hint, too, of what this railway will do for the development of the resources and the people of Manchuria. It gives you a further hint of what the road will do in the development of the commerce of the world.

"The road," said Mr. Girshmann, "will pay very heavily. You can see for yourself on these southern divisions how enormous the traffic will be. Look at that"—pointing to immense piles of beans in bags, tobacco in bales, native wine in boxed bottles and casks—"and at that"—pointing to a side track crowded with cars, every one loaded to its utmost capacity with freight, all waiting to be moved. "Surely you have noticed the considerable passenger traffic on these southern divisions. You ask what will be the Government's policy as to tariff duties on imports. That is not within my province; but tariff is not contemplated in the treaty or lease. I do not see how it can be done; and, besides, there is at the present time, at least, no reason for it, for we are not as yet an importing nation, so far as Manchuria is concerned. In fact, generally, Russia cannot be said to be an importing nation yet. What our condition in that respect will be in fifty or a hundred years from now is a different matter. What our final policy will be—who shall say! Russian history will show you that events have shaped our policy in spite of ourselves. A man like me must act—not dream. Here we are and here is my daily task. I am happy in it and I hope I am useful to my country and my Czar. What it will lead to is in God's hands." That expression is thoroughly Russian. From priest and peasant, to the Czar himself, it is always "As God wishes," or "It is in God's hands."

Vast Consequences that are to Come

To what, then, will this railroad which Russia is building through Manchuria lead? What results will follow its completion and operation? He is a daring reasoner who would attempt to deduce all the consequences. The man would be called an immoderate dreamer who should suggest to the world, which looks upon this industrial phenomena from afar, what appear to be certainties to those who survey the ground itself. No one but two or three prophets of empire, such as Russia, with all her deficiencies, is so fortunate as always to have about the Czar at St. Petersburg, understood the certain results of the great Siberian Railroad. Most men regarded it as a military enterprise only; although why Russia should exhaust herself in military enterprises which in themselves would bear no fruit seems not to have suggested itself to most thinkers.

But the Siberian Railway was no sooner completed to Irkutsk than a steadily swelling volume of Russian emigrants began to pour all over the agricultural portions of western and central Siberia, irrigating that neglected land with the fertilizing fluid of human effort. No sooner was the railroad extended to Stretensk, at the head of the navigation of the Shilka and Amur Rivers (over 600 miles east of Irkutsh and yet nearly 2000 miles from the Pacific), than this current of Slav peasantry ran still farther eastward, spreading itself to right and left, until finally the Russian agriculturist and miner were slothfully at work even to the very shores of the ocean. Trade, which had been nothing but barter, rapidly increased to the dignity of commerce. Fields which for centuries had been only pasture lands grew golden with grain, even under the negligent and wasteful methods of the Russian farmer. Mines which, since the days of Ivan the Terrible, had been little more than rumor, became richly productive, notwithstanding stupid legal restrictions and the sleepy Muscovite inertia which exploited them. Cities with beautiful homes, astonishing public buildings, commercial houses so grand that you must see them to believe that they exist, and temples of worship magnificent in size, decoration and design, sprang into being where less than fifty years ago the nomad camped or the Chinaman reveled in his village dirt. Such have been the practical results of the building of the Siberian Railroad. Such were the results of the building of our own transcontinental lines, except, of course, that the greater intelligence, greater energy and higher general sum of modern qualities which distinguish the American from every other people produced along our trans-continental lines consequences larger, higher, more miracle-like.

Immediate Results of a Mighty Work

But without entering into speculation which might be disputed, what are the obvious consequences, the small and immediate effects, which will be produced by the Manchurian Railway? It is one of the few defects of our race and our present system that we look only to immediate results. We are intent only upon "the instant need of things," as Kipling puts it. It is one of our shortcomings, which many a temporary set-back must remedy, that we do not take thought for the morrow. A manufacturer recently laid before me a map, showing an enlargement of his plant of more than one hundred per cent.

"Why are you doing this?" was asked.

"Why," he replied, "the present demands are more than twice all present capacity. Hence we enlarge."

"But is this present demand permanent? Are you sure that your permanent future market will justify this sudden but permanent enlargement?"

His answer was: "Oh! I am dealing with to-day, not with the future."

It was almost exactly the answer which the keenest of English observers records of an English Oriental merchant who, in response to the pointing out of the decline and extinction of English Oriental commerce unless his short-sighted and selfish methods were abandoned and the future considered, said:

"Oh! what do I care for the future? I am not here for the benefit of posterity."

Let us then look at the immediate aspects of this railway, which is by far the greatest single work of construction being done anywhere in the world at the present time.

First of all, the road branches off from the Siberian Railroad about fourteen hundred miles from Vladivostok and takes a practically straight course a little to the north of the middle of Manchuria to Vladivostok. Thus the Port of Vladivostok on the Pacific is directly connected with Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris without varying the mode of transportation or even changing cars.

In the second place, this road cuts a great artery of Manchuria, the Sungari River, several hundred miles south of the point where this great tributary of the Amur empties into the larger stream. Thus, water communication is secured with the rich mining and agricultural Russian provinces north of the Amur River (for the Amur, impracticable for most of its course on account of sand-bars and rocks, is profitably navigable for several hundred miles from where this Manchurian river empties into it).

But the harbor at Vladivostok is frozen part of the year, and so, in the third place, Russians are building and have nearly completed another branch of this road from Harbin, the point where the Sungari River is crossed, almost due south of Port

Arthur and Dalni on the never-frozen sea. This branch passes through the most populous and productive portions of Manchuria, and connects Russia and all of Europe with splendid ports, on Oriental waters open all the year round. Changed conditions have changed Russia's plans, and this branch now becomes itself the principal line.

Rapid Transit from Peking to Paris

First of all, then, Oriental passenger travel to Europe is turned westward through the Russian Empire. A quick, comparatively pleasant and comparatively cheap method of transportation is provided for all European business men who want to reach Asia and for all Asiatic business men who want to reach Europe. Personal communication is established between the civilization of Europe on the one hand and the chaos of vital humanity and disintegrating institutions in the Orient on the other hand. Think of the Oriental, for ages separated from the rest of the world, traveling from Peking to Paris in a fortnight! A true Arabian-Nights' tale this, and more astonishing! The profound significance of this circumstance was probably not foreseen by its Russian creators—it is one of those larger meanings which always accompany any really great work of man; the achievement of that work always has results so vast and momentous as to startle those who undertook the original enterprise. Witness the immediate purpose and final results of Bismarck's plan of German federation; witness the original intention and the ultimate results of our late war with Spain; witness the first plan and the developing effects of that gigantic financial and industrial combination known as the Steel Trust. Few foresaw that this trust would be the leader in making reports to the public of its conditions, thus voluntarily supplying the publicity for which students and legislators were contriving compulsory laws; or that with it would begin the first notable distribution of stock among the people. Witness the original purpose and final results of any of the great movements of history. So of these Russian railways in Asia. Already passenger trains running westward are well filled with European business men returning home, and among them even now is a very fair sprinkling of Chinese merchants on their way to the capitals of Europe. Already the passenger trains traveling eastward are well filled with Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Americans and even an occasional Englishman journeying toward the Orient—this, too, when the road is uncompleted, and with days and weeks of vexatious discomfort on forest-fringed rivers.

When the Manchurian line is finished (and it will be opened for passenger traffic by the coming spring, and completed for fast passenger and heavy freight business, with permanent ballast and the best equipment money can buy, by the end of two years) nearly all the business men of Europe and China will travel by this route. They can go from Peking to Moscow in two weeks in trains equipped with every modern convenience and luxury. Where, until now, one Chinese merchant visited European markets in person, hereafter one hundred will do so. Where, formerly, one European business man investigated commercial conditions in China in person, a hundred will do so hereafter; and all of them who take this trip will pass through Russian dominions, breathe Russian atmosphere, be impressed with Russian influence and power.

A branch of the Manchurian Railway goes to the port of New-Chwang, hitherto the commercial door through which most imports into Manchuria were admitted. From this port a well-constructed railroad runs into the very heart of Peking itself. This short line was builded by English engineers under ownership and authority of the Chinese Government; and its bonds are held by a British syndicate under a contract between the Chinese Government and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, the great English financial institution of the Orient. Rumors are already rife that this English syndicate is ready to sell its investment to the highest bidder, just as the owners of English ship lines and of English enterprises seem to be willing to sell out to the highest bidder all over the world (a significant phenomenon). We all know who that highest bidder will ultimately prove to be. It will be Russia.

The Special Car of the Chinese Emperor

The Chinese Emperor has a richly constructed special car on this railroad. In company with the English General in command of the British forces in China, I traveled on this car from Tien-Tsin to Peking. It is no far cry for the imagination to foresee a journey of the Chinese ruler to the courts and capitals of Europe. Indeed it is no matter of imagination at all. It is quite as certain as any event of the future. When this imperial journey takes place—indeed when any man takes this trip—the first flag that greets his vision when he passes the Great Wall will be the colors of Russia. As he speeds upon his journey he will behold at every station the uniform of Russia. Every hour he will hear the speech of Russia. For days and nights and nights and days he will pass through the unending territories of Russia. As he rolls rapidly westward, Russian conditions increase, Russian flags multiply, Russian atmosphere thickens, until finally, when he steps from his train in Moscow, he feels the very beat of the heart of the Russian nation.

It will be hard for that man ever to get away from the feeling that the great power of the future is Russia. No ordinary mind will be able to overcome the impression that the other nations of Europe are but inferior states compared with Russia, and that the bearded, blue-eyed Slav, notwithstanding his defects, is nevertheless the coming autocrat of all the Asias. And if that conviction is once fixed in the mind of the Orient it will have a determining influence not only upon the commercial conditions but upon the destiny of the world. The first thing, then, that is the plain result of the Manchurian Road, is that the only business route to China is through the dominions, under the protection, and surrounded by the influence of the Czar.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Senator Beveridge's papers on the political and commercial situation in the Far East.

* * *

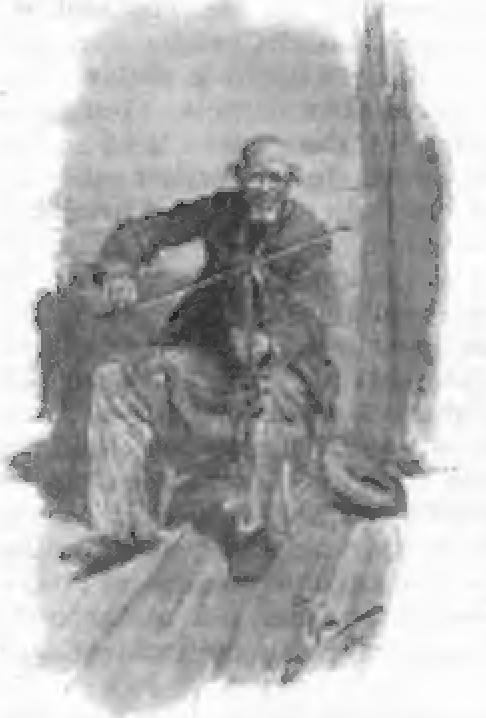
Queer Travels of Plants

ONE would not imagine, off-hand, that ice could possibly be instrumental in accomplishing the distribution of plants, yet a French scientist has recently called attention to the fact that icebergs are frequently useful in this way. Navigators in polar seas often encounter bergs carrying enormous masses of débris, with more or less soil, in which plants are growing. Eventually the ice-mass runs aground upon the shore of some distant land, there depositing the plants, which may find themselves so situated as to be enabled to reproduce their species.

The case of volcanoes as plant-distributors is even more remarkable, though one must regard as very exceptional such instances as that noted at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in 1887, where large quantities of volcanic pumice were observed floating on the sea. On these fragments of pumice were found various small animals unfamiliar in that part of the world, and there was also a sort of cocoanut. The nut was planted, and in due time produced a palm strange to the African coast. It was decided that the pumice came from the great eruption of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, which was in its way the most remarkable volcanic cataclysm of modern times.

The Colored Dancing Match

By Frank L. Stanton



DRAWN BY F. L. FITHIAN

1

'TWUZ in de dancin' season w'en de fros' wuz layin' roun'
En de rabbit wuz a-gwine lak a gray ghos' 'cross de groun'—
W'en de lazies' er niggers wuz a-comin' to de scratch—
Dat we took de whole plantation wid de cullud Dancin' Match.

2

De prize wuz—lemme see now: Two hams, a side er meat,
Sack er four, en a jimmyjohn what had a mouth ez sweet
Ez a hive a-drippin' honey—ez a red rose, w'en de dew
Sorter tilts it, 'twell it's leanin' ter de bees what drinks ter you.

3

De flo' wuz smooth en sanded, de fiddler in his place—
De lively music ripplin' 'cross de wrinkles in his face
En lightin' up de eyes er him, en tinglin' ter his feet:
"Good Times in Ole Verginny," en "Kentucky's Hard ter Beat!"

DRAWN BY F. L. FITHIAN

4

De schedule fer de dancin' wuz "All git in de ring!"
En "Who'll hol' out de longes' whilst dey got a foot ter fling!"
Dey wuz twenty answer roll-call, lak a sojerin' brigade,
En dey never wuz sick dancin' sence a fiddle-string wuz made!

5

En couple after couple—fagged out en short er breath—
Went reelin' f'um dat dancin' 'fo' dey dance deyse'f ter death!
All of 'em 'cept Br'er Williams: he wuz in de ring fer sho',
En his foots des kep' a-kickin' er de white san' f'um de flo'!

DRAWN BY F. L. FITHIAN

6

De fiddlestick a-flyin', de lights a-gittin' low,
De music in a gallop, en Br'er Williams on de go!
"You wins de prize, Br'er Williams!"—But still de fiddler played,
En lightnin' wuzn't nuthin' ter de steps Br'er Williams made!

7

He dance so fas', I tell you he paralyze dem folks;
Lak a wagon-wheel a-gwine 'twell you des can't see de spokes!
Wid shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, en many a turn en twist,
His form a-gittin' misty, en de fiddler in de mist!

8

De lights gone out; de owl hoot; de dogs begin ter bark,
En Br'er Williams lookin' ghos'-like wid dat dancin' in de dark!
Out de winders jumped de people; de mules commence ter prance,
En 'twuz, "Good Lawd, he'p Br'er Williams, fer de devil's in de dance!"

9

Dey galloped 'cross de country—de wagons rattlin' 'long;
But *still* heerd dat fiddle gwine in a mos' *ondyin'* song!
En lookin' back, dey sighted in de skeery-lookin' light
Br'er Williams still a-dancin' lak a shadder in de night.

10

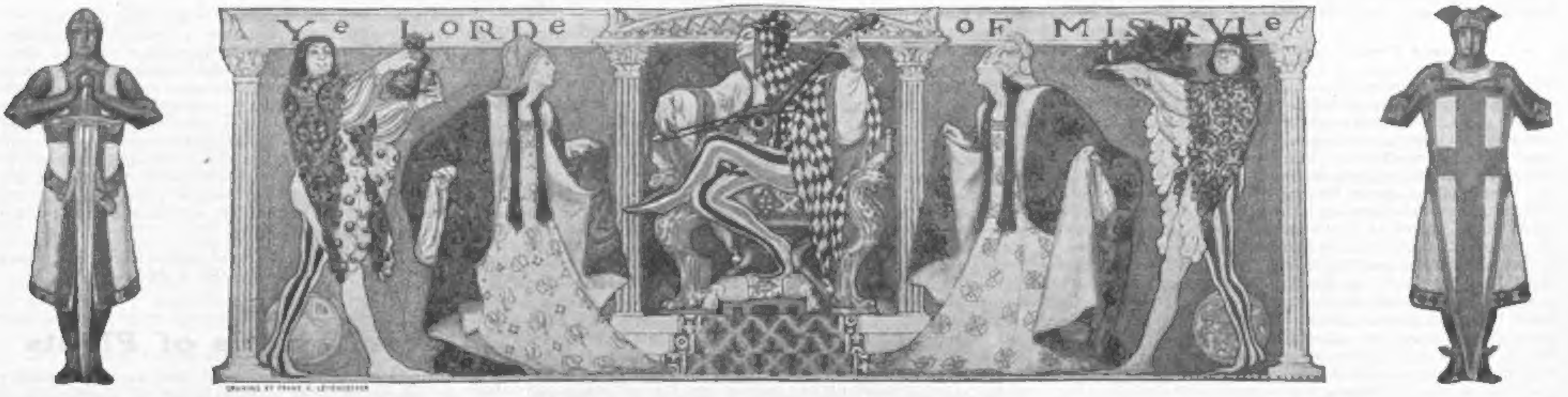
En in de dancin' season, f'um de valley en de hill
Dey kin see Br'er Williams dancin'—heah de fiddle playin' still,
En heah de night owls hootin', see de ole ha'nts stan'in' roun',
Whilst Br'er Williams' ghos' is movin' ter de fiddle's squeaky soun'.

11

En dar he'll dance forever, w'en de fros' is fallin' gray;
En dat terrifyin' fiddler makes de same ol' fiddle play;
You kin heah de flo' a-creakin', en de win' all mo'nful sighs;
En we don't want no mo' dancin' whar de devil wins de prize!

DRAWN BY F. L. FITHIAN

Perdita's Christmas—By Richard LeGallienne



WHEN we first came upon our old Surrey house, the same day that Perdita and I went house-hunting among the honeysuckles and the wild roses, almost her first exclamation was:

"What a wonderful old place for a real old-fashioned Christmas-card Christmas!"

It was the very top of midsummer, and the air was all musk and the droning of bees; the old place seemed fast asleep in the thick afternoon sunlight. A strange moment to think of snow, and gleaming roads, and carol-singers and mince-pies! But Perdita is remarkably sensitive to the dramatic possibilities of her surroundings; and even on that hot summer afternoon it only needed her hint to realize that Slumberfold Old Manor would certainly look its best some keen, yet kindly, Christmas night, with hoods of snow drawn down over its warm gables, ruddy windows pouring welcome across the frozen village green, and muffled feet going by under the braced-up bright-eyed stars.

One afternoon two or three months later, when dahlias and chrysanthemums were beginning to take the place of the more warm-blooded flowers, I found her in the garden with several books about her. I took one up.

"Pickwick," I said. "Heavens!"

I took another. "Washington Irving's Sketch-Book!" And again, "Brand's Popular Antiquities. Why, what can be the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"Leave me alone," she answered. "I am preparing for Christmas."

Later Perdita condescended to tell me something of her plans. She was bent on a real old-fashioned Christmas, and she had been reading up authorities. She had been refreshing her memory of Mr. Wardle's way of spending Christmas, and of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, and she was hunting in Brand for absurd old customs that might possibly be revived.

"If you wish to make yourself useful," she said, "you can write me a new Christmas carol. You had better set to work on it at once. There is no time to be lost. You know how stupid the village choir is. It will take them quite two months to get it into their heads."

I meekly assented, and the result of my poor labors may be divulged later. By the time that Christmas was nearly at hand poor Perdita had much extended her experience of village stupidity. Unless the fact chances to have been brought home to you by similar experiments with it, you can have no idea what hopeless material is the English peasantry for any purpose of beauty or fancy. Dealing with it, you do indeed come to realize that man is made of clay—a stubborn, deadening clay in which the fieriest seeds of the imagination are immediately quenched. The peasantry of many other lands dream and invent and sing. They make fairies, and weave dances, and out of their hearts come songs like bees out of a hive. But the English peasant can do none of these things. He is a clod, who, at his highest, may graduate as a carpenter, or shine, maybe, as a skillful paperhanger; but as for the other arts, the arts of innocent joy, they have been lost to him for more than two hundred and fifty years. You can still be taught dancing in England, but since Cromwell became Lord Protector no countryman has danced naturally, as before his sour shadow fell across English village greens our merry Englishmen knew well enough to do. The wild flowers of popular art are dead in England this many a year; but Perdita, coming as she does from a land where even bricklayers dream dreams, and every village lad has seen his ghost and met his fairy and heard the Karelei singing at moonrise among the rushes, took long to be convinced.

Poor Perdita! She had actually dreamed of a morris-dance! She, too, would have a mumming, and she did so want a hobby-horse and a Lord of Misrule. But every age has its own pet way of making a fool of itself, and it was in vain that she tried to interest the members of her village Bible-class in these ancient methods of foolishness. There was not a lad in the whole of Slumberfold that could dance a step, still less was there a lad, or a grown man, with the smallest dramatic sense or a spark of natural comedy. Her material could be relied on to sing carols not so badly, and there were three or four fair performers on musical instruments. But the resources of Slumberfold could no further go. We were not Oberammergau, and Perdita was compelled to give up some of her most cherished fancies in despair.

Yet, if Perdita was thus robbed of some of the picturesque pedantries of Christmas, she soon found enough in the surviving realities of Christmas to keep her busily occupied for two or three weeks before Christmas came in earnest, with a determined hard frost and ruddy skaters and bursting pipes. Two or three months ago, as we strolled over a neighboring common, Perdita, with the murderous instinct of the foreseeing housewife, had bespoken a string of twenty geese that filed by us into a neighboring farmyard. There were at least twenty kind country folk in Slumberfold, she said, to whom she would owe a goose at Christmas, and with every goose went a plum-pudding, some mincemeat, a bottle of wine and a sprig of mistletoe. No prime minister, at some crisis of his nation's history, and holding in his hands the strings of international destiny, could be more hummingly occupied than Perdita while these momentous hampers were a-packing. For two whole days she never kissed me once. And, of course, she had so much else to think of besides. Pause for a moment and think what was on her mind! She had to buy presents and address cards for something like five hundred friends, she had to issue invitations for an old English Christmas dance, she had to train the village choir in their capacity as waits, she had to decorate the house with holly and mistletoe, she had to think out every detail of the Christmas tree, not to speak of making the mincemeat and plum-pudding with her own clever hands. For it is one of the many curious convictions of your true housewife that no cook, however skillful, can be trusted with the manufacture of these mysterious sacred dishes. Perhaps this accounts for the proverbial indigestibility of both.

We are poor people, and cannot afford the true manorial equipment of servants. I confess that most of our servants are "contrived a double debt to pay;" and it is to their everlasting credit that they are kind-hearted enough to understand the situation and help us out with great good nature. Perhaps none of us lose by it in the long run. Certainly Perdita and I gain if only by the sense of kindly household folk around us, who will not haggle over some nicety of their duties, but deem a friendly smile and a kind word a good human equivalent. Should John the gardener be called upon, in some crush of events, to clean the knives, he would never dream of saying that he is not paid for cleaning them. He is gentleman enough to understand that a courtesy is asked of him, and he does it with a smiling heart; and he knows that if some day he should need a courtesy in return it is his before he asks it. Similarly, nurse, whose stipulated duties cease at the nursery door, is only too glad to lend cook a hand in the kitchen, particularly when such excitements as Christmas festivities are going forward. Even I, myself, who am not paid for any such arduous work, do not mind leaving the mysterious pen-and-ink duties in the study, so that nurse may help cook in the kitchen. Perhaps deep in my heart I may be really glad to escape from my desk to my children—though, if you know anything of children, you will know that they are about the hardest work in the world, and I make no pretense to being an expert infantile entertainer.

Joyce is a little girl of eight. There is, therefore, nothing to tell her about Christmas. She already clearly remembers six Christmas trees, and can tell you, with reliable particularity, the various shining fruits that hung on each. But Freya is not yet quite two, and this is, practically, her first Christmas. Yet, strangely enough, she seems to know all about it. So wonderful is the power of certain words—spell-words, one might call them—that even a baby is immediately impressed with their significance. The word Christmas is already so real a thing for little Freya that her tiny spirit is in as great a state of expectant commotion as though, some twenty years hence, you had whispered in her ear the word "trousseau!" Already, though not yet two, the human being craves excitement. Christmas is to be Freya's first excitement. Already a word which, of course, she cannot pronounce, means romance to her, and the blowing of trumpets and the waving of plumes. Already the nursery has grown dull to her. She is weary of its daily round. If only she could walk better, she would run away. Already the world is growing stereotyped, and she welcomes Christmas as a bright break in the monotony of existence.

She doesn't really appreciate poetry as yet, but Joyce has not spared her many nursery rhymes on that account, to which Freya has listened with a rather alarmed respect. Here is one that Joyce is fond of, and of which Freya can say some three and a half words:

"O the big red sun
  And the wide white world,
And the nursery window
  Mother-of-pearled;

And the houses all
  In hoods of snow,
And the mince-pies,
  And the mistletoe;

And Christmas pudding,
  And berries red,
And stockings hung
  At the foot of the bed;

And carol-singers,
  And nothing but play—
O baby, this is
  Christmas Day!"

Well, at last, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve Perdita threw herself into a chair with a tired sigh, and audibly thanked Heaven that her arrangements for Christmas were completed. She had worked so hard, dear thing; and I couldn't help wondering why—for I confess that I am neither young enough nor old enough really to enjoy Christmas. Christmas was made for grandmothers and grandchildren: those who are happy because they are beginning life, and those who are happy because they are so soon to end it. Those "in the midway of our mortal life" Christmas is apt to inspire with a melancholy peculiar to itself, a melancholy which young laughter rather deepens than dispels. But such reflections are, I know, unworthy of the season, and as the snow-laden twilight darkens the windows nurse comes in with Joyce and Freya, who are to help light the Christmas candles which are to shine a welcome out across the green to Auntie Tess and Uncle Jake, who are expected from town in time for dinner. At the very thought of Auntie Tess and Uncle Jake the children's eyes grow bright, for Auntie Tess means chocolates, and Uncle Jake can play any game or pull any face you can think of, and there is no animal whose voice he cannot imitate. Grown-ups are particularly interested in his imitations of extinct animals; but Joyce and Freya, child-like, prefer his impersonation of cows and barnyard fowls. They simply adore him when he imitates a pig, as I confess that I do, too. If Uncle Jake is a melancholy man—as I have heard whispered—he contrives to conceal his melancholy beneath a mask of infectious laughter which the saddest soul finds it impossible to resist.

Christmas trains are always allowed to be late, and the candles had burned quite an inch when at length we heard the crunching of wheels on the snow, and saw the kind lamps of the carriage coming across the green. Then we threw open the wide door that they might have a golden carpet of welcome across the snow, and from the carriage came a view-halloo in fine style, and Joyce cried "Uncle Jake!" as loud as she could, and Freya tried to imitate her, and Perdita took a last quick glance at the decorations in the hall, and then we heard John running over the cobbles in the stable yard to open the carriage door and help with the luggage. John's "Good-evening, sir; a Merry Christmas!" as Uncle Jake stepped from the carriage, had something good and kind in it that makes it worth while for the human heart to go on beating, and you may be sure that Uncle Jake knew how to respond to such a welcome. John and he were no strangers. Uncle Jake was too good judge of a terrier not to have won John's heart long ago.

At an unseen signal from Perdita a great horn of mulled wine, warm as a winter fire and subtly spiced, had been carried in by a waiting-maid dressed so prettily in an Elizabethan frock that I had some difficulty in recognizing our little country Martha. When Auntie Tess and Uncle Jake had been duly comforted by this grateful beverage, and the loneliness of an hour or two's travel warmed out of them, Perdita made another signal, whereupon a feudal retainer dressed in Lincoln green, but still, I surmised, one of the many transformations of our honest John, stepped into the hall, and, doffing a hat decorated with hawk's feathers, raised a cow's horn to his lips and blew a merry blast. He blew it three times, and I never heard a cow's horn blown better. As the third blast died away, from the little gallery at the far end of the hall, there began quite a pretty music, a little timorous at first, In many respects Datto Piang is the queerest of all our Mohammedan leaders. In the first place, he is a self-made man and only half Moro. He has Chinese blood in him and he began his life as a slave in the service of Datto Utto. As he grew up he learned all of his master's tricks and invented many of his own. He organized a rebellion and broke away from Utto, and to-day he rules more people, perhaps, than any other Datto in Mindanao. He is said to command more than 15,000 fighting men and among them some of the bravest of our Moro population.

Datto Piang is far more thrifty than the ordinary native, his Chinese blood giving him a business bent. He owns slaves, houses and lands, and has, so I was told, amassed a fortune. He is especially fond of American gold and likes to use our ten-dollar gold pieces as waistcoat buttons. When our troops first landed at Cottobatto, Piang was very kind to them; and the officer in charge, to show his appreciation, authorized the Governor of Cottobatto to give him $150 in gold. Piang took the money with thanks, but shortly afterward, hearing that our troops had not been paid for two months, he sent word to the Governor that he should be glad to advance $3000 to the United States to pay the troops.

Datto Piang's Royal Gift to Americans

Only a short time ago some of our American officers paid a visit to Datto Piang at his big ranch near Cottobatto. They found him living inside a fort on the second floor of a large house which once belonged to a Spaniard. There were about sixty members of the family, and among them many women and slaves. During the visit the Americans especially admired a kris mounted in gold which the Datto was wearing, and also his belt, which was fastened at the front by a gold plate, wonderfully carved. Piang allowed them to examine the kris and belt, and then went to a great cedar chest which sat against the wall and brought forth six golden belts equally handsome, with krises to match, and gave one to each of the party as a souvenir. The Datto himself is a skillful worker in wood and iron and the precious metals, and he has many able craftsmen among his followers. He is now making a set of typical Moro weapons to send as a gift to the President of the United States. Several of the swords are already completed. They are of the finest steel, beautifully inlaid with gold and silver. The scabbards are of different woods and the guards will be of alligator tusks.

After leaving Illana Bay I went on to the extreme southeastern end of Mindanao and saw something of the Moros about the great Bay of Davao. The Mohammedans there are much the same as those of Cottobatto, as are also those of the northern part of the island. Each Mindanao tribe has its own Datto and many of the tribes are continually warring with each other. Amongst all slavery of a certain form and polygamy are common, and the state of civilization is low, although it is higher than that of the Sulu Moros.

Our Sulu Mohammedans

Our Mohammedans of the Sulu Archipelago are, so the American officers say, by far the worst of all the Moros. They are crafty and treacherous, and if let alone would be a nation of pirates. Their ancestors as well as the ancestors of the Mindanao Moros came from Borneo at about the time that the Spaniards settled in the Philippines. They conquered the aborigines and settled the islands, engaging in piracy as a regular business. For more than two centuries they ravaged the coasts of the islands north and south of them, killing many Spaniards and carrying thousands of the natives back to serve them as slaves. Several of our military posts, such as Bongao, are located on the sites of old pirate fortifications, and there is some piracy going on to-day, although the soldiers are doing all they can to suppress it.

Our officers believe that the Sultan of Sulu is not carrying out his part of the treaty wherein he agreed to coöperate with the American soldiers in the suppression of piracy. It is doubtful whether he is at heart a friend of the Americans, and the indications are that he encourages the pirates and aids them to escape. This seems to have been so with the half dozen Moros who recently attacked a vessel off the coast of Dutch Borneo and captured it, killing the crew and sinking the ship. There were five Borneo Moros and one Borneo Chinaman in the vessel, and the cargo consisted of $6000 in silver and $20,000 worth of goods. Our Moro pirates brought this money with them to one of the villages on the island of Jolo and it was there that Major Sweet attempted to capture them. He tried to get the Sultan to help him, but His Majesty so delayed the expedition under one pretext or another that only one of the pirates was captured. The probability is that the Sultan received a big share of the spoil.

Mills of Justice that Give Big Returns

During my stay on the island of Jolo I learned that the Sultan works his office in every possible way to fill his imperial treasury at the expense of the people. Major Sweet, the officer in command at that point, says that he inflicts arbitrary fines and punishments upon his subjects to enrich himself. Indeed, a large part of his income is from such fines. He has his spies scattered over the islands, who report such of the Moros as own property, and these men are thereupon charged with some crime. The Sultan controls the judges and there is no trouble as to convictions. The penalties are heavy, and those who refuse to pay are liable to imprisonment, or possibly death; for the death punishment is inflicted for small offenses in our Mohammedan dominions.

Not long ago His Majesty learned that one of his subjects had amassed about $2000 in one way or another. The man was arrested and charged with fishing for pearls without a license, and was fined $2000. The Sultan sent his crown prince and some soldiers to collect the fine; and the people of the village in which the man lived, seeing that all their property was about to be destroyed on this account, joined with the man and paid it.

The Sultan of Sulu impressed me as a Moro of the lowest order. I met him in his shanty palace in his shanty capital of Maibun on the south coast of the island of Jolo. I had gone thither to attend a conference between him and Major Owen J. Sweet. We had sailed about the islands from the town of Jolo, escorted by an American gunboat, the captain of which took part in the conference. The tide was low and our boats had to be pushed by men through the mud to the landing. As we neared the Sultan's palace we were saluted by his body-guard of East Indian soldiers. Two fierce Moros with lances and swords stood on each side of the gate as we entered and several of the Dattos conducted us up the stairs to the second floor of the barnlike palace. Here we found His Majesty surrounded by his leading officials, all armed with swords and krises of various kinds. The Sultan was the only Moro unarmed, he carrying instead a large gold-headed cane which may have been his badge of office.

After shaking hands with His Majesty the party was conducted into a large dining-room, and the conference was held as we sat about a long table on which were cakes, fruit, candies and cigars. The Sultan sat at the head of the table so near me that I could have reached him with my hand, and I had an excellent opportunity to make a mental photograph of him. Imagine a fat little man with a complexion as yellow as that of a mulatto and a face marked with the smallpox. Let his forehead be high and receding, his eyes small, black and cunning, his ears large and his lips thick and sensual, and black from chewing the betel. As he opens his mouth notice that his teeth are jet black and slightly filed at the front. There are streaks of betel juice on them and a bit of this bloodlike juice has coagulated at the corners of his mouth. He has a thin black mustache and a fat little nose. His head is round and tied to his body by a short and thick neck, the yellow of which is accentuated by a white turn-over collar fastened at the front by a button of gold. Upon his head is a blue velvet cap about six inches high, and the rest of his costume consists of a light gray business suit of European cut, white stockings and slippers. About his waist, over his trousers, he wears a Malay sarong or half-skirt, which falls to the middle of his thighs, and this is bound in at the top by a belt. As you look he raises his cane with one hand and rests the other upon the table before him. The fingers of each are covered with rings, some set with precious stones and others with pearls as big as a marrow-fat pea.

As the Sultan talked his Dattos stood about him, some of them giving him suggestions from time to time. These men were dressed in native costumes, wearing turbans and bright-colored clothing, and all were fully armed. Among them was Rajah Muda, the Sultan's brother, and also the Dattos Joakinain and Calvi. These two men are among the most powerful Moros of the archipelago. They are nominally subordinate to the Sultan, but each has his own fighting men, and the two could overthrow him if they should combine forces to do so. Calvi is the better looking Datto and the more intelligent, but Joakinain is a man of great strength.

These and the other Dattos of the Sulu Islands do more to uphold the authority of the United States than the Sultan himself and they should be carefully considered in our dealings with the Moros. The Sultan indeed seemed to me the weakest of all the men we met during our visit to Maibun. He is still under forty and he looks more like a mulatto butler fantastically dressed than the ruler of our Mohammedan islands. The old Sultan, his father, was, I am told, a man of some strength of character, and his mother the Sultana, Inchy Jamila, who still lives at the capital, is a woman of undoubted intellectual power, and is, it is claimed, the real ruler of the islands.

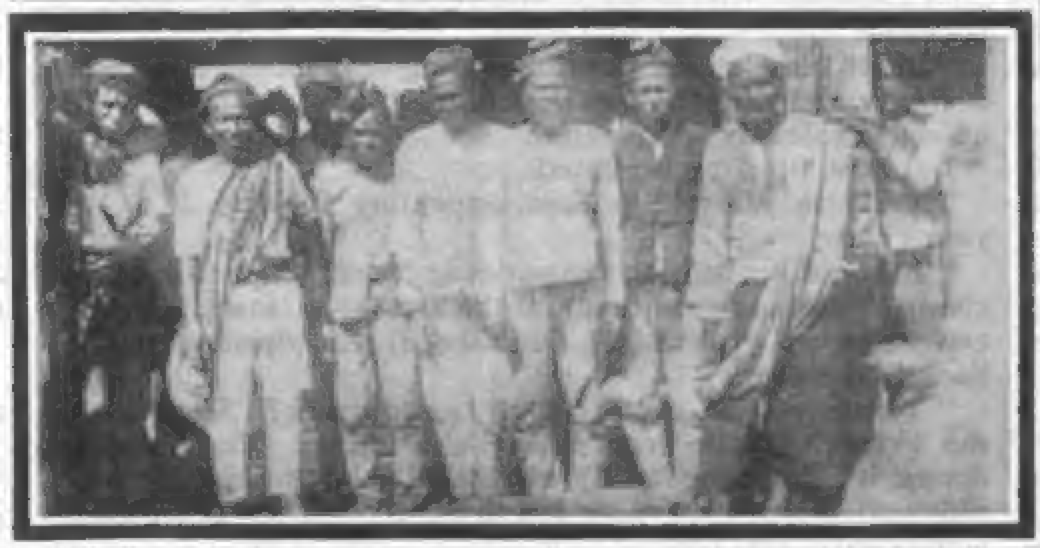
I met her after leaving the Sultan. She was dressed in a gown of bright colors with a lavender shawl over her shoulders and a yellow handkerchief tied about her head. She is now very old and her light brown skin is full of wrinkles. She has gray hair, bright black eyes and teeth like oiled ebony. Her features are almost Caucasian. Her nose is straight, her lips thin and her cheek-bones high. She chewed the betel while we chatted together, two slaves standing behind her and serving her alternately with her betel-box and her betel spittoon. She was full of nice sayings, and when Captain Nazaro, of our gunboat Manila, complimented her she replied with a bow that she believed his heart was as white as the white linen suit he had on.

The Sultana Whose Husbands Die Young

The Sultana is said to be a Visayan who was captured during one of the Moro piratical raids. The Sultan who was then in office fell in love with her and made her his wife; soon after the Sultan died. Thereupon the Sultana married his successor, who died also. As the story goes, Her Majesty proposed an offer of marriage after this to one of the Dattos, but the latter refused, saying he preferred to die in some other way.

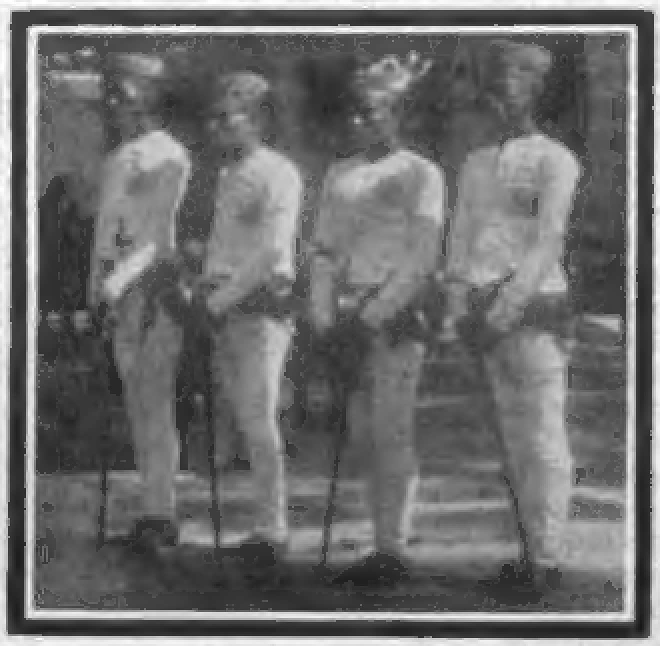
Whatever may be the truth of these stories, the Sultana is undoubtedly a woman of great strength of character and she has much power among her people to-day. General Bates realized this, and when he negotiated with the Moros he made the Sultana presents of money and other things. The old lady was much pleased with him, and, in return, made him a present of the dead Sultan's purple trousers and his embroidered satin jacket, which she had kept for many years. Among our gifts which most delighted her was a phonograph, which Her Majesty called a "voice engine," and into which she and the leading Dattos of the island made speeches and then ground them out again. During our talk the Sultana requested that some new phonograph rollers be sent her, saying that she wished to record upon them the history of her people.

A Datto and his head man


Datto Piang and followers — all Moros

The Datto of Cottobatto

The Sultan's yacht — notice the curious use of outriggers to secure steadiness


Moro police at Jolo

Where the Sultan draws his rent roll. One of his villages

Dan'l Borem

The Modern American Popular Novel

By Bret Harte

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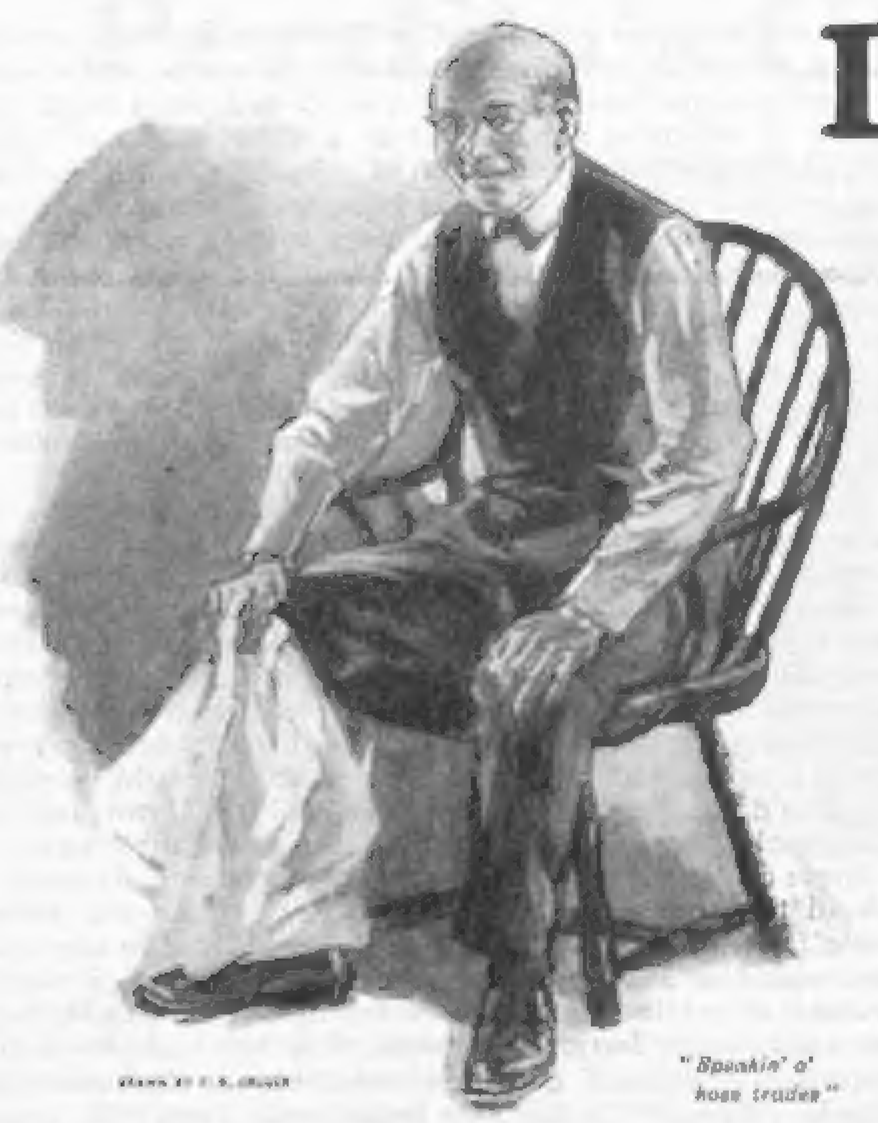
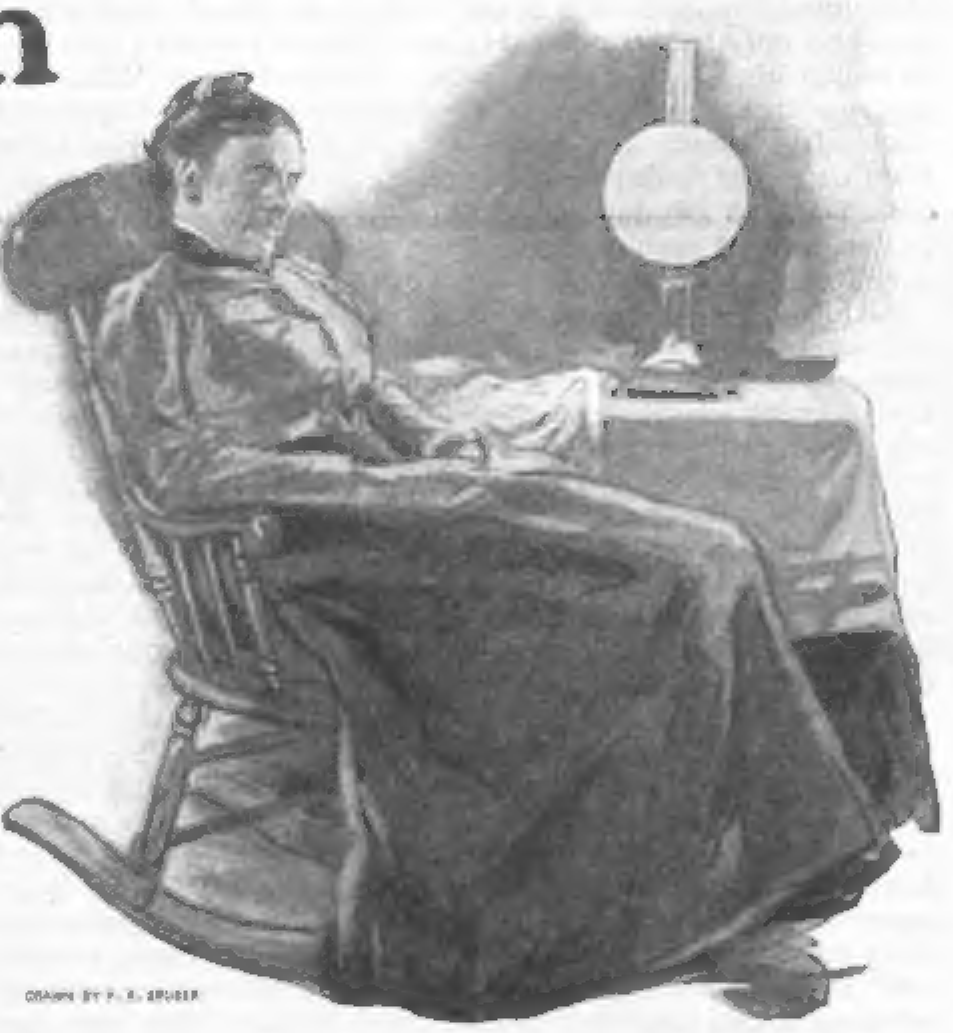


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"Speakin' o' hoss trades"



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

DAN'L BOREM poured half of his second cup of tea abstractedly into his lap.

"Guess you've got suthin' on yer mind, Dan'l," said his sister.

"Mor'n likely I've got suthin' on my pants," returned Dan'l with that exquisitely dry, though somewhat protracted humor which at once thrilled and bored his acquaintances. "But—speakin' o' that hoss trade——"

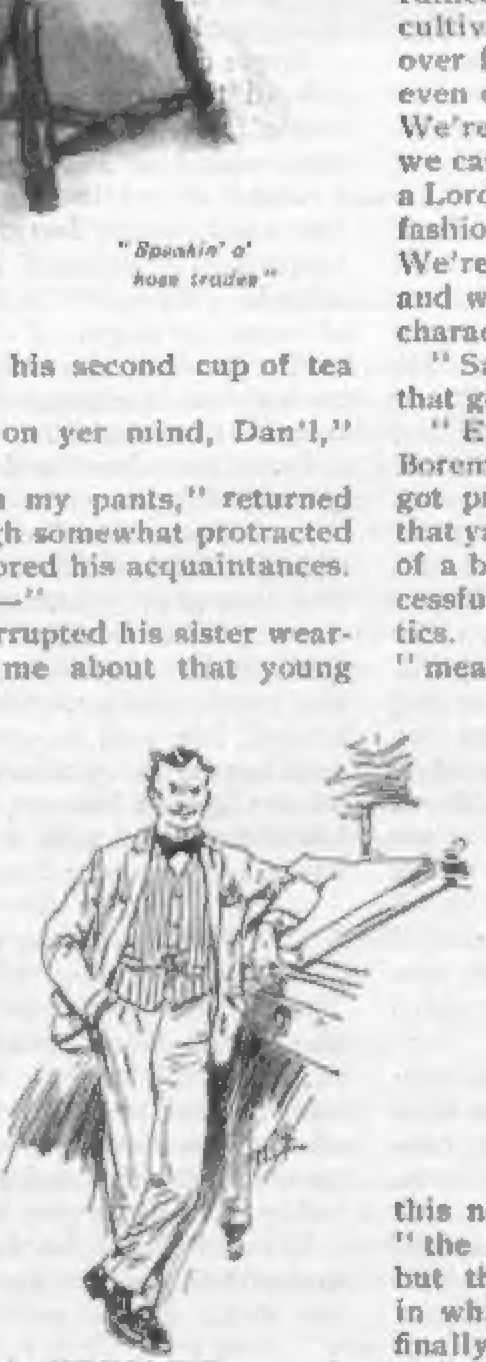
"For goodness sake, don't!" interrupted his sister wearily; "yer allus doin' it. Jest tell me about that young man—the new clerk ye think o' gettin'."

"Well, I telegraphed him to come over, arter I got this letter from him," he returned, handing her a letter. "Read it out loud."

But his sister, having an experienced horror of prolixity, glanced over it. "Far as I kin see he takes mor'n two hundred words to say you've got to take him on trust, and ses it suthin' in a style betwixt a business circular and them Polite Letter Writers. I thought you allowed he was a tony feller."

"Ef he does not brag much, ye see, I kin offer him small wages," said Dan'l with a wink. "It's kinder takin' him at his own figger."

"And *that* mightn't pay! But ye don't think o' bringin' him *here*—in this house? 'Cept you're thinkin' o' tellin' him that yarn o' yours about the hoss trade to beguile the winter evenings. I told ye ye'd hev to pay yet to get folks to listen to it."



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

Mr. Borem's clerk

"Wrong agin—ez you'll see! Wot ef I get a hundred thousand folks to pay me for tellin' it? But, speakin' o' this young feller, I calkilated to send him to the Turkey Buzzard Hotel;" and he looked at his sister with a shrewd yet humorous smile.

"What!" said his sister in alarm. "The Turkey Buzzard! Why, he'll be starved or pizoned! He won't stay there a week."

"Ef he's pizoned to death he won't be able to demand any wages; ef he leaves because he can't stand it—it's proof positive he couldn't stand me. Ef he's only starved and made weak and miserable he'll be easy to make terms with. It may seem hard what I'm sayin', but what seems hard on the other feller always comes mighty easy to you. The thing is *not* to be the 'other feller.' Ye ain't listenin'. Yet these remarks is shrewd and humorous, and hez bin thought so by literary fellers."

"H'm!" said his sister. "What's that ye was jest sayin' about folks bein' willin' to pay ye for tellin' that hoss trade yarn o' yours?"

"Thet's only what one o' them smart New York publishers allowed it was worth arter hearin' me tell it," said Dan'l dryly.

"Go way! You or him must be crazy. Why it ain't ez good as that story 'bout a man who had a balky hoss that could be made to go only by buildin' a fire under him, and arter the man sells that hoss and the secret, and the man wot bought him tries it on, the blamed hoss lies down over the fire, and puts it out."

"I've allus allowed that the story ye hev to tell yourself is a blamed sight funnier than the one ye're listenin' to," said Dan'l. "Put that down among my sayin's, will ye?"

"But your story was never anythin' more than one o' them snippy things ye see in the papers—drored out to no end by you. It's only one o' them funny paragraphs ye kin read in a minit in the papers that takes *you* an hour to tell."

To her surprise Dan'l only looked at his sister with complacency.

"That," he said, "is jest what the New York publisher sez. 'The 'Merrikan people,' sez he, 'is ashamed o' bein' short and peart and funny; it lacks dignity,' sez he; 'it looks funny,' sez he, 'but it ain't deep-seated nash'nul literature,' sez he. 'Them snips o' funny stories and short dialogues in the comic papers—they make ye laff,' sez he, 'but laffin' isn't no sign o' deep morril purpose,' sez he, 'and it ain't genteel and refined. Abraham Linkin with his pat anecdotes ruined our standin' with dignified nashuns,' sez he. 'We cultivated publishers is sick o' hearin' furrin' nashuns roarin' over funny 'Merrikan stories; we're goin' to show 'em that, even ef we haven't classes and titles and sich, we kin be dull. We're workin' the historical racket for all that it's worth; ef we can't go back mor'n a hundred years or so, we kin rake in a Lord and a Lady when we do and we're gettin' in some ole-fashioned spellin' and "methinkses" and "peradventures." We're doin' the religious bizness ez slick ez Robert Elsmere, and we find lots o' soul in folks and heaps o' quaint morril characters,' sez he."

"Sakes alive, Dan'l!" broke in his sister; "what's all that got to do with your yarn 'bout the hoss trade?"

"Everythin'," returned Dan'l. "'For,' sez he, 'Mr. Borem,' sez he, 'you're a quaint morril character. You've got protracted humor,' sez he. 'You've bin an hour tellin' that yarn o' yours! Ef ye could spin it out to fill two chapters of a book—yer fortune's made! For you'll show that a successful hoss trade involves the highest nash'nul characteristics. That what common folk calls "selfishness," "revenge," "mean lyin'," and low-down money grubbin' ambishun is really "quaintness," and will go in double harness with the bizness of a Christian banker,' sez he."

"Created goodness, Dan'l! You're designin' ter——"

Dan'l Borem rose, coughed, expectorated carefully at the usual spot in the fender, his general custom of indicating the conclusion of a subject or an interview, and said dryly: "I'm thar!"

II

TO RETURN to the writer of the letter whose career was momentarily cut off by the episode of the horse trade (who, if he had previously received a letter written by somebody else would have been an entirely different person and not in this novel at all): John Lummox—known to his family as "the perfect Lummox"—had been two years in college, but thought it rather fine of himself—a habit of thought in which he frequently indulged—to become a clerk, but finally got tired of it, and to his father's relief went to Europe for a couple of years, returning with some knowledge of French and German, and the cutting end of a German student's blunted dueling sword. Having, as he felt, thus equipped himself for the hero of an American "Good Society" novel, he went on board a "liner," where there would naturally be susceptible young ladies. One he thought he recognized as a girl with whom he used to play "forfeits" in the vulgar past of his boyhood. She sat at his table, accompanied by another lady whose husband seemed to be a confirmed dyspeptic. His remarks struck Lummox as peculiar.

"Shall I begin dinner with pudding and cheese or take the ordinary soup first? I quite forget which I did last night," he said anxiously to his wife.

But Mrs. Starling hesitated.

"Tell me, Mary," he said, appealing to Miss Bike, the young lady.

"I should begin with the pudding," said Miss Bike decisively, "and between that and the arrival of the cheese you can make up your mind, and then, if you think better, go back to the soup."

"Thank you so much. Now, as to drink? Shall I take the Friedrichshalle first or the Benedictine? You know the doctor insists upon the Friedrichshalle—but I don't think I did well to mix them as I did yesterday. Or shall I take simply milk and beer?"

"I should say simplicity was best. Besides, you can always fill up with champagne later."

How splendidly this clear-headed, clear-eyed girl dominated the man! Lummox felt that *really* he might renew her acquaintance! He did so.

"I remembered you," she said. "You've not changed a bit since you were eight years old."

John, wishing to change the subject, said that he thought Mr. Starling seemed an uncertain man.

"Very! He's even now in his stateroom sitting in his pajamas with a rubber shoe on one foot and a pump on the other, wondering whether he ought to put on golf knickerbockers with a dressing-gown and straw hat before he comes on deck. He has already put on and taken off about twenty suits."

"He certainly is very trying," returned Lummox. He paused and colored deeply. "I beg," he stammered, "I hope—you don't think me guilty of a pun! When I said 'trying' I referred entirely to the effect on your sensitiveness of these tentative attempts toward clothing himself."

"I should never accuse *you* of levity, Mr. Lummox," said the young lady, gazing thoughtfully upon his calm but somewhat heavy features; "never."

Yet he would have liked to reclaim himself by a show of lightness. He was leaning on the rail looking at the sea. The scene was beautiful.

"I suppose," he said, rolling with the sea and his early studies of Doctor Johnson, "that one would in the more superior manner show his appreciation of all this by refraining from the obvious comment which must needs be recognized as comparatively commonplace and vulgar; but really this is so superb that I must express some of my emotion even at the risk of lowering your opinion of my good taste, provided, of course, that you have any opinion on the one hand or any good taste on the other."

"Without that undue depreciation of one's self which must ever be a sign of self-conscious demerit," said the young girl lightly, "I may say that I am not generally good at Johnsonese, but it may relieve your mind to know that had you kept silence one instant longer I should have taken the risk of lowering your opinion of my taste, provided, of course, that you have one to lower and are capable of that exertion—if such indeed it may be termed—by remarking that this is perfectly magnificent."

"Do you think," he said gloomily, still leaning on the rail, "that we can keep this kind of thing up—perhaps I should say down—much longer? For myself, I am feeling far from well; it may have been the lobster—or that last sentence—but——"

They were both silent. "Yet," she said after a pause, "you can at least take Mr. Starling and his dyspepsia off my hands. You might be equal to that exertion."

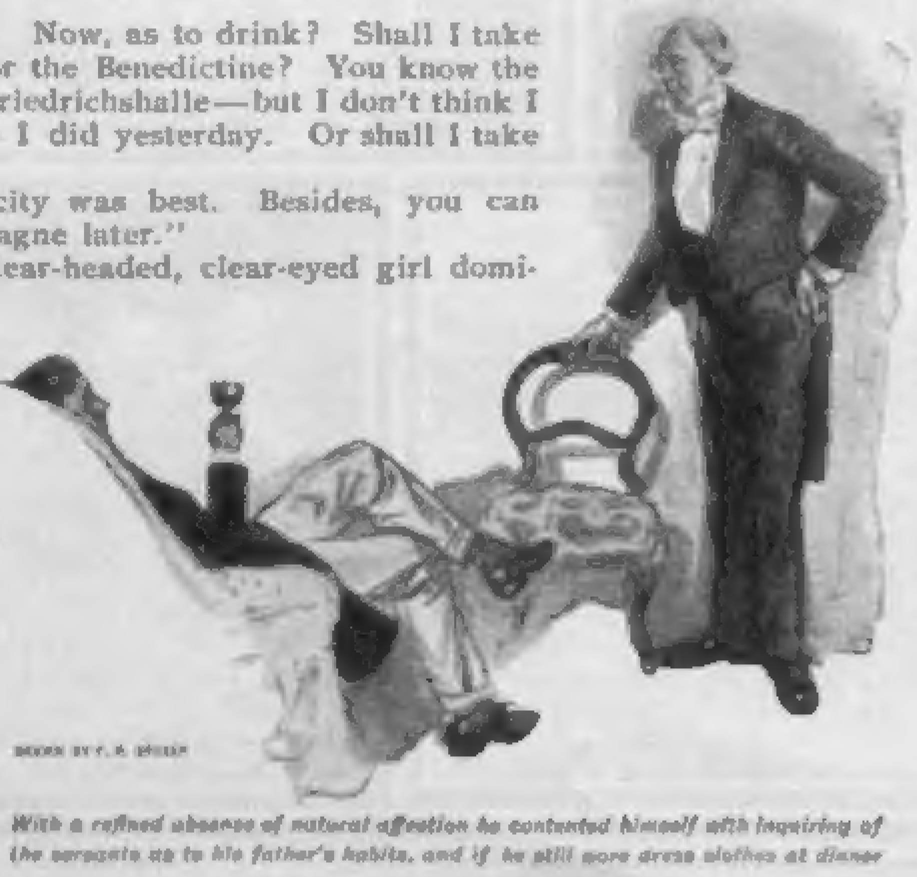
"I suppose that by this time I ought to be doing something for somebody?" he said thoughtfully. "Yes. I will."

That evening after dinner he took Mr. Starling into the smoking-room and card-room. They had something hot. At 4 A. M., with the assistance of the steward, he projected Mr. Starling into Mrs. Starling's stateroom—delicately withdrawing to evade the lady's thanks. At breakfast he saw Miss Bike. "Thank you so much," she said; "Mrs. Starling found Starling greatly improved. He himself admitted he was 'never berrer,' and, far from worrying about what night-clothes he should wear, went to bed *as he was*—even to his hat. Mrs. Starling calls you 'her preserver,' and Mr. Starling distinctly stated that you were a 'jolly-good-fler.'"

"And you?" asked John Lummox.

"In your present condition of abnormal self-consciousness and apperceptive egotism, I really shouldn't like to say."

When the voyage was ended Mr. Lummox went to see Mary Bike at her house, and his father—whom he had not seen for ten years—at *his* house. With a refined absence of natural affection he contented himself with inquiring of the servants as to his father's habits, and if he still wore dress clothes at dinner. The information thus elicited forced



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

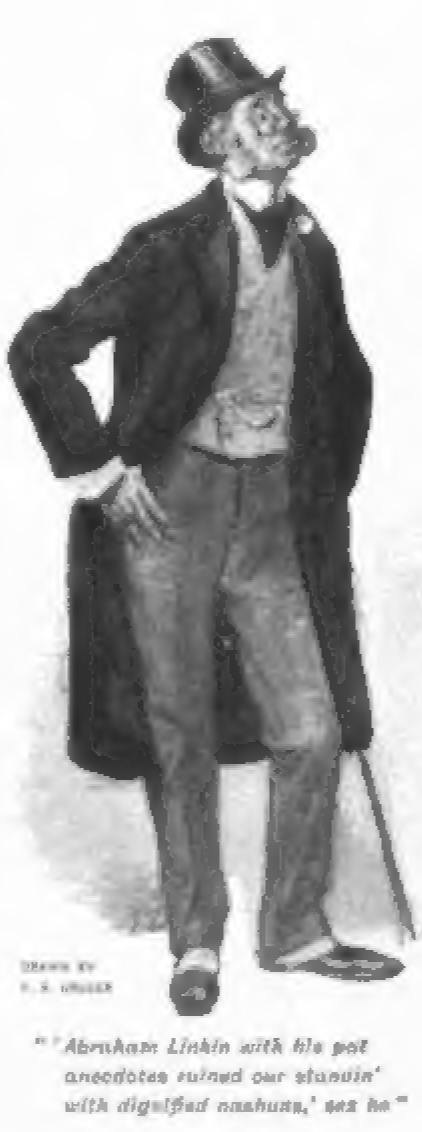
With a refined absence of natural affection he contented himself with inquiring of the servants as to his father's habits, and if he still wore dress clothes at dinner him to the conclusion that the old gentleman's circumstances were reduced and that it was possible that he, John Lummox, might be actually compelled to earn his own living. He communicated that suspicion to his father at dinner, and over the last bottle of "Mouton," a circumstance which also had determined him in his resolution. "You might," said his father thoughtfully, "offer yourself to some rising American Novelist as a study for the new hero — one absolutely without ambition, capacity or energy; willing, however, to be whatever the Novelist chooses to make him, so long as he hasn't to choose for himself. If your inordinate self-consciousness is still in your way, I could give him a few points about you, myself."

"I had thought," said John hesitatingly, "of going into your office and becoming your partner in the business. You could always look after me, you know."

A shudder passed over the old man. Then he tremblingly muttered to himself:

"Thank Heaven! There is one way it may still be averted!" Retiring to his room he calmly committed suicide, thoughtfully leaving the empty poison bottle in the fender.

And this is how John Lummox came to offer himself as a clerk to Dan'l Borem. The ways of Providence are indeed strange, yet those of the novelist are only occasionally novel.


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"'Abraham Linkin with his pet anecdotes ruined our standin' with dignified nashuns,' sez he"

III

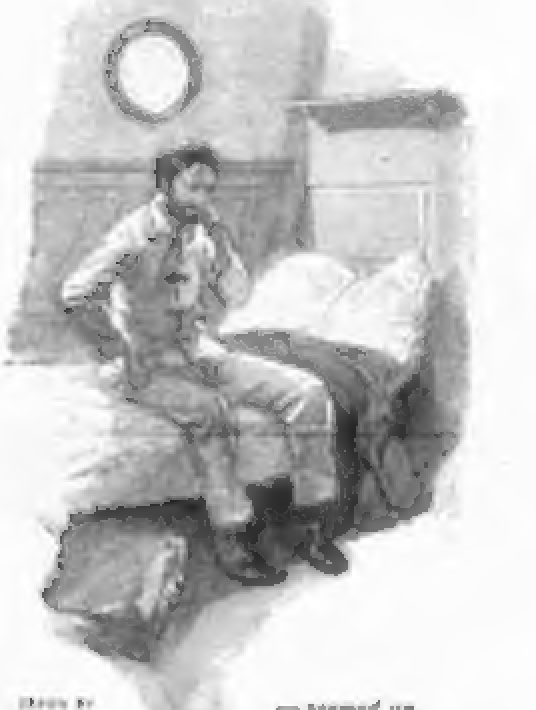
JOHN K. LUMMOX lived for a week at the Turkey Buzzard Hotel exclusively on doughnuts and innuendos. He was informed by Mr. Borem's clerk — whose place he was to fill — that he wouldn't be able to stand it, and thus received the character of his employer from his last employee.

"I suppose," said Dan'l Borem chuckling, "that he said I was a old skinflint, good only at a hoss trade, uneddicated, ignorant and unable to keep accounts, and an oppressor o' the widder and orphan. Allowed that my cute sayin's was a kind o' ten cent parody o' them proverbs in Poor Richard's Almanack!"

"Omitting a few expletives, he certainly did," returned Lummox with great delicacy.

"He allowed to me," said Dan'l thoughtfully, "that *you* was a poor critter that hadn't a single reason to show for livin': that the fool-killer had bin shadderin' you from your birth, and that you hadn't paid a cent profit on your father's original investment in ye, nor on the assessments he'd paid on ye ever since. He seems to be a cute feller arter all, and I'm rather sorry he's leavin'."

"I am quite willing to abandon my position in his favor, now," said Lummox with alacrity.


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

— seemed an uncertain man

"No," said Dan'l, rubbing his chin argumentatively; "the only way for us to do is to circumvent him like in a hoss trade — with suthin' unexpected. When he thinks you're goin' to sleep in the shafts you'll run away; and when he thinks I'm vicious I'll let a woman or a child drive me."

IV

"WELL, Dan'l, how's that new clerk o' yours gettin' on?" said Mrs. Bigsby a week later.

"Purty fine! He's good at accounts and hez got to know the Bank's customers by this time. But I allus reckoned he'd get stuck with some o' them counterfeit notes — and he hez! Ye see he ain't accustomed to look at a five or a ten dollar note as sharp as some men — and he's already taken in two tens and a five counterfeits."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Bigsby. "What did the poor feller do?"

"Oh, he ups and tells me, all right, after he discovered it. And sez he: 'I've charged my account with 'em,' sez he, 'so the Bank won't lose it.'"

"Why, Dan'l," said Mrs. Bigsby, "ye didn't let that poor feller ——"

"You hol' on!" said her brother; "business is business — but I sez to him: 'Ye oughter put it down to Profit and Loss account. Or perhaps we'll have a chance o' gettin' rid o' them — not in Noo York, where folks is sharp, but here in the country, and then ye kin credit yourself with the amount arter you've got rid o' them.'"

"Laws! I'm sorry ye did that, Dan'l," said Mrs. Bigsby.

"With that he riz up," continued Dan'l, ignoring his sister, "and, takin' them counterfeit notes from my hand, sez he: 'Them notes belong to *me* now,' sez he, 'and I'm goin' to destroy 'em.' And with that he walks over to the fire as stiff as a poker, and held them notes in it until they were burnt clean up."

"Well! But that was honest and straightforward in him!" said Mrs. Bigsby.

"Um! but it wasn't business — and ye see ——" Dan'l paused and rubbed his chin.

"Well; go on!" said Mrs. Bigsby impatiently.

"Well, ye see, neither him nor me was very smart in detecting counterfeits or even knowin' 'em, and ——"

"Well! For goodness sake, Dan'l, speak out!"

"Well — *the dum fool burnt up three good bills* and we neither of us knew it!"

V

THE "unexpected" which Dan'l Borem had hinted might characterize his future conduct was first intimated by his treatment of the "Widow Cully," an aged and impoverished woman whose property was heavily mortgaged to him. He had curtly summoned her to come to his office on Christmas Day and settle up. Frightened, hopeless and in the face of a snowstorm, the old woman attended, but was surprised by receiving a "satisfaction piece" in full from the Banker, and a gorgeous Christmas dinner. "All the same," said Mrs. Bigsby to Lummox, "Dan'l might hev done all this without frightenin' the poor old critter into a nervous fever, chillin' her through by makin' her walk two miles through the snow, and keepin' her on the rugged edge o' despair for two mortal hours! But it's his humorous way."

"Did he give any reason for being so lenient to the widow?" asked Lummox.

"He said that her son had given him a core of his apple when they were boys together. Dan'l ez mighty thoughtful o' folks that was kind to him in them days."

"Is that all?" said Lummox astonished.

"Well — I've kinder thought suthin' else," said Mrs. Bigsby hesitatingly.

"What?"

"That its bein' Christmas Day — and as I've heard tell that's *no day in law*, but just like Sunday — Dan'l mebbe thought that he might crawl outer that satisfaction piece, ef he ever wanted ter! Dan'l is mighty cute."

VI

MR. JOHN LUMMOX was not behind his employer in developing unexpected traits of character. Hitherto holding aloof from his neighbors in Old Folksville, he suddenly went to a social gathering, and distinguished himself as the principal and popular guest of the evening. As Dan'l Borem afterward told his sister: "He was one o' them Combination Minstrels and Variety Shows in one. He sang through a whole opery, made the pianner jest howl, gave some recitations — Casabianker and Betsy and I Are Out; imitated all them tragedians; did tricks with cards and fetched rabbits outer hats, besides liftin' the pianner with two men sittin' on it, jest by his teeth. Created snakes!" said Borem, concluding his account, which here is necessarily abbreviated; "ef he learnt all that in his two years in Europe I ain't sayin' anythin' more agin' eddication and furrin' travel after this! Why, the next day there was quite a run on the Bank jest to see *him*. He is makin' the bizness pop'lar."

"Then ye think ye'll get along together?"

"I reckon we'll hitch hosses," said Dan'l with a smile.

A few weeks later, one evening, Dan'l Borem sat with his sister alone. John Lummox, who was now residing with them, was attending a social engagement. Mrs. Bigsby knew that Dan'l had something to communicate — but knew that he would do so in his own way.

"Speakin' o' hoss trades," he began.

"We *wasn't* and we ain't goin' to," said Mrs. Bigsby with great promptness. "I've heard enough of 'em."

"But this here one hez suthin' to do with your fr'en', John Lummox," said Dan'l with a chuckle.

Mrs. Bigsby stared. "Go on, then," she said, "but, for goodness' sake, cut it short."

Dan'l threw away his quid and replenished it from his silver tobacco box. Mrs. Bigsby shuddered slightly as she recognized the usual preliminary to prolixity, but determined, as far as possible, to make her brother brief.

"It mout be two weeks ago," began Dan'l, "that I see John Lummox over at Palmyra, where he'd bin visitin'. He was drivin' a hoss, the beautifullest critter — for color — I ever saw. It was yaller, with mane and tail a kinder golden, like the hair o' them British Blondes that was here in the Variety Show."

"Dan'l!" exclaimed Mrs. Bigsby, horrified. "And you allowed you never went thar!"

"Saw 'em on the posters — and mebbe the color was a little brighter thar," said Dan'l carelessly — "but who's interruptin', now?"

"Go on," said Mrs. Bigsby.

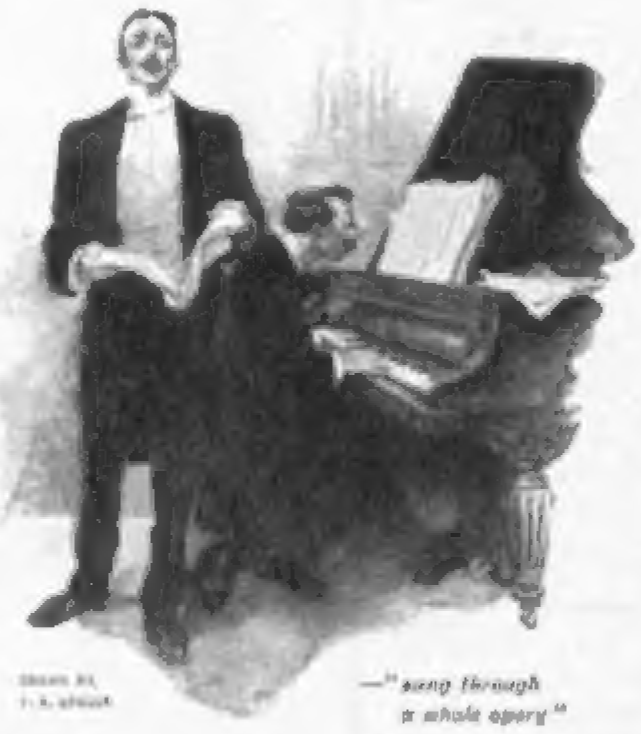
"'Got a fine hoss thar,' sez I; 'reckon I never see such a purty color,' sez I. 'He is purty,' sez he, 'per'aps too purty for *me* to be a-drivin', but he isn't fast.' 'I ain't speakin' o' that,' sez I; 'it's his looks that I'm talkin' of; whar might ye hev got him?' 'He was offered to me by a fr'en' o' me boyhood,' sez he; 'he's a *pinto* mustang,' sez he, 'from Californy, whar they breed 'em.' 'What's a *pinto* hoss?' sez I. 'The same ez a calico hoss,' sez he; 'what they have in cirkises, but ye never see 'em that color.' En' he was right, for when I looked him over I never *did* see such a soft and silky coat, and his mane and tail jest glistened. 'It *is* a little too showy for ye,' sez I, 'but *I* might take him at a fair price. What's your fr'en' askin'?' 'He won't sell him to anybody but me,' sez Lummox; 'he's a horror o' hoss traders, anyway, and his price is more like a gift to a fr'en'.' 'What might that price be, ef it's a fair question?' sez I, for the more I looked at the hoss the more I liked him. 'A hundred and fifty dollars,' sez he; 'but my fr'en' would ask *you* double that.' 'Couldn't *you* and *me* make a trade?' sez I; 'I'll exchange ye that roan mare, that's worth two hundred, for this hoss and fifty dollars.' With that he drew himself up, and sez he: 'Mr. Borem,' sez he, 'I share my fr'en's opinion about hoss tradin', and I promised my mother I'd never swap hosses. You ought to know me by this time.'"

"That's so!" said Mrs. Bigsby; "I'm wonderin' ye dared to ax him."

Dan'l passed his hand over his mouth, and continued: "'I dunno but you're right, Lummox,' sez I; 'per'aps it's jest as well as thar wasn't *two* in the Bank in that bizness.' But the more I looked at the hoss the more I hankered arter him. 'Look here,' sez I, 'I tell ye what I'll do! I'll *lend* you my hoss and you'll *lend* me yourn. I'll draw up a paper to that effect, and provide that in case o' accidents, ef I don't return you your hoss, I'll agree to pay you a hundred and fifty dollars. You'll give me the same kind o' paper about my hoss — with the proviso that you pay me two hundred for him!' 'Excuse me, Mr. Borem,' sez he, 'but that difference of fifty makes a hoss trade accordin' to my mind. It's agin' my principles to make such an agreement.'"

"An' he was right, Dan'l," said Mrs. Bigsby approvingly.

But Dan'l wiped his mouth again, leaving, however, a singular smile on it. "Well, ez I wanted that hoss, I jest thought and thought! I knew I could get two hundred and fifty for him easy, and that Lummox didn't know anythin' of his valoo, and I finally agreed to make the swap even. 'What do you call him?' sez I. 'Pegasus,' sez he — 'the poet's hoss, on account o' his golden mane,' sez he. That made me laff — for I never knew a poet ez could afford to hev a hoss — much less one like that! But I said: 'I'll borry Pegasus o' you on those terms.' The next day I took the hoss to Jonesville; Lummox was right, he wasn't *fast*, but, jest as I expected, he made a sensation! Folks crowded round him whenever I stopped; wimmin followed him and children cried for him. I could hev sold him for three hundred without leavin' town! 'So ye call him Pegasus,' sez Doc Smith, grinnin'; 'I didn't know ye was subject to the divine afflatus, Dan'l.' 'I don' offen hev it,' sez I, 'but when I do I find a little straight gin does me good.' 'So did Byron,' sez he, chucklin'. But even if I had called him 'Beelzebub' the hull town would hev bin jest as crazy over him. Well, as it was comin' on to rain I started jest after sundown for home. But it came ter blow, an' ter pour cats and dogs, an' I was nigh washed out o' the buggy, besides losin' my way and gettin' inter ditches and puddles, and I hed to stop at Staples' Half-Way House and put up for the night. In the mornin' I riz up early and goes into the stable yard and the first thing I sees was the 'ostler. 'I hope ye giv' my hoss a good scrub down,' I sez, 'as I told ye, for his color is that delicate the smallest spot shows. It's a very rare color for a hoss.' 'I was hopin' it might be,' sez he. I was a little huffed at that and I sez: 'It's considered a very beautiful color.' 'Mebbee it is,' sez he, 'but I never cared much for fireworks.' 'What yer mean?' sez I. 'Look here, Squire!' sez he; 'I don't mind scourin' and rubbin' down a hoss that will stay the same color *twice*, but when he gets to playin' a kaladeoskope on me, I kick!' 'Trot him out,' sez I, beginnin' to feel queer. With that he fetched out the hoss!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—"sang through a whole opery"

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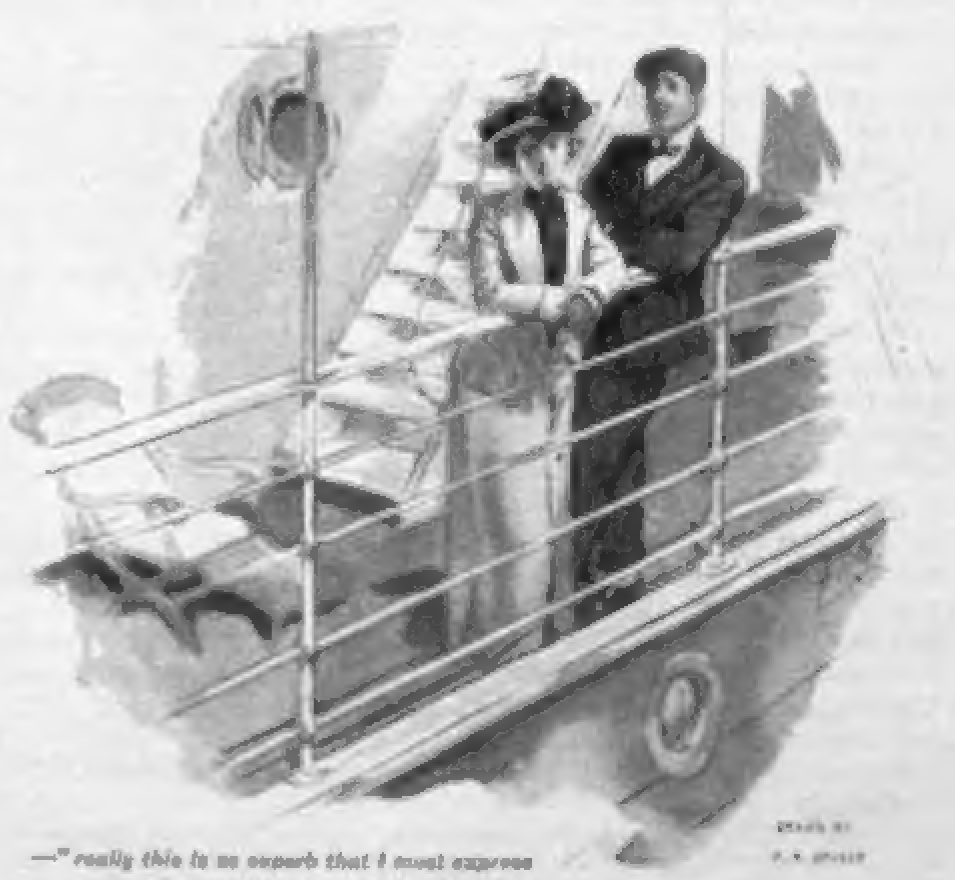
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—"really this is so superb that I must express some of my emotion even at the risk of lowering your opinion of my good taste"

Thompson's Progress—By Cutcliffe Hyne

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THAT CRAZE FOR MOHAIR

"TO TELL you the truth, Tom," said Hophni Asquith, "if there had been only myself to consider, I should have gone regularly in for society. I don't mean to say that I have your ambition, but I do want to rise. I think every man ought to do his best to rise. But Louisa won't have us trying to take our place in society yet. She says we should only be cold-shouldered if we did try."

"Then," snapped Tom, "she should see to it you didn't get cold-shouldered. Louisa would do with a lot of pulling together."

Hophni's square red whisker bristled. "I don't think that's deserved, Tom. After we compounded with the creditors, of course Louisa and I had to slip back again socially a bit. But since we've started making big money once more I'm sure you'll seldom see Louisa without a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds on her, and in the street she always wears the most expensive clothes that are to be got in Bradford."

"She looks it. Now don't get angry with me, lad. I'm an outside critic, and so I see things that you miss. Besides, Louisa and I were mates when she was a mill-girl and wore clogs on her feet and a shawl over her head, and I was just Tom's Son and hadn't a surname. You can't get over historical facts, Hophni. Because my father was a forgetful creature who chose to go through life under the name of Tom, I found when he died that no one remembered what else he was besides Tom. Tom the Collier was the nearest I could get. Well, Collier is a very good surname, but for Bradford use just then I did not think it would do. It seemed to smack too much of the soil—or, to be more accurate, the sub-soil. So by natural evolution we got Thompson, which was simple and definite, and to which one seemed to have a certain amount of title."

"I don't see what you are driving at."

"Why, this. If you aren't born with what you want, the only alternative is to get it by other means. Now, Louisa hasn't a bit of notion of dressing herself."

"Hang it, man! but she has! I tell you she gets the most expensive clothes that are to be bought in Bradford."

"But that's not dressing well."

"If you think," said Hophni rather viciously, "that Miss Mary Norreys dresses well, I flatly disagree with you. Louisa has said time after time she wouldn't be seen out of doors in the shabby old things that girl wears."

Tom laughed. "I know when you mean. Louisa saw her, did she, on the Thursday morning in last week? That's the only day she has been in Bradford for the last month and a half. The weather was wet, and she had on a short walking-skirt of Harris tweed and a boxcloth coat. They were both well cut, and she carried them well. By goy! Hophni, have you no eyes? Can't you see how splendidly that girl carries her clothes?"

"You seem to be pretty accurately posted in her movements."

"I am," said Tom simply, "and you know why."

"Still, you don't make me believe that she dresses well."

"I'll prove it to you one of these days most convincingly. Will you give me credit for having a keen nose for money-making?"

"Aye, lad. We can agree there. I'll back you against all the world for that."

"Very well, then. You'll perhaps think better of my judgment when I tell you that the firm of Thompson & Asquith is going to back Miss Norreys' taste for all it is worth."

"How do you mean?"

"She goes up to London for the season, perhaps you know?"

Hophni Asquith showed interest. "I didn't know. So those are London clothes she wears, are they? I see what you are geting at, Tom. I suppose we could weave Harris tweed as well as any one else if there's going to be a run on it."

"There isn't. Now, lad, you see where your limitations come in. You can imitate; and, once give you a hint, you're as sharp as any man living to take it up if there's money in it. But you're like Louisa. You won't look far enough beyond Bradford. And also you're like Louisa in having rank bad taste in dress. Now, I've beaten you there. I was born with no taste; but I've seen that taste was a valuable asset if it is your business to manufacture the wherewithal to gratify it; and so I have made it my occupation to acquire taste. Don't you suppose I'm wasting my time when I'm walking about the streets of London, and Paris, and Vienna, and Brussels, between appointments. I'm not. I'm looking at the women's clothes."

"And seeing which is the prettiest dressed?"

"Nothing of the kind. Fashion isn't prettiness. I mark the ones who are rigged out in the height of the fashion, and I've been training myself to deduce from them what the next fashion will be which catches on. By degrees I got the hang of the thing. And now, by goy! I'm going to put my last sixpence and my last inch of credit on it, that I've got my finger exactly on next season's fabrics."

"It's a risk."

"It isn't. It looks risky, I'll grant you. But I've taken full care to get at the back of my facts, till I've brought the thing to a mathematical certainty. If you want a final clincher, here it is. Miss Norreys is notoriously one of the best-dressed women in London, and she agrees with my prediction, and, what's more, she's influence enough to see that it comes off to a nicety."

"What! She lets you make use of her, and the pair of you are not even engaged?"

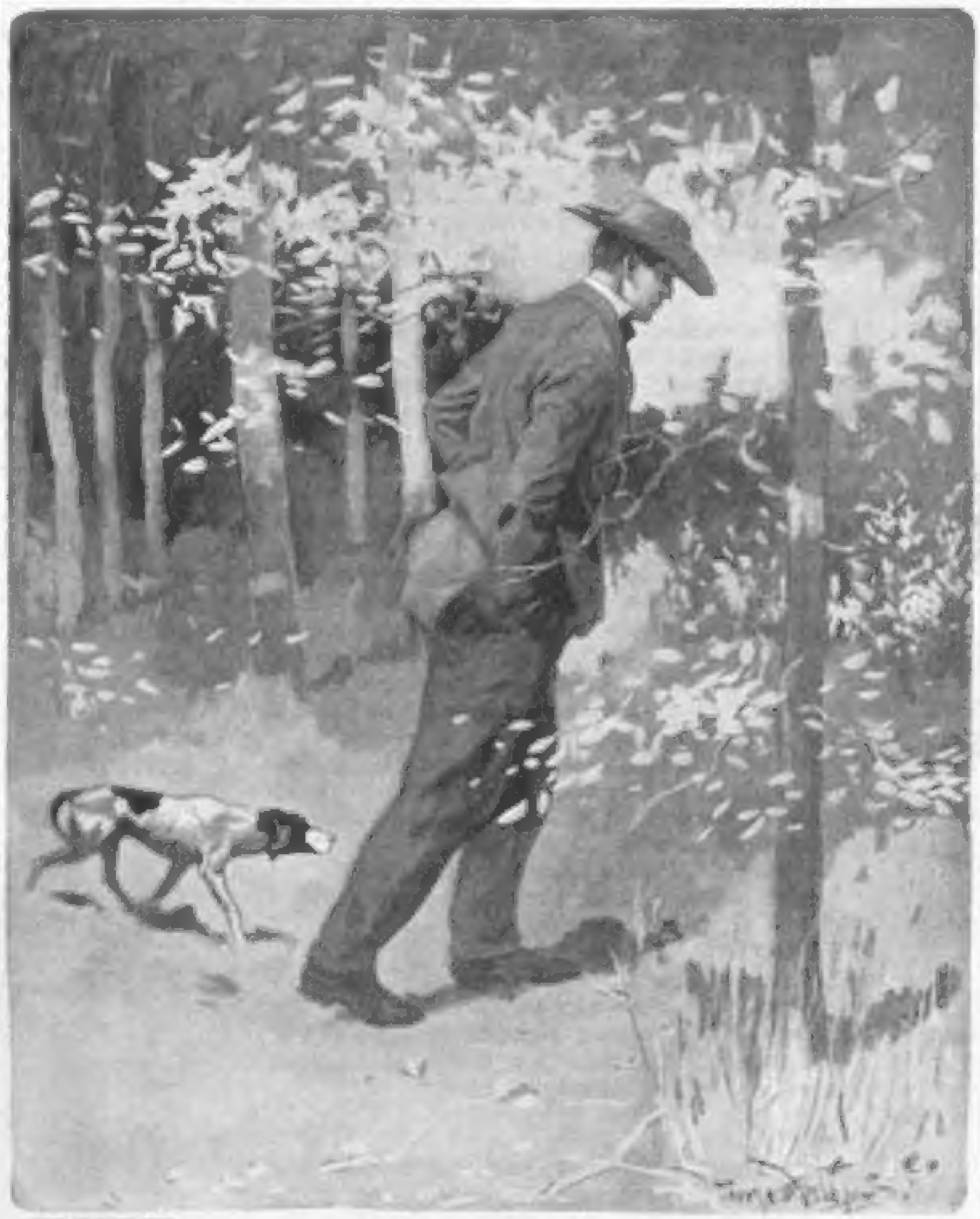
"We are not engaged. But we have an understanding, and when the time comes we shall marry. Things aren't quite ripe yet. The Norreys are county people, and they don't understand trade. The only securities Mr. Norreys recognizes are Land, and perhaps Consols. I don't agree with him, but I understand his standpoint and his limitations, and I'm open to fall in with them to a certain extent. I'm not going to marry Miss Norreys in spite of his teeth, though I believe she would come to me. I'm going to see Mr. Norreys give me his daughter with a willing hand, and for that purpose I'm going to buy a big estate in the country and settle it on her. Thank Heaven I can pay for other people's fancies as well as my own!"

Hophni pulled doubtfully at his square red whisker. "It would cramp us a good deal if you take much money out of the business. But perhaps you mean buying the place and getting a big mortgage on it?"

"Neither the one nor the other. In fact, I shall put more money into the business, and so will you. I buy no land to hang a mortgage on it, either. That wouldn't be playing the game. You and I will have a quarter of a million at the lowest estimate to divide by this time next year, and I can draw what I want out of that."

"You're getting into big figures."

"I prefer them. I can't niggle, Hophni; haven't time. Bradford will call it gambling, because they haven't seen how it's been worked up to, and can't see how it's done. They'll copy us when the boom comes, and then it will be too late. They'll probably drop money in trying to follow. Some of them may pick up a little, and I'm sure they will be welcome to it. We shall have the cream, and by the time they start imitating it will be time for us to drop that line and be manufacturing for the next fashion. Grasp?"



DRAWN BY [illegible]

— It was when . . . he left business behind him and took to the woods . . . that Clara's enjoyment of life reached its zenith

"Quite. What's this fashion going to be? Merinos, I suppose."

"Merinos be hanged! They're just beginning to wear merinos again now, and all Bradford will be making merino pieces as fast as they can turn them out. We're making merinos ourselves, and we're going to stop."

"But what about all those new looms? They haven't paid for themselves yet."

"Break them up. We can afford to take scrap value for them. We shall want every inch of room that can be got in the shed to weave alpacas and mohairs."

"Mohair! Why, man, mohair is about dead! There's hardly a price quoted for it. The mohair manufacturers are nearly all burst or cutting their losses and going out of that business. The mohair spinners make dolls' hair, but precious little else just now. If your theory was in any way correct surely some one would have an idea of it besides yourself? Come, Tom, you are a right clever chap, but you mustn't set up for having more brains than all the rest of Bradford put together."

Tom's great square jaw began to protrude. "Why not in this instance? There's no mystery about how it was done. I've worked the thing out from the very foundation, and nobody else has, that's all. Somebody's got to be first in everything, and that's the place I've marked out for myself all along. There's no use being modest over the matter. If you aim low, you'll never get high. If you aim high, and mean to get there, you'll probably do it. The thing isn't half so difficult as it looks."

"I wish," said Hophni Asquith with a sigh, "I'd your confidence; and then——"

"Don't you worry, lad. You've a mind for detail that's a mind in a million. I couldn't stay in the mill day after day for the year on end, as you do. I've just got to be out in the open air or I'd burst. I've a lot of primitive man in me somewhere, and it will come out. So, you see, what one lacks the other has, and that means we're exactly fitted as partners. What we've got to do now is to get hold of all the mohair we can for cash as far as it will go, and credit after that, and at the same time keep the market low and unsuspicious. Now, then, that's settled. What are you going to do for the week end?"

"Stay here in Bradford. You know I never miss chapel on Sundays, Tom."

"You're a mirthless creature. I know your style. You'll think over this new scheme and worry it out till the mill starts again on Monday morning. It's no use telling you to empty your head of business occasionally, and give your mind a holiday on that line, because you don't know how, and you won't try to learn. Well, good-by, lad, for the present, and don't go straight home and tell Louisa that presently she'll have to give up black satin for morning wear and take to black alpaca. Remember, we've got to keep this scheme absolutely dark, or we'll have the mohair market flying up before we've begun to touch it—come along, Clara. But all the same, you must tone down Louisa's taste in dress. She's a drag on us as she is."

Tom went out then, and a scarred she-dog of doubtful breed emerged from an unobtrusive corner of the office and followed him through the door. This particular Clara—whose official name was Clara's-Clara's-Clara—had a fine genius for self-effacement. When Tom was in Bradford she followed him about in his quick walks from place to place, keeping to the middle of the roadways for the most part, waiting for him against opposite curbstones when he went into offices, but pestering him never. Every now and again Tom would snap his fingers, and Clara would come up, accept a quick pat on the side of the jaw, and then drop back to her station ten yards away. When Tom was away from Bradford, and she was off duty, she amused herself by fighting. But it was when the primitive man in her master came uppermost, and he left business behind him and took to the woods and the moors, that Clara's enjoyment of life reached its zenith.

Mongrel Clara's-Clara's-Clara was according to kennel-book niceties, but her breeding was the result of thought and much careful selection. The original Clara, now deceased, had been a genius in her way; the daughter, Clara's-Clara, had a talent for poaching operations that has seldom been surpassed; but this granddaughter, Clara's-Clara's-Clara, had reached a pitch of perfection in the illicit pursuit of game that was far more than human. Even Mr. Thompson himself was almost satisfied with her, and he was a man never contented with anything short of the very best.

They went out that Saturday, Clara and Tom, the first stage of their journey in a first-class carriage of a railway train, and thereafter took to the road, putting behind them a steady five miles to the hour. Clara trotted along, with nose to ground and tail adroop, the picture of homely incapacity.

A twelve-mile stretch brought them to some covers which had a reputation for being more keenly preserved that any other shooting country in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Editor's Note — This is the seventh of twelve striking stories by Mr. Hyne descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The ensuing stories will appear at intervals of one month, and each will be complete in itself.

Their attitude of simple wayfarers dropped from them with the quickness of a conjuring trick. Here was enjoyment of the most exquisite, and they prepared to get their fill of it.

The wood was, as has been said, most strictly preserved and formed, in point of fact, part of the estate of Mr. Norreys, though leased by that gentleman to another to supply the chronic deficit of his purse. Norreys and Tom were very good friends, though they disagreed about the destiny of Miss Mary Norreys. They were both keen sportsmen, and though their methods were essentially different, each had a toleration for the other's tastes, and if Tom was clever enough to pick up pheasants under the keepers' noses without getting caught, or earning a charge of shot in the legs, Mr. Norreys was pleased enough that he should do it. At any rate, the game was apt to brighten up the keepers.

Twice that afternoon Tom and Clara dissolved into the landscape on the near approach of one of the patrolling watchers, and everywhere they went the clumsy trails of the game guardians were fresh and easily readable. It was a most appetizing cover to poach.

At last, however, they came to a spot which Tom thought would nicely suit his purpose. It was a piece of ground between two rides, which had been cleared by a windfall. The heavier timber of the uprooted trees had been carted away, but the branches remained, stacked into heaps to make shelter for the pheasants, and a yard from one of these Tom set up a snickle of thin and carefully rusted piano wire. The brackens of the wood had drooped and flattened with the autumn frosts till they lay for the most part on the ground as a rich brown carpet; and against the background of these the brown wire snare was wholly invisible.

Next came the ground baiting. In one pocket Tom had some Indian corn, in another some Valencia raisins, which are the two greatest delicacies known to the pheasant palate. Now, Tom was a bit of a gormand himself, and more than a bit of a cook. He was an adept at the invention of dainty dishes for men — and also, it appeared, for pheasants. There is an art in these things. He split each raisin carefully and inserted a yellow grain of corn into its interior, surely the most luscious beakful ever offered to a pheasant's gobble.

Then he laid them in place. Three of the stuffed raisins, built into a little pile, stood on the faggot side of the snare; a train of six led across the open to the edge of the cover.

Clara watched these preparations with intelligence, and when they were ended she went off by herself deeper into the wood. Tom dived out of sight among some brambles to see her work. But, keen though his eyes were, of Clara herself he caught no further view. Still presently there was evidence that she was attending strictly to business. Lying with face close to the ground Tom could see down the fringed aisles of the undergrowth the pheasants beginning to move, jerkily, foolishly, with outstretched heads and beady eyes. Clara was driving them most scientifically. A pheasant in cover will never rise on to the wing so long as it is not hustled from behind too rapidly. The excellent pheasant has learned that it is never shot at on the ground, and so it very naturally far prefers to run.

Clara kept the birds on the move, slowly, persistently, never making the mistake of over-eagerness and frightening them into the air. It was clever beating for any dog unaccompanied. But now came genius. Some eight or ten birds were moving before her, and if these were driven into the clearing, one might get caught, but the rest would be badly scared. That would be untidy work, of which Tom, as a neat-minded poacher, would not approve. So Clara deliberately set about cutting one bird after another away from the mob, till at length when the opening was reached, one gorgeous-plumaged cock alone remained.

The bird trotted out into the open, very beautiful and somewhat troubled. It was vaguely alarmed by some slight disturbance which had been moving in the wood behind. Then its quick bright eye fell on one of the stuffed raisins, and there was a gulp and a gobble and a chattering crow of astonished delight. Caution flew. Nothing so entirely delightful had ever passed that pheasant's palate before. Gobble! down went number two. Gobble! number three. And then! Ah! never mind these scattered ones. They will do for afterward. There is a whole heap of raisins on ahead.

There was a quick, straggling run, head down, tail extended. Then there was a fine cock pheasant with two fat raisins in its beak and a wire snickle tight round its neck beating at the landscape with vain spurs, and fanning up the brown fern spores with ineffective wings.

Clara came and grinned through the edge of the cover while Tom slew his game and spread more of the irresistible stuffed raisins, and then back she went deep into the wood again to drive up another victim. Three more birds they got in this way, and were disturbed only once. A patrolling under-keeper came perilously near the line of drive. But Tom imitated the bleat and stampede of a frightened sheep and the yap of a pursuing dog, and this most uncommon occurrence was quite enough to draw away that simple under-keeper on a non-existent scent.

Finally, with two brace of fine pheasants in the inside skirt pockets of his coat, and a very wet and complacent Clara at his heels, Tom worked his silent way to the upper edge of the wood and climbed over the boundary wire. The rough bent grass of the lower moorland lay beyond, and he walked up over it, keeping to the gullies so as not to show upon a sky-line. Finally, with infinite caution to make sure he was not watched or followed, he came to a tunnel-mouth of some old lead workings, and after Clara had sniffed carefully and declared them unoccupied, he left the open air and stepped off briskly into the darkness.

The way was wet, black and narrow, fanned by a damp air, suspicious with the sounds of water dropping into pools. But Tom held along his path with the confidence of an accustomed tenant, and presently turned, climbed a dozen rough steps, and halted.

He fumbled for a minute and found a bottle, and from that extracted matches and a candle. When the wick yellowed out into flame there was displayed a cubical, irregular cave of some three yards each way, and the entrances to two tunnels which led off into blackness. A light air passed through it and fanned the candle-flame.

Tom hung up the two brace of fresh birds on the pegs in the wall of one of the galleries which formed his larder, and examined with care the other brace which was there maturing. He chose with satisfaction a fine plump hen bird that had hung there exactly the right length of time to reach its gastronomic perfection. Then, after he had lit a fire of wood and peat at the entrance to the gallery which took the outdraft, he plucked and prepared the pheasant for cooking. When it was ready he took from his pocket a handful of chestnuts, which he peeled and cut small, and a couple of bunches of red ripe rowans, which he bruised among the chestnuts, and with this mixture he stuffed the pheasant. Then he pinned up the flap of skin with a splinter of wood, fitted the bird with a liberal breastplate of bacon from his stores, and hung it up in front of the fire.

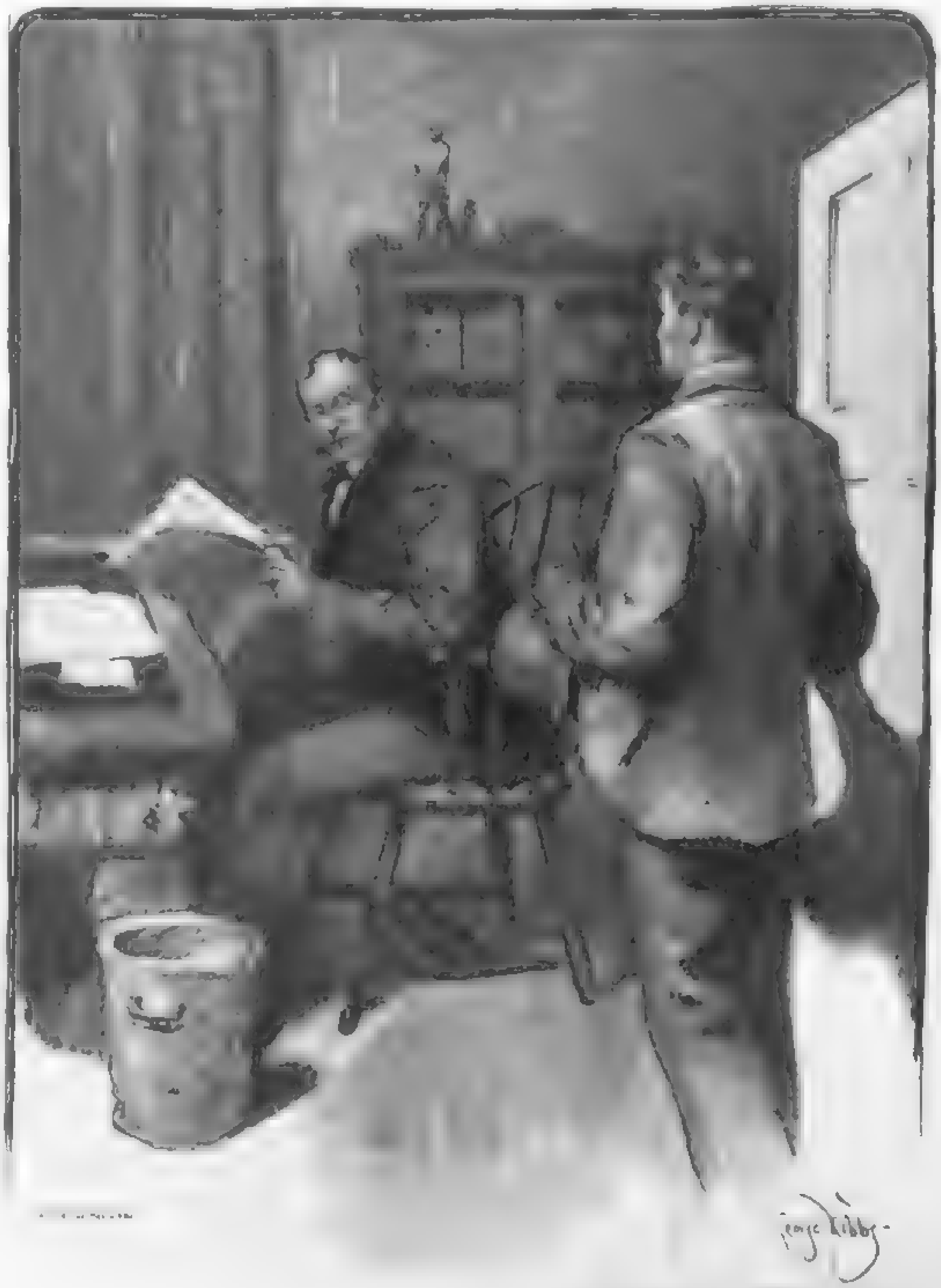
Tom's roasting jack was primitive, but effective. He had found a heavy iron corve-wheel amongst the other unconsidered débris of the disused mine, and had suspended it from one axis by a string from the roof of his cave. Another string, with a noose at the end, depended from its lower axis, and on this hung the roast. With a good smart turn this wheel acquired momentum, which it stored up in the form of torsion in the string, till momentum was lost. Then the string would start it back in the other direction.

For a dripping pan, a shallow biscuit-tin stood against the ashes, and with a crude tin spoon twisted out of the lid Tom basted his roast with affectionate care.

But if, on occasions like these, he was very much primitive man, still there were points where civilization had begun to bite more deeply into him. He possessed a plate now, and set it to warm in front of the fire. A knife and fork too — silver fork — were turned up from under the fern. And instead of the stone jar of beer, which used to form his usual adjunct to these feasts, he produced a bottle of burgundy of curious vintage from some nook in one of the galleries, and set it to air at a nicely judged distance from the blaze.

In the middle of this cookery, Clara, the uncomely, had jumped up to her feet, had gone to the intake gallery entrance, and had stood there bristling and working her nose and ears. She uttered no trace of whimper or growl, as that was not Clara's way, but she took care that Tom should see her, and Tom drew his own deductions.

"Shepherd on the moor, old girl. But he won't come in here. Too much afraid of ghosts. You can go out and prospect if you like. I know you won't let yourself be seen."



"I just called," said Tom pleasantly, "to say I'm going [illegible] Mary, and we'd like to have your consent"

Clara dissolved off silently into the darkness, being there one instant and gone the next, according to her habit, and Tom attended strictly to his bird. When Mr. Thompson cooked he put his whole mind to it, with the result that his dishes always attained a surprising perfection.

But his culinary operations were broken off now with something of suddenness. A murmur made itself heard down the tunnel through which Clara had vanished, which presently resolved itself into footsteps. Tom jumped up from his knees with a remark that was not altogether a prayer for the welfare of the invader, and prepared to jump over his fire and make an exit down the gallery which carried the smoke.

A voice stopped him. A voice which came from far away between rocky walls. "Tom! oh, Tom!" and then, as, through sheer desire to hear the voice again, he gave no answer, the voice went on: "Mister Thompson, may I come in?"

Tom picked up the candle in its clay socket and held it high in the gallery's mouth for a beacon.

"Mary!" he cried. "Mary, why do you come here?"

"I'll let you know when I am there," said Miss Norreys threateningly.

"But how did you find your way?"

"Clara brought me. Clara has some notions of civility if other people have not."

"Clara's a treacherous young person. First time she ever gave me away."

At this point Clara came out of the gallery into the firelight and tied herself into knots, and showed two sets of well-groomed teeth.

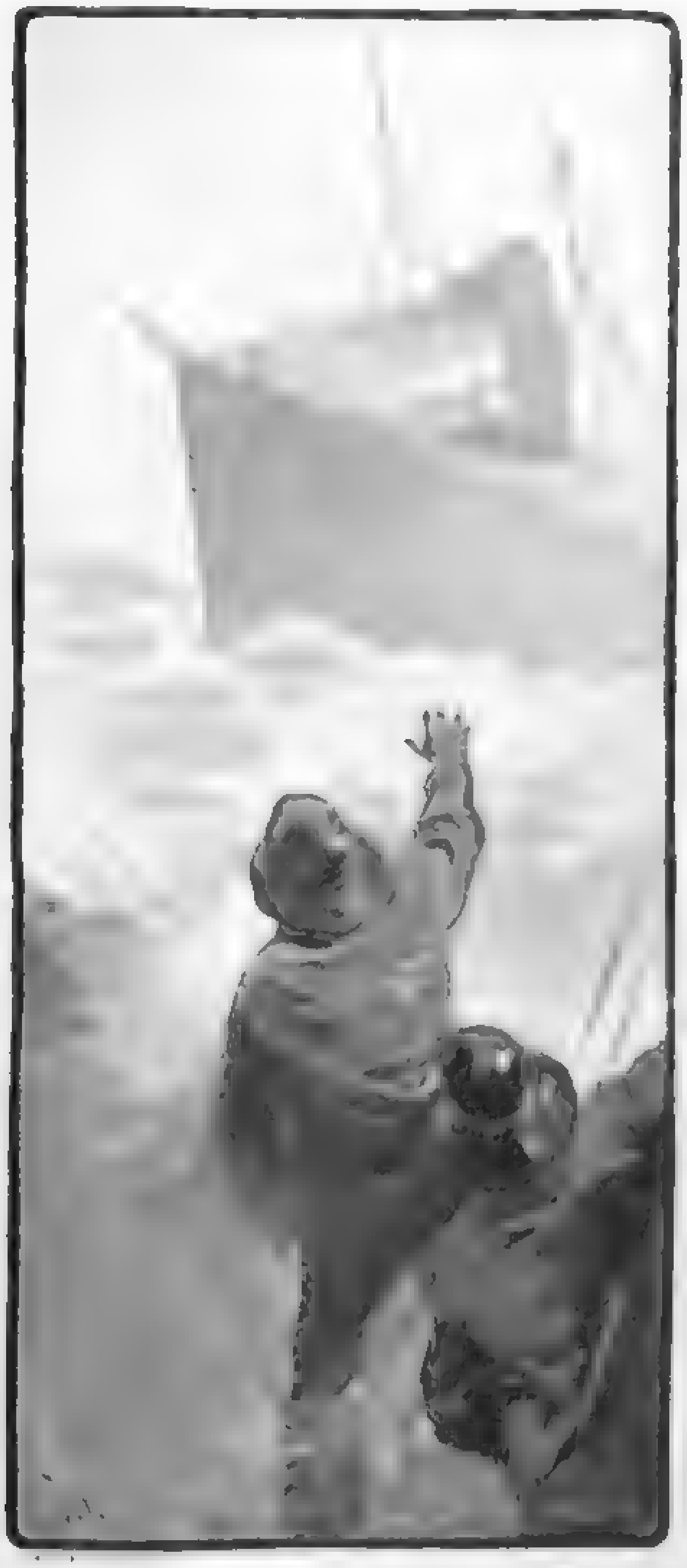
"There, you see," said Tom to Miss Norreys, who followed; "you've lured away my dog from me, and she's extremely doubtful as to what's going to happen next. Clara's a very clever animal, and generally knows to an inch what's in the wind. But at the present moment — look at her, Mary, writhing and grinning there — she thinks she's in for a first-class licking, and 'pon my word, I think she deserves it."

"Make me somewhere nice to sit down on," said Miss Norreys, and Tom pulled together some bracken into a heap. "I'll stay and dine with you, Tom; thanks. What have you been doing to that pheasant, you gormand, to make

(*Continued on Page 30*)

A Royal Birthday—By Frank T. Bullen

Author of
"The Cruise of the Cachalot," etc.



Then, sudden[illegible] as it were [illegible] of the thickness [illegible] came the vast [illegible] of a [illegible]

IT WAS on a bitter, cheerless morning that the three-thousand-ton four-masted sailing ship, Peter Graham, lying in the Southwest India Dock just completing her cargo of salt for Calcutta, was boarded by four or five hungry-looking men, variously rigged in nondescript garments, and one small boy of about fourteen years of age. As they climbed up the slippery, grimy planks of the gangway they looked wistfully aloft at the huge entanglement of yards and masts, which, heavily laden with snow, seemed like the withered branches of some mighty forest tree blasted by lightning. As they came they shivered, not only with cold and hunger but with apprehension as to the figure they would make when, by and by, out in the Channel, they would be exposed to the full fury of the winter gale—supposing that they were fortunate (?) enough to obtain berths on board this ship. For they knew from bitter experience what their first few days out in such a vessel at this time of the year would certainly mean to them

However, these ship seekers were in such evil case that, although they knew full well what awaited them, they were driven to blind themselves to the prospect, and to consider only the immediate hope of finding food and shelter. As all foremast hands invariably do when first coming on board a ship, they turned their faces forward, slouching one by one into the forecastle and looking around them silently upon the bare tiers of bunks, the filthy deck, the dripping iron beams overhead, and the litter of paint-pots, ropes, brooms and "bosun's" stores that had been hurriedly thrust in here out of the way—evidently recalling to their minds many previous occasions upon which they had joined ships and taken stock of the place wherein they were to live under similar disconsolate conditions. For there is no place that I know of more depressing than a ship's fo'c's'le while she is in dock. At sea, when it is seen at its best, it is but a gloomy den, a place wherein a number of men are, perforce, flung into the closest companionship with each other, a companionship from which there is practically no escape until the passage is over; but it has that sense of human association at sea that it utterly lacks while the vessel is in harbor, and it is made a mere convenient receptacle for all the rubbish in the ship.

One optimistic soul, however, in the little group ventured upon a remark: "There's a pretty good drift between the decks, ain't there?" He looked around inquiringly to see how his words were received, but, meeting with no encouragement, relapsed into silence.

After a few minutes' musing another member of the little group murmured: "Well, I s'pose we shall have to make the best of it. Let's go aft and see if we kin find the Mate."

With one accord they turned and sauntered aft, the boy following at a modest distance behind them. The Mate was at the gangway superintending the shipment of the salt, and as the men came up to him he raised his eyes and scanned them searchingly. The foremost man being thus met with an interrogatory look touched his cap and said: "Beg yer pardon, sir; 'ave ye got all yer 'ands?"

The Mate replied: "No, I don't think so. Are you wanting a ship?" An answering "Yes" burst from each man. The Mate's eye twinkled as who should say "I need hardly have asked such a question as that." But he merely said: "Got your discharges with you?" At once the grimy pieces of paper were held out in each hand toward him. He took them and scanned them closely, saying as he looked through the last one: "We are going to ship on Saturday" (this was Thursday); "signing on at Green's Home two o'clock in the afternoon. Mind you're there early."

He was about to resume his attention to the weighing in of the salt when the boy approached him timidly and said: "Can't you find me a berth, too, sir?" The Mate's keen eyes took in the urchin's outlines at a glance. They softened perceptibly as he said: "Why, what can you do aboard a ship like this?"

Eagerly the boy answered. "I've been to sea for three years, sir, and I ain't so weak as I look. Do give me a chance." The Mate shook his head dubiously and said "I'm afraid there isn't much on board this vessel fit for you to do, but you look as if it 'ud be a real kindness to ship you, and if you like to wait the Captain will be on board presently and you can ask him. But mind, don't go building any hopes on what I'm telling you, because we don't carry boys—only apprentices."

But it was evident that the boy *did* feel hopeful, for his face brightened at once, and, touching his cap, he went hurriedly after the men, who were preparing to go ashore, and said: "I think I stand a chance to get shipped." The man nearest him looked around and said: "Well, Jimmy, I hope you will. It's mighty hard luck for yer to be starvin' ashore when there's so many ships about So-long; if y' *do* get a chance we shall see ye at Green's Home on Saturday."

For a weary hour the boy hung about the quarterdeck, his teeth chattering with cold. He dared not go in for any active exercise lest he should be thought to presume but he longed with an intense longing for the coming of the Captain so that his period of suspense might be put an end to. At last a young, benevolent-looking man, clothed in broadcloth and tall hat, and swinging an umbrella in his hand, stepped over the rail, and the boy instantly divined that this was the arbiter of his fate. Waiting at a respectful distance until the Mate had greeted the Captain and reported progress, he approached the latter as that worthy turned toward the cabin The Captain looked down upon the small figure with a kindly expression of face and said: "Well, my lad, what can I do for you?"

Nervously shuffling one foot the boy said: "If you please, sir, the Mate told me I might ask you if you wouldn't ship me for the voyage as Boy."

"Why," said the Captain, "you don't look strong enough to lift a rope-yarn, and what do you think you could do on board a ship of this size where it takes two of the best men in the ship to furl a royal? What is your sea experience?"

Hurriedly the boy recounted his various voyages, extending over a period of three years, and the Captain's face took on a look of grave pity as he realized how hard a training the child in front of him must have had. Breathlessly the boy awaited the Captain's verdict. At last it came. "My lad, I am sorely tempted to give you a berth, but before I do I must see my owners. I suppose you're pretty hard up by the look of you?"

"Indeed I am, sir," said the boy. "I've been turned out of my boarding-house, and for the last three nights I've been sleeping in the streets."

"Poor little chap," murmured the Captain; "don't go ashore. I'll tell the Steward to give you something to do in the cabin; at any rate, whatever happens, I'll see that you are not flung back again into the street for some time to come."

So the boy, breathlessly uttering his thanks, followed the Captain into the cabin, and was by him introduced to the weather-beaten Steward. The first order given by the Captain to the Steward was that the boy should be fed, and afterward put to such tasks as he might reasonably be expected to perform. The boy was also told that he might sleep in the half-deck, where he would find some bedding that had been left by a former apprentice.

From thenceforward until Saturday the boy, though evidently delighted with his surroundings, was alternating between hope and fear, and it was not until Saturday afternoon at one o'clock that his mind was set completely at rest by the Captain's saying to him: "Now, then, Jimmy, come on up to the shipping office, and I will sign you on. By the way, how much wages do you want?"

With beaming eyes the boy replied "Anything you like, sir, so long as I can get to sea with you."

The innocent compliment touched the Captain deeply, and he said: "All right, Jimmy; suppose we say thirty shillings a month." Had it been possible for him to have seen into the boy's heart at that moment he would have known that he had made him as completely happy as it was possible for any mortal to be in this world. Is it necessary to say with what springy steps the boy's feet covered the distance between the Southwest India Docks and Green's Home, how delightedly he informed his shipmates that he, too, was to be one of the crew of the Peter Graham? Scarcely—and yet his enthusiasm found no echo in the hearts of the men, for they were embittered by long experience; he had all the hopefulness of boyhood. He received, not an advance note, as did his shipmates, but, with a kindness delightful to see, the Captain advanced him thirty shillings in cash out of his own pocket, knowing full well that it would be almost impossible for the boy in his present condition to get an advance note cashed, and the boy, clutching the two pieces of gold, counted himself rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice. With forethought hardly to be expected from so young a lad he immediately set about procuring himself, as far as the money went, such necessaries as he knew he would require.

The ship sailed on Monday, the twenty-second of December, and, for a wonder, the majority of the eighteen hands comprising her crew were sober, but they cut a sorry figure as the powerful tug towed the great hull of their ship down the bleak river in the teeth of a rapidly rising northeasterly breeze. She did not anchor at Gravesend, merely stopping for a few minutes to exchange the river pilot for his brother of the channel service; then onward she went until, off Beachy Head, the tugboat slipped the steel hawser, some of the huge sails were laboriously hoisted, and the vessel commenced her long voyage. The watches were set, the men went heavily about their respective duties, and the boy was in great request in spite of the Mate's remark that there was little or nothing that he could do on board. The wind backed to the northwest and rose to a gale, accompanied with snow, and with infinite pains the vessel was slowly tacked down Channel, until, at 4 A. M on Christmas Day, she was midway between Portland Bill and the French coast Then there was a sudden shift of wind, the leaden clouds that had been driving up so rapidly from the westward cleared off as if by magic, the sky took on the deep steely blue of winter easterly weather, and, although the wind was so much colder than it had been, the fact of its being fair made the overburdened men's lives much more supportable

Moreover, with that peculiar circulation of intelligence that obtains on board of every ship, the fo'c's'le hands had become fully aware that theirs would be no ordinary sailing ship Christmas. All sorts of lavish preparations were being made in order that for once in their dull lives they might feel that the blessed season of the coming of Christ should be for them as full of joy as the circumstances made possible. As the day wore on the wind freshened, until by dinner-time the vessel was scudding westward under easy canvas, but at a great rate. Being in Channel, the water was fairly smooth, at any rate, the ship was going, as the sailor says, "as steady as a church," and the word was passed along that all hands were to dine together

Punctually at the stroke of eight bells the rubicund cook appeared at his galley door and shouted, "Dinner!" And what a dinner it was! Immense joints of roast beef, kids full of steaming potatoes, masses of that sailor's delight—boiled cabbage—and last, but certainly not least, two gigantic plum puddings. Those carping critics of the unhappy merchant seaman who say that although he grumbles so much about his food he is never satisfied even when he is supplied with the best, should have seen the countenances of the men seated around their chests in the gloomy fo'c's'le of the Peter Graham that Christmas Day

But, just as they were about to commence their banquet, the boy, who had been exceedingly busy bringing in the bounteous supply of food, said tremblingly yet firmly, and to the astonishment of many of them: "If you please, may I say grace?"

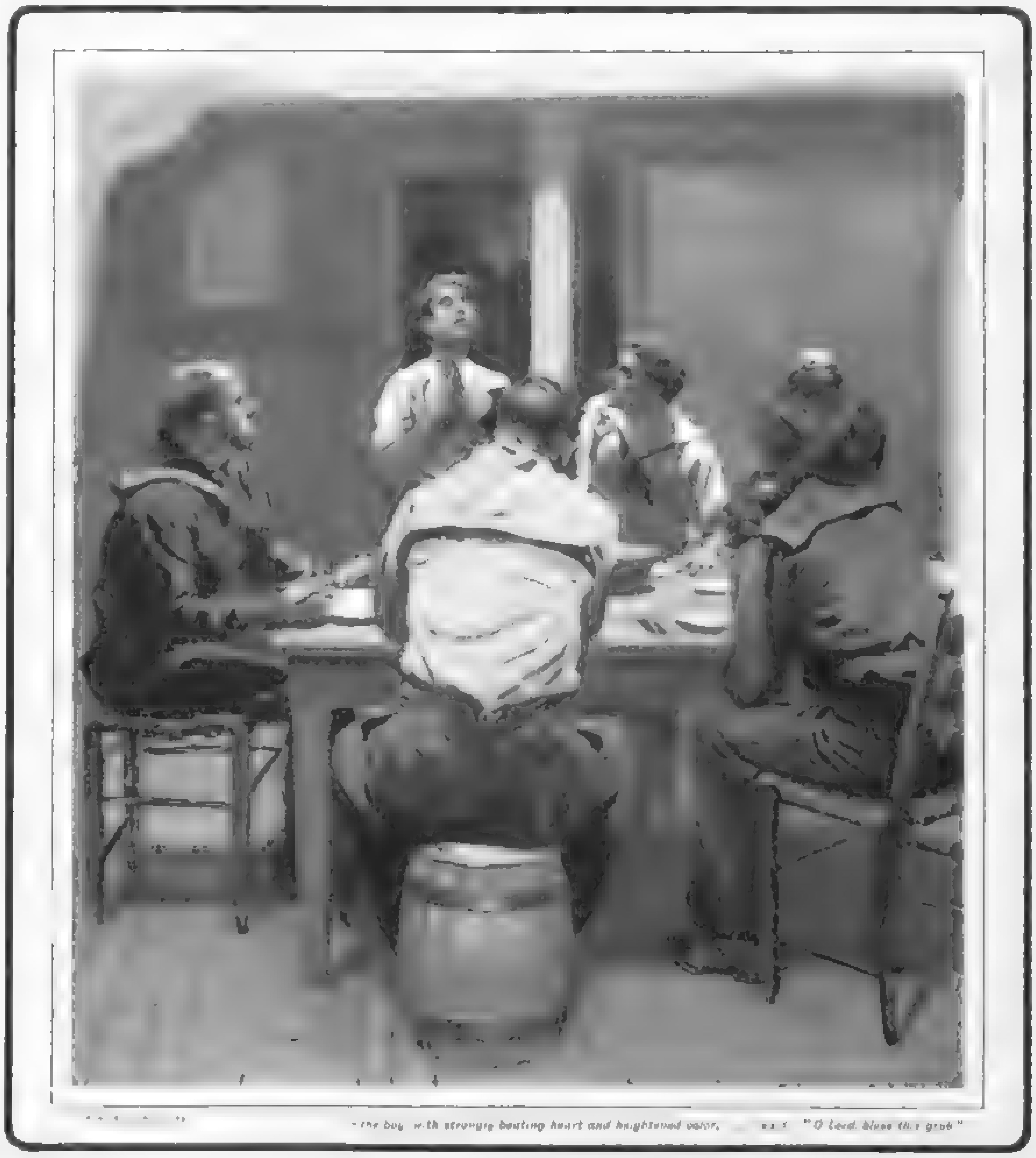
For a few moments there was utter silence, broken at last by a grizzled old Scotchman, who said: "Why, certainly, boy; go ahead." Several heads were bowed; some of the men played nervously with the handles of their sheath knives, bashfully, like men in the presence of a totally new order of things. But the boy, with strongly beating heart and heightened color, tightly closed eyes and faltering voice said: "O Lord, bless this grub; bless the skipper for thinking of us; make us very thankful, and make us remember that this is Christ's birthday. We 'aven't thought much about Him—least I 'aven't, Lord—but to-day millions of people all over the world are remembering it, and we won't forget it. Bless us all for His sake." And there was a muttered "Amen."

That simple grace altered the whole course of events aboard the Peter Graham. Not a man among them but was uplifted in heart and mind by the testimony of this humble little ship boy. But as many of the greatest events in the world's history have been brought about by the unconscious agency of chosen instruments, so the boy himself, with the easy mind of childhood, never so much as suspected how great a work he had been the means of doing among that rough crowd of sea-wandering men

It would have done your benevolent heart, dear reader much good had you seen the keen delight with which those hardly entreated men devoured their simple meal—for many of them the first really good dinner they had eaten for years And when they had finished a pleasant thing happened The grizzled old Scotch seaman before mentioned arose and said: "Boys, Ah'm thenkin' we micht vara richtly daunder aeft 'n thenk the Skipper fur this guid meal, for Ah'm sewer it's entirely owin' tae his guid hert 'at we've had it. Wut d'ye say?"

As one man the crew arose to their feet replying: "Yes, yes; le's go." And presently, to the Skipper's astonishment, he was called out of his chart room by the Mate to interview his crew, who stood bashfully clustering together in front of the poop, nudging one another to speak the thanks that all felt. At last, on the Skipper's smiling invitation to them to state their errand, Scotty hemmed three or four times, and twisting his cap between his gnarled fingers, said: "We've come aeft, sir, tae thenk ye for wut's been the vara best dinner 'at some of us iver had in all oor lives, and tae hope ye'll find us a decent crowd all the voy'ge

There was a lump in the Skipper's throat as he replied "Thank *you*, men, for your courtesy. I feel sure I shall And I promise you, that, God helping me I'll do all I can to make you all as happy as lies in my power" He would have said more, but just at that moment there was a lull in the gale, a dense haze overspread the sky, and with an indescribably wrathful roar the wind sprang round into the westward again All hands at the hoarse commands of the officers, leaped to braces and running-gear, and for upwards of an hour toiled like Titans to get the vast mass of their ship, with all her mighty top-hamper, under control



—the boy, with strangely beating heart and heightened valor, [illegible] "O Lord, bless this grub"

By the time they had succeeded the weather was very bad indeed A blinding snowstorm was raging, making it impossible to see half the ship's length ahead, and the force of the wind was so great that not a rag of canvas could be shown to it. Thus the Peter Graham lay wallowing right in the fair-way of the Channel, a helpless mass, looking in the gloom like some unimaginably huge monster of the deep wounded unto death and helpless at the mercy of the furious Atlantic waves that rose higher and higher each moment

With an awful anxiety in every heart the crew strained their aching eyeballs through the whirling whiteness of the storm, knowing full well that at any moment some homeward-bound steamer, groping her way along, might blunder into them, bringing sudden destruction upon them even if she were only going dead slow But for some time the muffled, hungry roar of the elements was unbroken by any sound save that of their own voices and, after a couple of hours of this terrible suspense, the hearts of the men began to get somewhat accustomed to it and for no definite reason they became easier in their minds

Then, suddenly leaping, as it were, right out of the thickness ahead, came the vast indefinite form of a steamship No time was there for avoiding the terrible impact of the oncoming steamer, even had the Peter Graham been manageable. As it was, lying like a helpless log in the trough of the sea, she was quite defenseless, and, with a horrible grinding crash, the steel stem of the steamship ploughed its way deeply into the broadside of the sailing ship, ripping up the massive plates as if they had been the thinnest of planking. No other sound was heard save the roaring of the gale and the crash of the impact The steamer receded, leaving a tremendous wedge-shaped gap in the side of the Peter Graham—receded as if she had rebounded, and again came on, completing the destruction she had begun. Like a dying whale the huge sailing ship rolled over away from her destroyer, and in six minutes had disappeared from sight beneath the seething waters

Of course, there had been no time to launch boats from the sailing ship, even had its boats been in perfect readiness for an emergency (which it is almost needless to say, of a vessel just out of dock, they were not); and the bows of the steamer being unprovided with any gear such as is found outside of a sailing ship's bows, they offered nothing whereunto the helpless crew of the sailing ship might cling Only a minute or two had elapsed when the scene of the calamity was all as it had been before the two vessels met there: the voices of the sea were alone heard in their storm song; and only a very keen eye on board a passing ship, had there been one, could have noted, clinging desperately to a little floating débris, the forms of the men who had manned the Peter Graham

By that strong attraction which floating bodies have for each other, the castaways drifted together near enough for the braver spirits among them to utter a few words of encouragement, to formulate some almost unbelievable hopes of rescue. In every heart, however, there was a certain sense of satisfaction that almost their last act had been one which they could remember at the moment of death with complacency, an act of gratitude to the God they had so long forgotten, an act of kindness to a man they recognized as a benefactor; and, as they floated, clinging desperately to the frail fragments of hencoop and spar, the voice of the Captain, rising high above the furious howling of the gale, was heard "Keep up your hearts, men; the weather will probably clear before sunset" True sunset was very near, but all felt that if the darkness of night were to be superadded to the gloom of the weather their last gleam of hope would go out

As the Captain had hopefully forecast, there was presently a break in the heavy gloom Darting sideways through the lead-colored pall which overhung the sky there shot a few bright beams from the departing sun. The snow had ceased, the wind had taken off a little, and by those cheering rays the little group of waifs saw, quite near to them the huge, lumbering hull of a steamship. Their practiced eyes detected the fact at once that she was not making any headway, but just drifting helplessly at the mercy of the waves, which indeed were breaking high over her as if she had been a pinnacle of rock upraised in the middle of the sea. They raised their puny voices, but in vain; still their hopes were high, and such of them as were yet capable of exertion struggled desperately to propel, in the direction of that giant hulk, the frail fragments which supported them Had they known, they might have spared themselves the exertion, for presently it was noticed that the steamer was drifting steadily in their direction, and, as she came nearer and nearer, their hopes rose to such a pitch that they began to feel certain of rescue. Presently they saw, to their amazement, that there were no boats in her davits, that the tackles were hanging down, swinging idly to and fro, and that a couple of side ladders were discernible, reaching to the water's edge. And so it came to pass that the wearied crew dragged themselves painfully up the ladders and fell, almost at the last gasp, upon the deserted deck of the steamer

As one by one they recovered themselves and began to investigate they found to their almost speechless amazement that she was indeed utterly deserted. She had a heavy list to port—that is to say, she was lying over at an alarming angle—and the most thorough search failed to reveal the existence of any living creature on board but themselves Presently, however, they discovered that her bows were stove in as if from some terrible shock, and the thought at once leaped to their minds that this must be the vessel which had destroyed their late ship However, they did not concern themselves much with that; the one great fact present to every mind was that they had been miraculously snatched from the very jaws of the grave, and that here they had a big ship under their feet which, to all appearances, was perfectly seaworthy as far as floatability went, even though she was so severely damaged; and presently the Captain rallied his crew and did what was necessary to get out lights and signals

They found the fires still alight in the furnaces, but they had no engineers among them, and indeed were hardly capable of raising steam; but, after all, that troubled them little She was a schooner-rigged steamer, and they took immediate steps to set such small sail as she carried, in order to keep her head up to the sea, the wind having now taken off considerably. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that throughout the night they kept the fog signals constantly going, and in the morning they were gratified beyond measure to find themselves within sight of the English coast. Now their hearts rose high with the splendid prospect immediately before them of not merely having their lives saved, but of receiving a sum for the salvage of this great vessel which would be larger in amount than they could ordinarily have hoped to gain in two or three years of the hardest toil!

The Captain was the first to give definite expression to the exultant feelings that rose in every heart. Calling all hands around him, he said: "Men, God's been very good to us We have been snatched from the jaws of death by a miracle Not only so, but we are placed in a better position by far than that we occupied before. It is one of those signal mercies that we 'men who go down to the sea in ships' can so fully appreciate. It is evident that the crew of this vessel took to their boats panic-stricken thinking that she was sinking Let us thank God"

And, kneeling on the sloping deck, with heads bared, the little company followed the Captain's fervent thanksgiving with the utmost sincerity. About an hour afterward the sun came out, and there, at no great distance from them, they saw one of the splendid Liverpool tugboats, which was evidently returning from her task of towing a ship to one of the continental ports. Seeing the predicament of the great vessel she made straight toward it. It was an inspiriting sight to see the alacrity with which the rescued crew manipulated the immense steel hawser which was wound upon a winch at the fore part of the ship and passed it on board the tug. In twenty minutes from first sighting the tugboat, the Catalina, as the ship they had boarded was called, was proceeding in tow toward Plymouth at the rate of about four knots an hour. The weather grew finer steadily, and by midday the tugboat dragged her gigantic tow into the beautiful harbor, never more beautiful to any eyes than to those of that grateful crew.

Then the Captain, taking advantage of the tugboat skipper's offer, was rapidly rowed ashore, where, making straight for the telegraph office, he acquainted his owners in London with the strange happenings that had befallen him The vessel was speedily placed in dry dock, where it was found that in spite of the terrible blow she had received she was quite seaworthy, and that her cargo of grain was undamaged. The upshot of the whole affair was that the sum of £15,000 was awarded by the Admiralty Court as salvage, a sum which admitted of every one of the sailors receiving £300 as his share, and even the boy himself, to his almost utter stupefaction, came into possession of £150. The intelligence was received during the Admiralty proceedings that the crew of the steamer had all safely landed on the coast of France. And thus ended for the crew of the Peter Graham the most eventful Christmas of their whole lives.

THE
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶The Sultan of Turkey is always wise enough to back down just before the shooting begins.

¶With antitoxin in the hands of careless persons it appears that the cure is worse than the disease.

¶From the cheerful tone of the Commoner it is evident that Mr Bryan would not know a last ditch though it were labeled

¶It will be impossible to tell whether the football season has been as successful as last year's until the casualties have been tabulated and compared

¶Slippers that a man can't wear; cigars that a man won't smoke; books that a man doesn't read—O Santa Claus, what crimes are committed in thy name!

¶Chicago sets up another claim as a literary centre, utterly unmindful of the fact that it gives fresh opportunity for remarks upon the products of her pens.

¶It begins to look as though the British might as well accept the situation and adjust their revenue with a view to having the Boer War as a permanent thing

¶Cuba should not overlook her golden opportunity. By the time she gets ready to come into the Union we may have changed our mind and may have decided to be only a brother to her.

The Christmas-Present Problem

JUST at this time about half the people in the United States are wondering what they shall give the other half for Christmas. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST solved this problem for some thousands of its subscribers last year, and wants to solve it for a hundred thousand, at least, this season

Here is our suggestion.

Send one dollar, together with your name and the name and address of the friend whom you wish to remember, to The Curtis Publishing Company, and on Christmas morning that friend will receive a handsomely engraved Christmas card, conveying your greetings to him, and saying that through your kindness THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be mailed to him every week during the coming year. This will solve the problem both for those who want to send useful presents and for those who want to send entertaining presents; and the weekly visits of the magazine will serve as a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness during the whole of 1902. There is no other way in which you can buy so much in quantity and quality with your Christmas money, or make it count for so much

The Letters from a Self Made Merchant to His Son, which attracted an unusual amount of attention during their serial appearance in the magazine, are being made into a handsome, illustrated little book. It will be sent without any charge, should you ask to have a copy of it mailed with the Christmas card announcing your gift of a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At this time, and in this place, we cannot give more than the barest hint of what THE POST will be. In it the vital questions of the day will be discussed and elucidated by the men who have a part in shaping great events. Helpful articles will assist young men and women in their business. The best of the old and the new writers of fiction will contribute stories and serials. There will be departments of self-education and self-help, of men and affairs, of science and books, the whole going to make up a great, well-rounded magazine; and it comes fifty-two times a year. We cannot suggest any better Christmas present

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It's a wise child that knows its own father behind cotton-batting whiskers and a portliness built out with the pillows from the bed in the spare-room.

Our Incubator of Republics

A WRITER in the National Review, of London, condemns the Monroe Doctrine as a "dog-in-the-manger" policy because the United States will neither take charge of the South American republics itself nor let any European country do it. This is a prevalent idea in Europe, where the right of the strong to overrun and exploit the weak is taken as an axiom of international politics.

The writer in the National Review thinks that most of South America ought to be thrown open to a scramble of the European Powers. But he admits that Argentina and Chili have passed the stage at which they could be the objects of such a scramble, and he also excludes Mexico and Central America as coming within the proper sphere of the United States.

But if Argentina and Chili have now earned the right to be let alone, it is solely because they have had the opportunity to develop and to correct their own mistakes. But for the Monroe Doctrine they would have been cut up and divided among the European Powers fifty years ago; and forty years ago Mexico was the constant horrible example of Spanish-American anarchy. When we interfered with the benevolent French attempt to establish an empire there, we were denounced in Europe just as we are to-day for our protection of Venezuela and Colombia. We were told that the Mexicans had proved their unfitness to govern themselves, and that if we were unwilling to do the work for them we had no moral right to prevent the introduction of order from Europe. But we kept on, and now for a quarter of a century Mexico has had a model government, infinitely better than any that could have been given by an Austrian Emperor, backed by French troops.

Why should not the policy that has done so much for Argentina, Chili and Mexico accomplish the same results in time for the other Latin-American republics? There is no hurry. Spain and Portugal had three hundred years to show what they could do in the way of governing those regions. We can surely afford to allow two hundred years to the people who are trying to govern themselves. At the worst they have never made such a failure as their European masters made

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The man who rocks the boat in summer is now busily engaged in hanging the tree with combustibles.

Soldiers Without War-Paint

WHEN we contrast the modern soldier with his militant forefather it seems like asking the plain barnyard rooster to enter a beauty contest with a peacock. His uniform is simply a drab neutrality placed next to a rainbow Instead of cockades and furbelows he has a workingman's outfit designed to match the soil and to offer the least prominence possible to the enemy. When we match the modern warship with the full-sailed vessel of the early years it is like comparing a sawmill with a roll of fleecy clouds. The practical men of a matter-of-fact age are bringing all the glories down to earth. No longer can the warrior poet speak of the lovely things that used to make his rhymes and give color and life to his verse. He cannot even picture the dense waves of stifling smoke, for the very reason that smokeless powder is now used. He cannot describe the noble ship in all the pride of her dauntless courage moving splendidly to battle with the band playing the heart-beats of patriotism, for the mass of steel is painted an indistinguishable tint and the members of the band are hid away somewhere at the guns. He finds the trappings of war as dull as harness in a second-hand store, and the whole business of glory blighted by the prosaic touch of common-sense.

It was thought that at least one thing might be saved from the general wreck, and that, however far the destruction of the picturesque proceeded, the sword would be spared to poetry, to art and to glory. But alas! The impious hands that have torn the colors from the uniform and painted the ships with mud are about to wrest the sword from its place at the soldier's side. Already in South Africa the British have discarded it as useless and as an incumbrance in following the agile Boers. And now word comes from Washington that a movement is on foot—if a sword movement can be on foot—to exile it entirely from the equipment of the American soldier and sailor

Fancy the result! Here we have been quoting the sword in prose and poetry for centuries that go back into the dim mist of antiquity. The sword has stood for war; we have had it in Bible allegory and historical simile. We see it in painting and in statuary. We look for it as the sign of leadership. It has cut its way through the ages. Nobody could fight without a sword; and worse still, there could be no surrender without the delightful formality of handing over the sword. Many a brave general has delayed the battle to get his sword on straight. Many a fair maid has made a hero by kissing the sword of a timid worshiper. If it were not for the sword two-thirds of the historical novelists would never have finished their books because of running short of swear phrases.

Then, what shall we do with the lady who holds the Sword of Justice? And what becomes of her sister who holds the Sword of Mercy? Think of the Frenchman trying to fight a duel without his rapier—he might use fists and get hurt! Think of the Goorkha without his koukri, or the Mohammedan without his yataghan, or the secret, order man on parade without a nickel scabbard to stumble over!

Oh, it's preposterous! They may take away the clouds of glory, make the uniforms as unromantic as a mustard plaster and besmudge the ships of the whole navy, but they ought to leave the sword as one concession to the beauty and spirit of war. They ought to, but will they? In this age, when a smokestack is more beautiful than a Corinthian column, and when the click of the stock ticker is sweeter music than a Beethoven symphony, and when war statesmanship thinks more of canned beef than it does of heroism, we may expect anything. And need we wonder that some people are pessimists?

If it keeps on, war will be robbed of all its glory, and then what will happen? Peace; plain, unheroic uneventful, undeviating and altogether desirable peace.

"The days of peace and slumberous calm."

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If fashions and the weather did not change, society would have to think in order to keep up conversation

Patriotism at the Vaudeville

THE man on the street engaged in business pursuits has his deeper feelings covered by the hard shell of commercialism, but when he throws off the worries of the day and permits himself to take the folks to the vaudeville the phlegmatic coating quickly disappears under the influence of the various "turns." This thaw is rapidly accomplished under a very watery sun of alleged humor, for the audience is out for amusement. It is easy for a storekeeper to make a sale if a customer enters his establishment determined to buy, and more often than not the vaudeville entertainer faces people who are only too willing to be tickled to death by what he does and says.

In such a diversified entertainment no critical analysis finds a place. The audience has its veneer off, and the sentimental and patriotic strings are bare for the fingers of the vaudeville performer. They generally make good use of their opportunity Madame brings out her hypnotized cockatoo. The bird picks up the flag of each nation in turn in his bill and casts it indignantly to the floor. But when he gets to the Stars and Stripes he stops and carries it to his cage. "Why for you do zat?" says madame, and holds a whispered conversation with the bird. "Ah," she says to the audience, "he say he cannot throw ze America flag to ze floor. So much respect he will have for ze Stars and Stripes." And then comes the thunderous applause—started by the gallery and reechoed by the stalls. She would not lack applause after that even if she were to recite Casabianca. She has made her act "solid," this wise little French lady, and has consequently achieved a triumph that her cockatoo unaided may not have been able to give her. Everybody knows, of course, that next week, when madame shows her trained bird in Toronto, he will ruthlessly throw the Star-Spangled Banner on the floor and hold on to the Union Jack. But that makes no difference

There may be a disposition to cavil at the sentiment thus displayed at the vaudeville, as being cheap and maudlin, but one who thinks a moment will see that it cannot be thus classed with any fairness. Patriotism is a good thing anywhere, even in a low-priced theatre, and nothing, however transparently stagy it may be, that helps toward a display of feeling for the flag, is to be despised. Popular and spontaneous appreciation of a patriotic sentiment in a playhouse is perhaps a better gauge of real public opinion than a meeting called for the specific purpose of discussing some patriotic question.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

The Coming World's Fair

By David R. Francis

Former Governor of Missouri and President of The Louisiana Purchase Exposition

IT IS an impracticable task to comprise within the limits of a magazine article the plan and scope of the proposed Louisiana Purchase Exposition, commonly known as the St Louis World's Fair, to say nothing of the impossibility of adequately describing its details.

Primarily, the St Louis World's Fair of 1903 cannot appropriately be compared with, or contrasted with, any other World's Fair, for the reason that its plan is unlike that of any other and its scope is of a magnitude that will surpass all others and render comparisons and contrasts inadequate. It will be unique, a thing entirely apart, *sui generis*.

It has been said that the plan of the Fair is an evolution In a sense this is true. It is the development of an idea struggling to compass the magnitude of an occasion. The approaching centenary of the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from the French by the Government of the United States will be an occasion of historic interest not only to the citizens of the Territory, but to all the people of the United States, and, in its consequences, to all the civilized world.

To most persons the "Louisiana Purchase" is a hazy indefinite term, and to many, meaningless. But the transaction that gave us the term was one whose magnitude is even yet not fully comprehended by our own people. It put the young Republic of the United States of America in possession of the mouth of the Mississippi River, gave it control of the country tributary to it and to its affluents from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and to the crest of the Rocky Mountains and virtually to the Pacific Ocean. It added to our domain 875,025 square miles, being greater in extent than the territorial area of the thirteen original States. Within little more than the span of a human life, out of this Territory have grown thirteen States and two Territories with a population of nearly 15,000,000, and a taxable wealth of immense value.

When Napoleon signed the treaty transferring this imperial domain he said, prophetically: "This acquisition of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

This near approach of the centennial anniversay of the Louisiana Purchase attracted the attention of the Missouri Historical Society as early as the spring of 1897, and it began a discussion of a proper ceremonial for the occasion. At first the erection of a monument to Thomas Jefferson, through whose efforts, mainly, the treaty of purchase was consummated, was considered. Then a larger scheme was suggested — the assemblage of the States and Territories included in the Purchase in a mighty celebration

Finally, on January 10, 1899, representatives of all the States in the Purchase assembled in St. Louis, on invitation of the Governor, and a World's Fair was resolved upon. The interesting evolution of the idea of a fit celebration need not be recited in detail. The Fair finally became the central idea and its success the dominant purpose of not less than half the population of the United States. The necessary money has been raised — $10,000,000 by the municipality and citizens of the city of St. Louis, $1,000,000 by the State of Missouri, $5,000,000 by the United States Government, and various sums by States and Territories to the aggregate of nearly $17,000,000, with other States yet to contribute

All details have been perfected. The President of the United States has issued the formal invitation to all the nations of the earth to participate, and before these lines are read the work of construction will have begun. The projectors of this gigantic enterprise have an enormous task assigned them, and are alive to the responsibility they have assumed.

There have been other Fairs that have attracted the attention of the world and which will live in history for the magnitude of their plans, the perfection of their details and the wonders of their exhibits The task of the managers of the St. Louis World's Fair is to eclipse all former efforts in the way of exposition creations. I believe they will accomplish it. They have no record of failure in business enterprise or civic accomplishment. They are devoting their valuable time, at the sacrifice of enormous business interests, to this labor of love, without compensation

The scheme of this Exposition is a radical departure from that of any other. The expositions that have preceded have labored mainly for the display of products illustrating the achievements of manufactures and arts, and the resources of agriculture, horticulture, mining, and other branches with attractions incidental to all shows of extensive range. Our scheme comprises an exposition of processes — things in action — applied energy. It is proposed to show not merely finished products, but, what is far more interesting, how they are produced. This means, in manufactures, the entire evolution of the crude material in its progress to the ultimate product; in the liberal arts the visible growth of things, under the manipulation of appliances into forms of beauty and usefulness in the sciences the gradual but sure approaches to actual accomplishment; and so on to the end, a primary purpose being to enlighten and educate as well as to please the eye and entertain the physical senses

Though the exhibition of processes is the dominant idea of the St. Louis World's Fair, the ordinary features of great expositions will not be ignored or neglected; their number and attractiveness will be increased and enhanced, and we will not hesitate, in the attainment of this end, to profit by the experience of the international entertainments that have preceded ours. In a word, it is not proposed to ignore any worthy feature merely because it has been exploited before, but it certainly will be the steady purpose to elaborate it and improve upon it

As to the material and physical features of the Exposition, it is sufficient to say they will not disappoint the highest expectations and that they may exceed them. Forest Park, the site of the Exposition, is not excelled in natural beauty by any public park in the United States and is surpassed by few in the world, and its adaptation to our purposes is well-nigh perfect. About one thousand acres will be utilized. It is not a plain. The topography is rolling, with hills, valleys, watercourses, meadowy reaches and groves of forest trees. The architectural features will be adapted to the natural conditions as far as practicable, with an eye to harmony and systematic requirements, the entire scheme being a series of pictures, perfect individually, and consistent and harmonious as a whole. As our available area is greater than that of any other fair, so will our buildings be of corresponding magnitude and effectiveness of perspective, a wonder of architectural skill, vastness and completeness. It is scarcely necessary to say that the essential details for personal comfort and convenience, too often neglected, are engaging the special study of our architects and mechanics. There will be movable sidewalks and stairways and elevated railways; and, so far as ingenuity and invention can devise, physical fatigue for the visitor will be eliminated

In conclusion, I will say that, in view of the consequence of the United States among the nations of the earth, brought to universal attention by the recent performances of our arms and the development of our commercial area, and in view of the fact that the eyes of the world are upon us and that all peoples desire to know us better and to see what manner of men they are who constitute this miracle of Republics, we are animated by a patriotic determination to assert, in this Exposition, the verity of our greatness and to vindicate our rank. The World's Fair, therefore, cannot be localized. It is cosmopolitan and stands for the whole country, and expects the substantial sympathy of every American

❧

Big Problems in Banking

By David R. Forgan

Vice-President First National Bank, Chicago

THROUGHOUT the entire banking fraternity of this country two problems are to-day recognized as of overshadowing importance. One is a big, broad question of political economy, in which every student of affairs in the land is interested; the other is strictly a banking question and concerns the smaller public of bankers and their customers. Let us look first at the large problem, that of Currency Reform.

In the stress of the great financial debate which made Mr. McKinley's first Presidential campaign so memorable, the issue of the Gold Standard as against Free Silver so dominated public thought that the other wing of the financial issue was almost completely lost sight of, and was practically deferred to less contentious times for settlement. Through the farsightedness, the grit and the perseverance of a comparatively small group of men this gold standard issue was forced, and the nation was converted to its adoption.

That settled, once for all, the soundness of this country's financial system, and insured the continuance of a currency system as stable as the Rock of Gibraltar — and almost as inflexible! How to remedy this latter defect without in the least disturbing the solidity of our currency is the problem which every banker is now pondering.

At a season of marvelous national prosperity almost without precedent we are confronted with tight money conditions. On the other hand, we have only to look across the northern border into Canada to see an easy and spontaneous increase of the volume of currency in circulation, ample to provide for the movement of crops and other exigencies of commercial and industrial activity.

Naturally the bankers of the United States view this spectacle with studious interest and ask themselves its cause The answer is, briefly, that the currency of Canada is a "bank asset" currency, and that ours is based upon a foundation of Government bonds. In simpler phraseology, the Canadian bank can, under certain restrictions, issue currency upon the volume of its assets, but in the United States only that portion of the bank's assets which is in the form of Government bonds, deposited in the United States Treasury, can serve this purpose. The elasticity of the former system and the inflexibility of the latter must be apparent to the average man of affairs without further argument.

The present status of the movement for currency reform may be concisely stated as follows. At the meeting, in Indianapolis, of the Monetary Conference, a permanent Executive Committee was appointed to labor for the establishment of the Gold Standard and to devise means for giving to our currency system the elasticity to which I have referred. The former object has already been achieved, and the efforts of the committtee to the latter end have crystallized in the Congressional measure known as the Overstreet Bill, which had received the approval of the House Committee on Banking and Finance. This is a very conservative measure and it provides for a very gradual introduction of its alterations in the currency system. Its first provision, for instance, is for an issue of only ten per cent. on the bank's capital. This must be tried for a period of three years before the ratio of issue can be increased. Perhaps the strongest argument for the wisdom of this bill is the fact that, had it been operative when our system of national banks was established, the taxes accruing from its provisions would have met all the losses from bank failures during that period, and also would have left a very considerable sum above this demand Personally I believe this bill is what the country needs.

Regarding the one problem of a strictly banking character foremost in the minds of the men at the head of our financial institutions, little need be said beyond the fact that its solution will remove the most prolific source of friction now known to the banking fraternity. This sore spot is the charging of exchange by the metropolitan banks for the handling of drafts, checks and other forms of "paper" remittances offered by country banks and private patrons.

Some two years ago the New York Clearing House made this practice on the part of its members a matter of compulsion, not choice. The fruits of this ruling were good, and did not, as was feared by some, result in permanently diverting any considerable volume of deposits to other Eastern cities where this practice was not enforced.

As to the justice of a small charge for making these collections — for procuring and shipping the commodity known as money — let it be said that about one-half the accounts of the average city bank would be rendered unprofitable without this "exchange" tariff. Many banks, especially in the West, use the practice of not exacting an exchange fee as a leverage for piling up large deposits. Banks following this policy have established a kind of freemasonry by means of sending their remittances to "correspondents" that agree to make no charge for collections. As a result, checks on country banks for trifling sums are sent from bank to bank and from State to State in order to escape an exchange fee.

This practice is risky and it is based upon an evasion of a just and reasonable charge. This will scarcely be denied by even the banks which pursue such a practice. A uniform charge of a fair exchange fee on the part of all banks throughout the country would remove the most annoying trouble that now vexes the life of the metropolitan banker.

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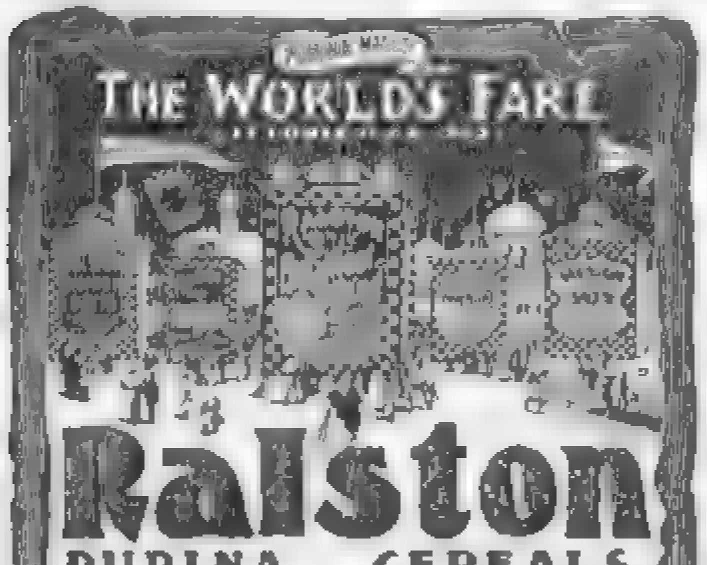

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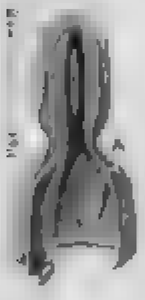

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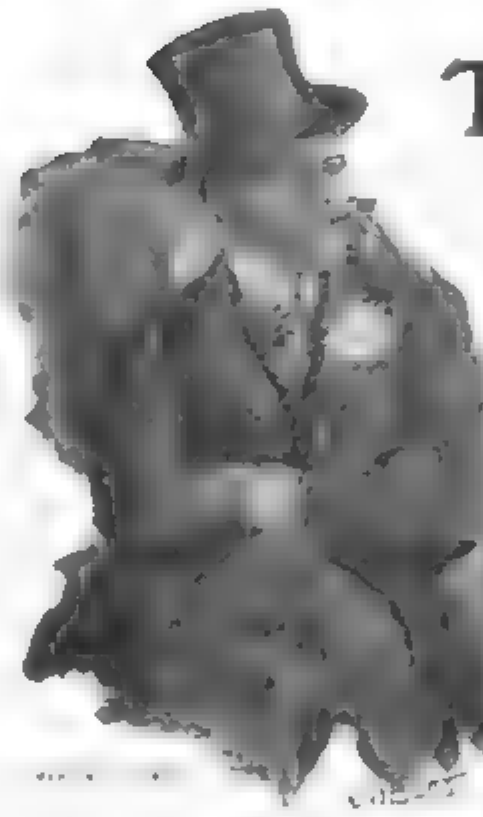
TOUCHED

By James Barnes

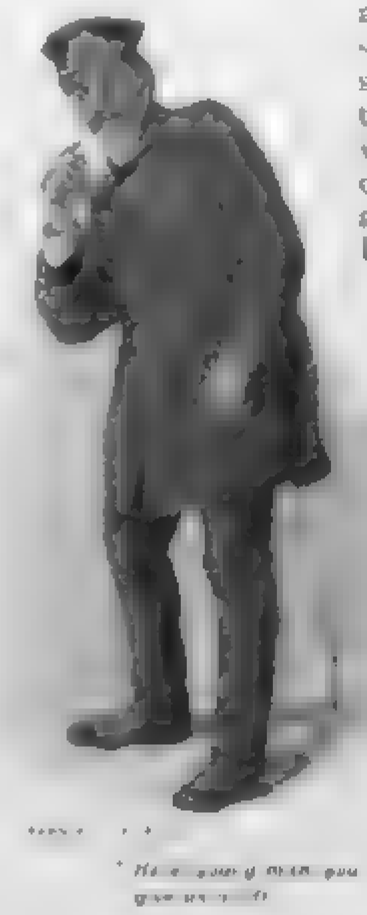


— quite distinguished

MR. CHARLES HENRY LOTHROP was the youngest telegraph operator in the Union office at Troy. So far as he knew, he had not a living relative in the world. There was no one to object to the way in which he spent his pay or to give him advice upon how he should conduct himself in the eyes of the world. So he spent his money in carrying out his own particular ambition. His heart's desire was to be "stylish," his hobby was "sport." He used to wear cheap shirts that astonished his fellow operators. They would exclaim "Whew!" and "Um um!" when he took off his coat. Such shirts! Pink, and blue and purple. He always wore rainbow neckties with a very imitation diamond pin thrust sideways through the corner. No one could excel him in the gaudiness of the ribbon that adorned his straw hat in the summertime, and no one could quite get the angle at which he used to wear his plum-colored derby in the winter. His silver watch had a fine gold-plated chain with a huge agate charm. Whenever he had a half-holiday he used to go to the trotting-track and walk around with a straw in his mouth. He knew half a dozen drivers and some stable men who allowed him to call them by their first names. He talked learnedly of records, sires and dams, and would make believe to take the time of the heats with an air of anxiety. If he had had anything to do with the financial part of the office his habits and habiliments might have excited his employers' suspicions. He had little part, however, with the crowd that shoved their money over Schultz's bar on pay-day nights, and he was regarded as rather close, for what money he lavished he lavished on himself. They called him a "paper sport" behind his back. He had one vice that his companions had no part in, however—he was a systematic gambler on a very small scale. Every month he invested three dollars in Policy—never more, never less. He had a "Dream Book" and read it conscientiously. Two or three times he nearly caught a number. He knew three or four places where slips in the great unlicensed secret lottery were sold.

The doorkeeper at the Opera House was familiar with young Mr. Lothrop's face—he had seen him standing at the stage entrance many a time. But he had never known him to speak to any of the chorus girls. He liked to be there, that was all, to watch them come out. But the landlady from whom he rented his little hall bedroom could scarcely move about the eight-by-ten apartment without disarranging his gallery of photographs. Although he never indulged in athletics, pugilists shared the walls with the sirens of the footlights. He was quite an authority on histiana.

Now, one day Mr. Lothrop struck it rich. His "gig" hit a divisional number in Policy—it was the "potato gig," 7-34 8. The man from whom he bought his slips in the back of the cigar store greeted him with a smile. "You caught it this time, young fellow," he said, and Mr. Lothrop flushed red and his breath went from him. But the man was right; he had caught it for once. Hurrying to his lodgings he counted out on the bed two hundred and sixty dollars in crumpled greenbacks.



He had long had his eye on a gray overcoat with a brown velvet collar. Visions of a silk hat and a "Prince Albert" coat made him shudder with delight. His ideas of good taste in dress had been gathered from the costumes of the heroes in "society" plays.

The next night he adorned himself in his new ready-made apparel before the little looking glass in his room, and then sat down to think.

It seemed almost a cruel waste to wear these things in Troy. True, he might go down to Albany and walk round on Sunday as he had often done before (rather disturbed in his mind as to whether the smiles that he had caught were those of appreciation or amusement); but that would be tame employment for such effulgence. He searched in the top bureau drawer and under a tangle of gaudy neckties, drew forth the roll of bills and counted them. There were still one hundred and eighty-five dollars left. With a bound of his heart he remembered that the chief clerk had told him that he could take his week's vacation, beginning the following Monday, if he chose.

"New York!" The word flashed before him like a huge starred headline. That was it! He would have one fling in the properest, fastest way, if it cost him every penny in the world!

He had never been to the metropolis in the whole course of his life, but he had dreamed of it time and again. It had tempted him more than once, and now go he would.

Monday saw him at the station. He had forgotten to buy a traveling bag, so three extra garish shirts and a few personal belongings he had tied up in a neat brown paper parcel. His caution, however, asserted itself when he bought a ticket; for he purchased it both ways and slipped a two-dollar bill into the envelope. The rest of the money he pinned inside his waistcoat pocket. That he was determined to "blow," although he rather doubted in his heart of hearts his ability to get away with it. He placed the bundle beneath his seat and sat in the smoking compartment, puffing away at a black cigar with a red and gold surcingle. There was no one else in the car with a silk hat on that he could see, and he felt quite distinguished. Two young chaps a seat or two ahead turned around and looked at him.

"The bride must be back in the other car," said one, and then both chuckled.

But Mr. Lothrop, unconscious of his wedding-day appearance, smoked serenely on. Twice he declined an invitation to join in a game of whist, and he moved his seat because a drunken man with a clay pipe insisted on brushing imaginary dust from his coat sleeve, and winking at the other passengers. He was trying to persuade himself that he was having a very good time. The presence of the brown paper parcel irritated him. He would get rid of that, and he would have his initials put on the bag, too.

It was two days before Christmas, but there was no snow on the ground. The sunshine was warm outside, and the blue, sweeping Hudson, upon which he looked out, was free from ice. He was rather glad it was warm weather, for the gray overcoat was a bit "springy," to tell the truth.

Suddenly the train roared through a deep rock-cut. The engine at the same time began a series of sharp staccato whistles, and then, as the train emerged into the sunlight beyond, the brakes were put on with a quick, grinding jar. The train ran a few hundred yards and stopped. People opened windows and ran to the platforms. The fireman came trotting back and the conductor hailed him.

"What's up, Billy?"

"We hit him just as we left the cut; he was walking right down the middle."

"What's the matter?" asked one of the passengers.

"Killed a man," said the conductor laconically. "At least, I guess so."

The train was backing now up the track and the brakeman on the rear car could be seen running ahead with his little red flag. He did not look to the left or right, and disappeared in the cut. Mr.

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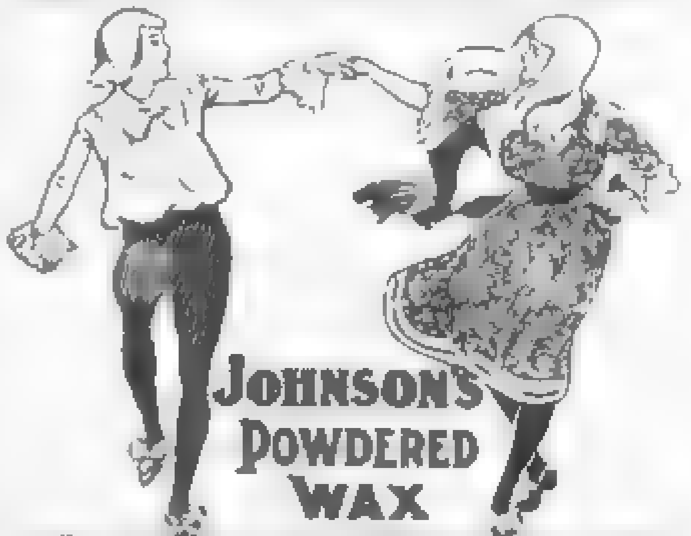

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Sample for 10c [illegible] to cover postage.

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Does Perfect Work
Easy to Operate
No Jagged Edges.

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Money refunded if not satisfactory

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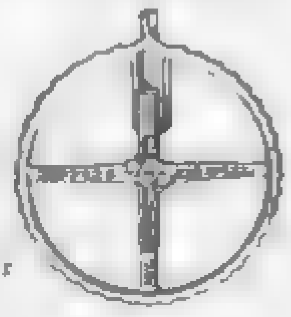

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Lothrop, who was standing on the platform, felt sickish. The train ran along slowly and smoothly, and the river lapped in within a few feet of the embankment. Suddenly the brakes were applied again and the train stopped. Some people went farther up the track and, much against his first inclination, Mr. Lothrop descended from the platform to the ground. He could see nothing but the little crowd gathered along the side of the cars and the inquisitive heads thrust from the windows. He walked to the river-bank — only a pace or two — and there he paused and gasped.

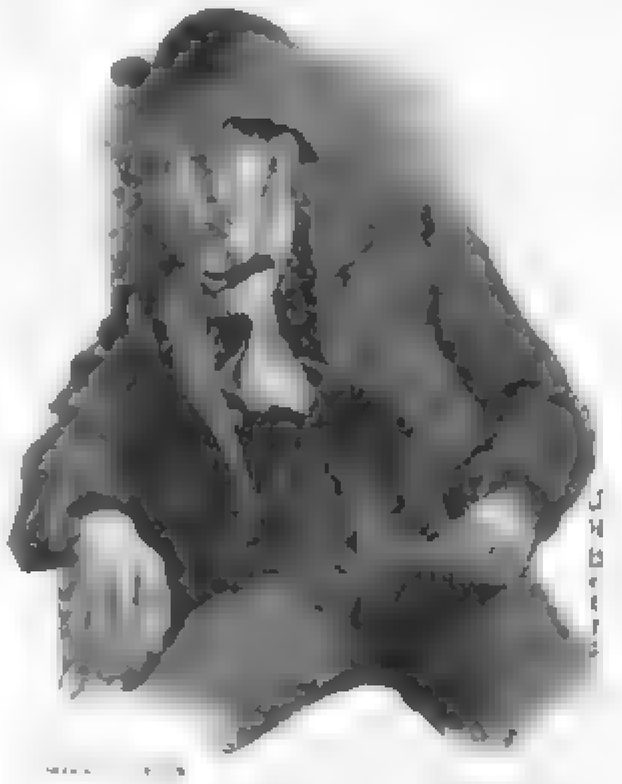
On a little strip of sandy beach lay the body of a man, dead! He was big and young and his face was unscarred. Animated by some impulse, Mr. Lothrop gave a shout and jumped down beside him, and then he gasped again with a peculiar little cry. Floating in the water beside the dead man was a child's Noah's Ark, the camels and leopards and rabbits dancing in the little waves that broke upon the beach. An empty cornucopia extended from the breast pocket of the man's coat. But the crowd had now gathered on the embankment overhead.

"Come, bear a hand here, some of you," cried the conductor, who had jumped down and bent for a second over the body. "We've got to put him in the baggage car. Help me, he won't hurt you! What are you afraid of?"

But no one moved.

"Here, young man, you give us a lift."

The conductor was addressing Mr. Lothrop. He felt his head swimming, but he would have obeyed had not, just at this moment, the fireman and one of the brakemen hurried up to help. The body was handed up the bank and placed on the floor of the baggage-car.



—winking at the other passengers

Lothrop stood on the shelving, sandy bank. To save his life he could not take his eyes off the crushed Noah's Ark, and the little bobbing wooden animals dancing in the water. For some reason he bent quickly and gathered them. A small and very naked doll with a china head he discovered also, and picked it up with the rest. Just as the train was moving he hurried up and placed the things he had found in the baggage-car. No one seemed to see anything strange in his actions. The baggage-man pointed at the broken toys and shook his head sadly. Somebody said something about "Christmas" and the train started. It was too late for Lothrop to run forward and regain his seat in the smoking car, so he swung on to the platform and the baggage-man let him enter.

"Who do you suppose the poor fellow is?" asked one of the train hands.

"I don't know," responded the other.

"Phillips said he'd put it off at the next station; he probably belongs there."

"He's a dago, I think," interrupted the baggage-man.

Mr. Lothrop did not join in the conversation. A sensation he had never felt before was welling up within him. He had forgotten about himself. The suggestion of the Christmas season, and the poor little Christmas gifts, had caused thoughts that were new and paralyzing. His sentiments and imagination had been aroused. His pity was so great that it was as overpowering as the first awakening of a passion. He could think of nothing else but the fact that somewhere somebody was waiting for the man that had been, whose earthly part lay covered with the bit of rough sacking on the floor of the car.

The train slowed up at the next station. There was a hurried consultation between the station-master and the conductor, and the body was lifted out and placed on a baggage truck. When the train started Mr. Lothrop stood on the platform. Why he had stayed he could not have explained. He had not been able yet to get the idea of the waiting ones out of his mind — those people who lived somewhere and did not know. It seemed to him as if something were directing him to stay and try to help. He did not combat this feeling, he did not reason about it; he simply stayed.

The Coroner convened his little court in the baggage-room. A crowd of curious loungers had come to the station and the jury was picked from among them. Mr. Lothrop stood in the corner of the room. He had not looked at the dead man since he had first seen him. The toys were not brought in evidence. There seemed to be nothing but idle curiosity among the onlookers; the verdict was prosaic. Nobody knew the man.

"Unknown man, killed on railway track," pronounced the Coroner.

But why was he unknown? Surely somebody was waiting. Somebody must know him. Somebody would miss him. Somebody would never be told what had become of him. Lothrop spoke to the station-master.

"Aren't they going to find out who he is?"

"Don't think they'll take much trouble," said the station-master. "They may, but them things happen every day."

"Aren't they going to try to find out who it is?"

"My opinion," returned the station master, "he's one of the Guineas workin' over to the aqueduct."

"Where's that?" inquired Mr. Lothrop.

"About five miles across the hills." Then the station-master's face lit up with an expression of understanding. "I know what you are now," he said, smiling; "you're a reporter. Goin' to make a story of this, Hey? You should have been here last week. There was a fellow killed up by the quarry who had lots of papers on him proving that he was an anarchist."

"Could I get a rig to drive over to the aqueduct?" asked Mr. Lothrop.

"Why, certainly; Kelly'll take you over. Here he comes now — that fellow driving the white horse and the carryall."

The foreman at the works listened to Mr. Lothrop's story. He was an Irishman.

"Sure, I couldn't tell whether he's one of our men, or not," he said. "But there's a lot of them living with their families up in the shanties near the woods. I'll have Tony go over with you. He speaks English. Where is the body?"

"I got an undertaker over in the town to look out for it," responded Mr. Lothrop. "I just wanted to——" he paused and then continued: "the man's folks to know what became of him."

Kelly, the driver of the carryall, once more made the trip over the hill. Tony, a little wizened Italian, descended with Mr. Lothrop in front of the undertaker's establishment. One glance at the dead man's face and he turned quickly.

"I knowa him; he gooda man; wifa an' fora children," and then, strange to say, Tony did what no one else had done so far — he began to cry. It was what Mr. Lothrop had felt like doing for the last four hours, but he hadn't. He turned to the undertaker.

"Now, you understand," he said, "a bang-up funeral."

The man looked at him curiously. "Certainly, sir," he responded.

Mr. Lothrop counted out five twenty-dollar bills. Then he turned to Tony: "For the wife and children," he said. He put a small roll in the Italian's horny hand. Then he walked to the station. A train bound up the line was coming in. Mr. Lothrop boarded it and settled himself in the seat. As he passed the spot where the morning's accident had taken place he closed his eyes.

The next day he was at his desk again with his instrument ticking before him.

"I thought you were going to New York, Hen," said one of his fellow-operators, "and was going to have a big blow out."

Lothrop did not reply.

Another operator spoke to the first one in a low voice. "I'll bet I know how it was," he said; "he found it costing too much to see the town."

"Naw," responded the first, "I'll bet somebody touched him on the train for his pile before he got there."

"Maybe you're right," said the other operator. "I always said if he was worked right he'd be easy game."

But Mr. Lothrop's face told nothing, although it had a new expression on it that his fellows could not understand.

"He's taking life serious," said the first speaker.

And that was just it.

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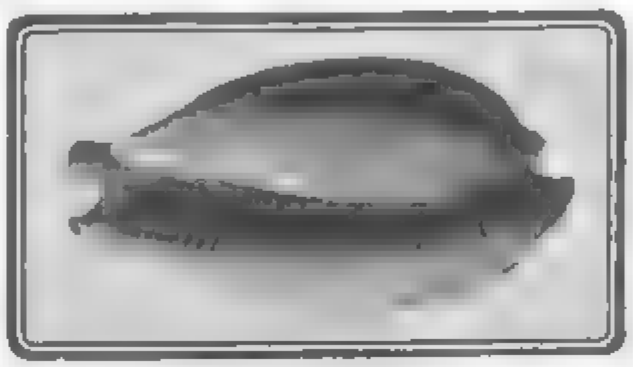
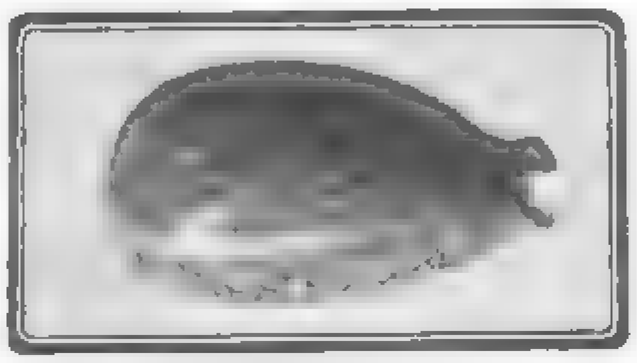
Photographing Natural Objects



Large cowrie shell



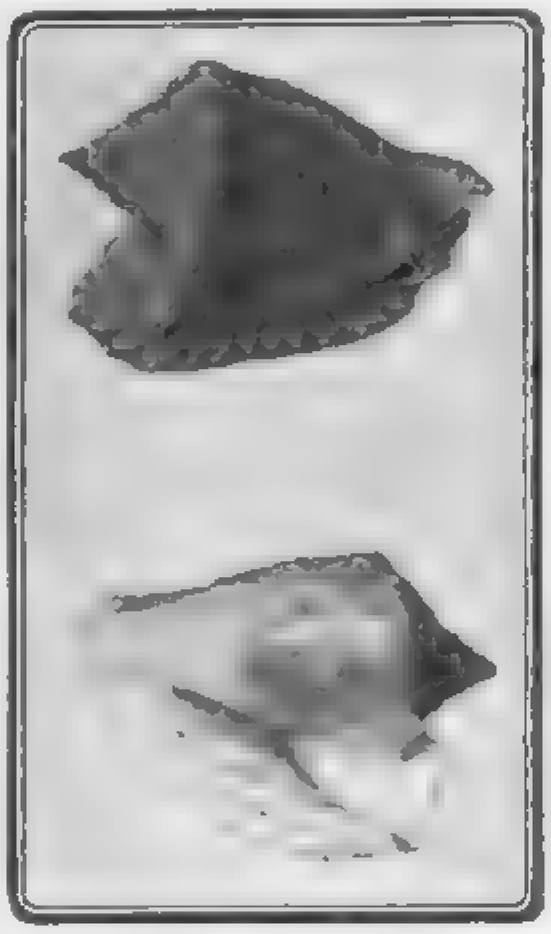
Dorsal view of the same

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

SHOULD one be blessed with the taste for natural history study or even what is better, be a naturalist born and reared, that person will soon discover that experimentation and investigation will not end with the study of the living forms in Nature. Living animals are more or less difficult to photograph scientifically, but there are a perfect host of objects, not living, that are equally difficult to secure.

In science there is a mass of material, a large part of which may at one time have belonged to the living world, but which is now lifeless and ready for exhibition and study. Much of such material, and it is constantly accumulating, demands scientific pictorial illustration for various scientific uses and purposes. For instance, it is one thing to photograph a living beetle as it walks up the twig of some shrub but it is an entirely different matter to photograph a dozen beetles on one plate, dead, and scientifically prepared, so as to obtain an illustration that can be used in a work upon entomology.

The same thing applies to such objects as shells, eggs, feathers, bones and what not. The mastery of this side of the art has moreover a decidedly practical aspect, especially in such a country as this, where nearly everything is measured according to the standard of dollars and cents. Only two or three years ago, for instance, a gentleman in Erie, a stranger to me, was willing to meet all my expenses to go to that city from Washington and return, and to pay a handsome fee in addition thereto, simply to have me make a good photograph of a fossil plant he had discovered. In other words, to become very skillful in the photography of such material, and in making photographs that excel in the matter of being reproduced for pictorial illustrations in science, is now practically a profession of itself, and a paying one. All this is quite apart, however, from what I really desire to bring out in the present article.

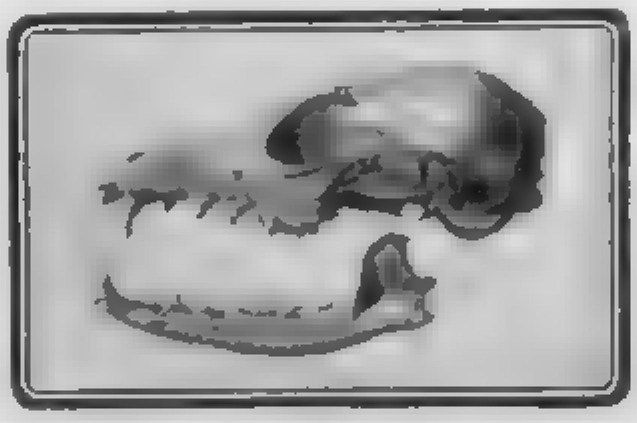


The porgie conch

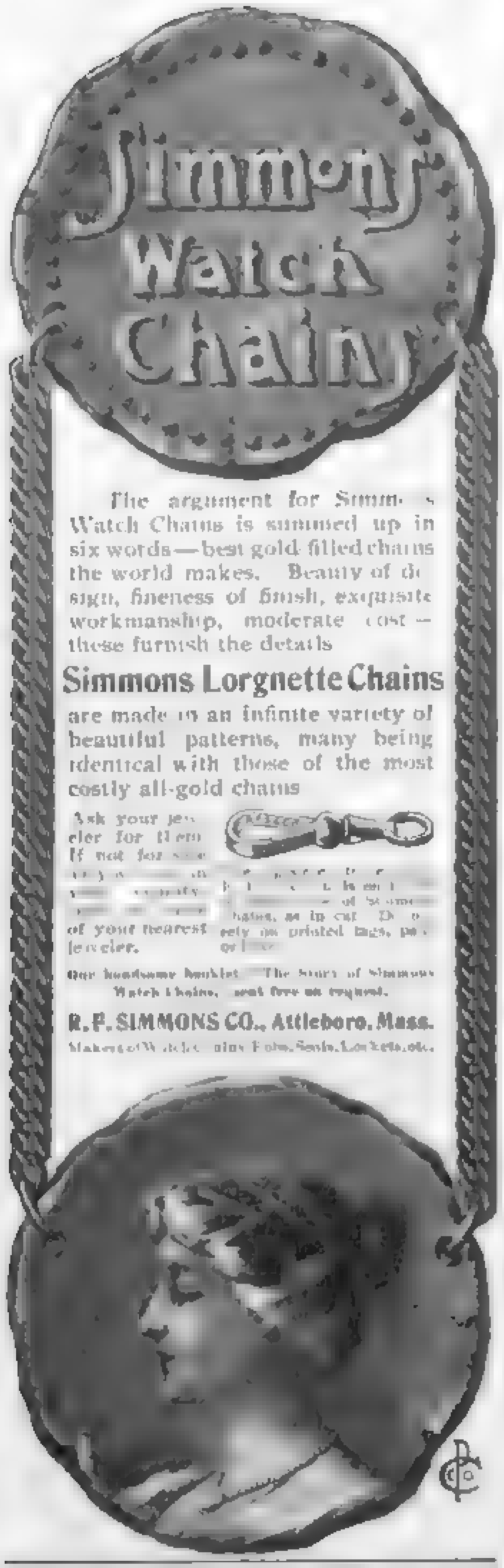
Difficulties that are to be Met

This field is simply an enormous one, and some of the material it offers constitutes the most difficult class with which the photographer has to deal. If one doubts this for a moment let that person try to make a perfect photograph, natural size, of a round bleached sponge as big as a small cocoanut, and have a pure white background without any indication of shadows, and my statement will be believed. To obtain practical photographs of shells is by no means always an easy task, and such objects as birds' eggs are even rather more difficult. It is true that expert, professional photographers, operating in scientifically and fully equipped galleries or studios, are enabled to make with ease the class of photographs to which I refer, and to do this they sometimes employ the methods I shall here presently describe, and sometimes in other cases, they secure such pictures through the use of a large vertical camera, the objects to be photographed being placed upon the floor, or on some stand on it and beneath the lens of the instrument. As a rule, however, there is not one amateur photographer in five hundred in this country who is familiar with the simple contrivance by means of which almost any small, solid object can be photographed, so that the resulting picture will be natural size, show no distortion whatever, and be against a pure white, a black or any other kind of background the artist may desire. A result of this character is shown in my photograph of specimens of the shell known in Florida, where I collected them, as the "porgie conch." All the requirements specified in the last paragraph were here carried out in the most perfect manner possible, as well as others yet to be mentioned farther on.

For this class of work I employ a gallery camera and stand, or any other model, provided it is mounted upon a tripod, is armed with a powerful and suitable lens of the best make, and a plate not smaller than five by seven size. (I always use a five by eight plate, but my results are all taken with the size of publication.) Now, upon the top of another tripod, or on the upper pins of an artist's easel, or some such similar appliance, there is to be securely fastened a thin piece of board about three feet long by a foot and a half wide. This board lies in the horizontal plane, and a similar one is to be attached to it perpendicularly on one of its long sides, for the purpose of supporting any background the artist proposes to use for his subject. Now, on the upper side of the horizontal board and parallel to its other long border, we tack on two little strips of dressed pine as long as the board itself, and measuring one by one by one inch. These are fastened so they will just admit taking a large pane of glass between them and holding it firmly, and in such a manner that its surface will be parallel to the board supporting the background, and to both of them the focal or visual axis of the lens will be



Skull of a kit fox



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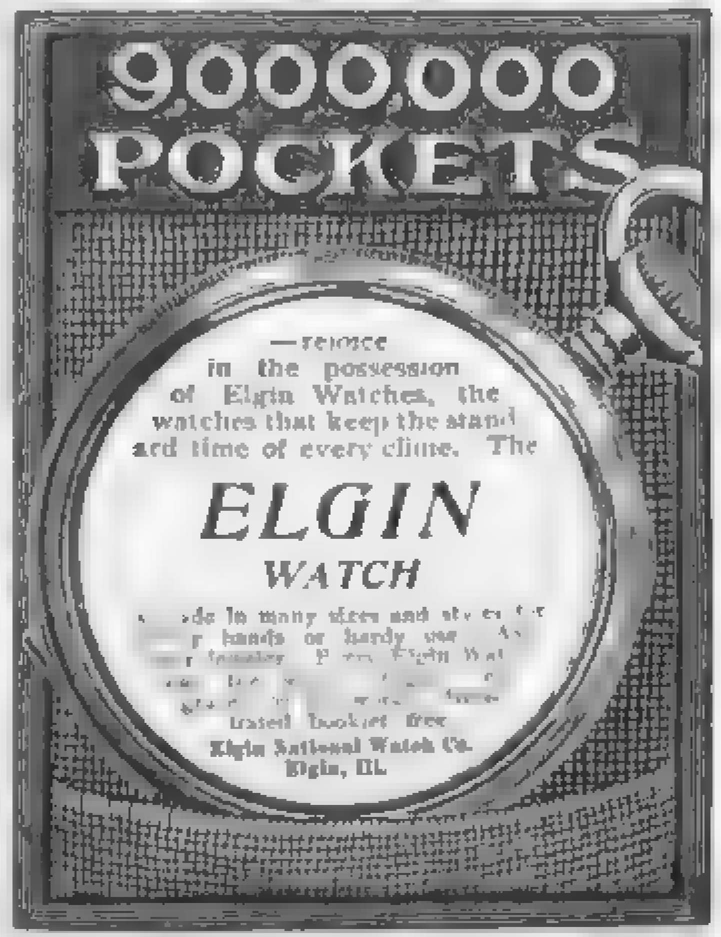

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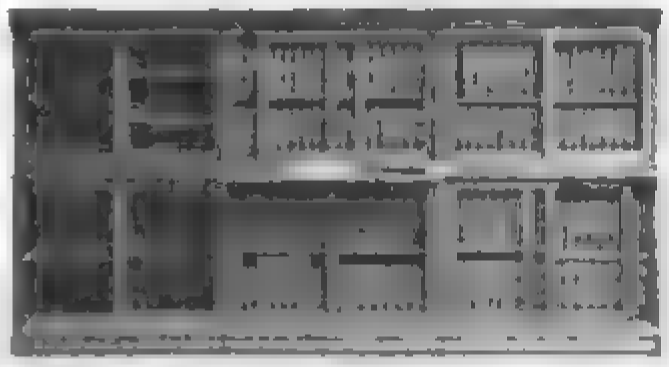

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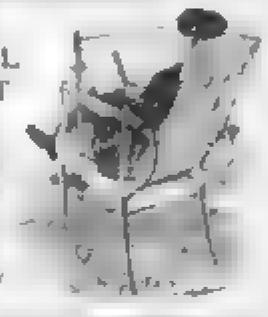

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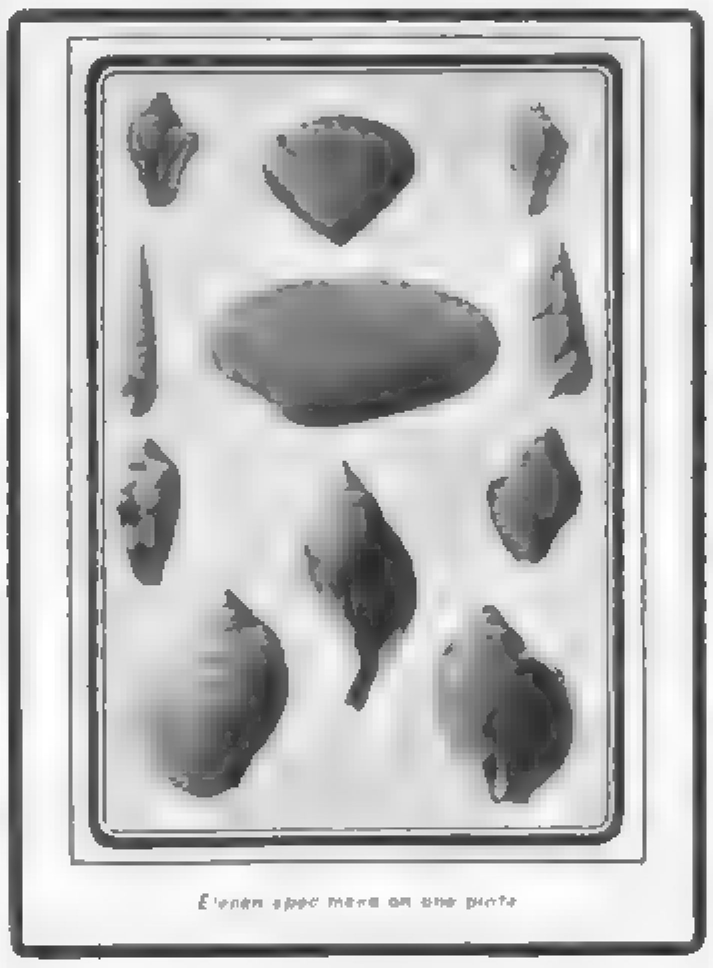
perpendicular. See to it that the pane of glass is very thin, very clear, and as free as possible from all manner of blemishes, such as air bubbles, distortions or scratches. It should fit in between the aforesaid strips in such a way that, while perfectly firm, it can nevertheless be easily removed without jarring anything attached to its surface.

We have, then, mounted on top of our accessory tripod, the horizontal board supporting the pane of glass and the board to hold the background, the latter two being perpendicular to the horizontal board, separated from each other by nearly its full width and parallel. It is clear, then, that in facing the pane of glass with the camera, were any object attached to the former it would appear as though standing out in mid air, but with a background back of it of such nature as the photographer may select. This latter may be a sheet of pure white blotting-paper (with or without 'lint' upon its surface); black cambric or muslin, black velvet; thick manila paper; gray curtain stuff; or, indeed, as I say, whatever one desires to reproduce in his picture according to its nature.

In all of my photographs illustrating the present article I used pure white blotting-paper with the lint on, and it will give the subject a white background of the first class. Sometimes, in the case of bleached, mounted skeletons of small animals, corals, bones and similar specimens, a black background may be used with advantage, but I am not very much in favor of its employment. Exactly what material to use will come in time after sufficient experience and practice have been attained, and really they are our great teachers after all.



Eleven specimens on one plate

The Use of Wax and of Clean Glass

Now, to make a negative like that of the conch shells, we take the pane of glass, and after it has been made perfectly clean, and all marks and dust are removed from its surface, it is laid down flat on a table, when, with two pieces of the strongest quality of shoemaker's wax, a piece for each specimen, we proceed to attach them firmly to the glass at about the middle of the pane. The wax should be sufficiently abundant to keep each shell away from the surface of the glass about three-quarters of an inch, and this precaution very much diminishes the amount of reflection of the objects into it. When the glass is held vertically, these shells should be so attached that one will be exactly above the other, and moreover the distance each stands away from the pane should likewise be equal. This last will insure accurate focusing and also the photographing of the specimens in exactly the natural size. Your wax must be soft enough so that you can move the shell one way or another by gentle pressure without having it come loose.

The glass, with the shells on it, is now returned to its place between the cleats on the board, with the specimens on the side toward the camera. Place now the accessory tripod, with all that it supports, in the most favorable light possible that your studio affords, and bring the camera around in front of it. Screw the instrument up until the focal axis, the imaginary line representing it, passes through a point situated midway between the two shells on the glass, and

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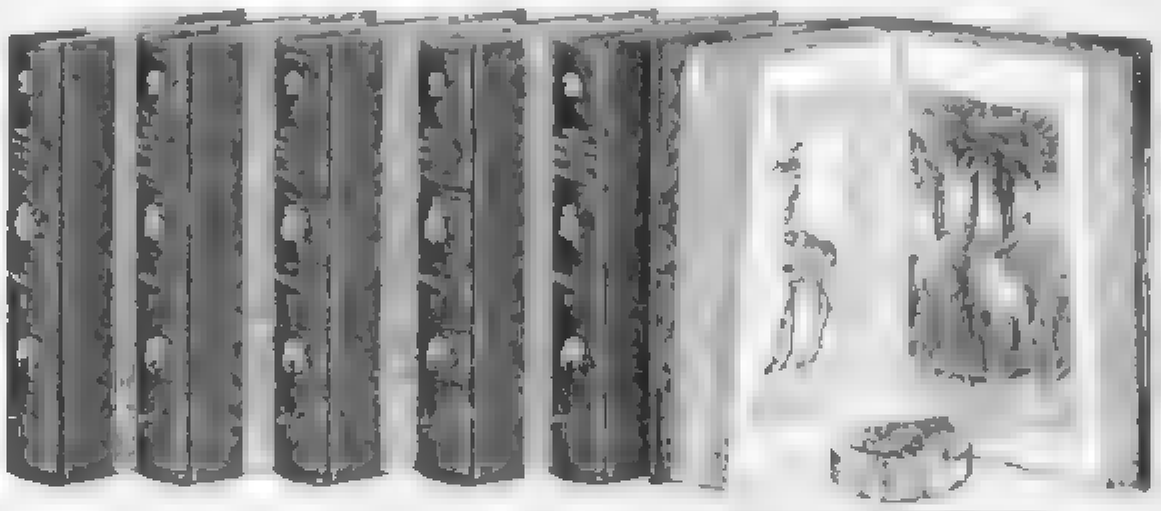

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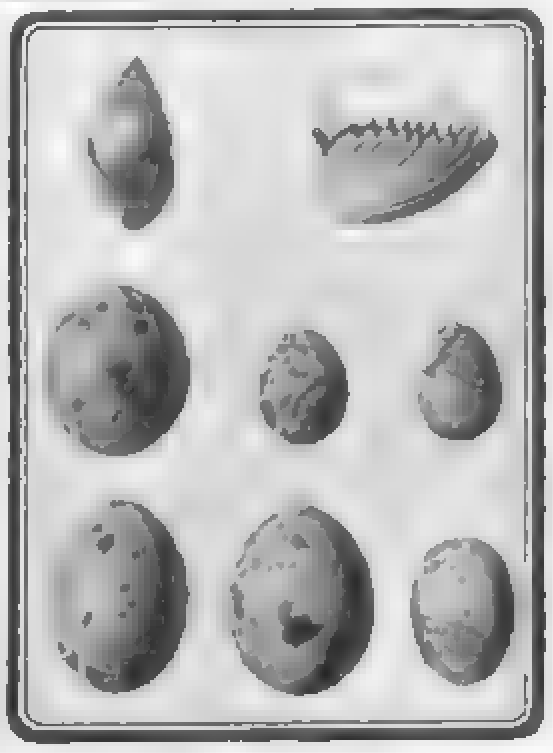

Eggs and shells

perpendicular to the latter. Be sure that neither the shells, nor anything else in the neighborhood, cast any shadow whatever upon your background, and that this last is brilliantly illuminated by direct rays.

Next we are ready to focus, and this must be done with extreme care. Focus with a full open lens, bringing the objects of exactly natural size upon the ground-glass of the camera so they will, indeed, stand the test of a sharp-pointed pair of compasses. Then when focused to suit you, make doubly sure of it by examining their images on the ground glass of the camera with a strong hand lens, and do this thoroughly all over the entire surface. Study it, too, with the view of making sure that your shells cast no reflections whatever into the glass to which they are attached; that they are not "tilted" either one way or another, but are "square on" just as you desire to have them subsequently appear in your picture, and finally that all the brilliant points and lines upon the specimens themselves are reduced to the smallest size and fewest number possible. To accomplish all these prerequisites to success one may be obliged to move the accessory stand several times until it comes into just the proper light, or we may be obliged gently to press the specimens themselves into positions to suit what is required.

The Importance of Care in Arrangement

When all is ready and satisfactory, close the shutter and "stop down" the lens with your smallest stop in the way of a diaphragm. Insert a holder armed with the best slow Cramer plate (isochromatic), and then make an exposure of three or four minutes, making sure in the mean time that nothing whatever jars the camera or the accessory stand, and that no flies are allowed to light either on your background or on the specimens and the glass supporting them.

Any first class developer will develop these plates, and the more care one takes in producing a negative above all criticism, the better. Very few demand intensification, and it should always be avoided if possible. In the matter of paper I use the well known "Solio," and in the summer time, the "tropical brand" of the same, but I make all of my pictures with the view of publication, and for this purpose the "Solio" paper is the best I have thus far found in the market. "Velox" gives too strong contrasts for half-toning, and the carbons, bromides and platinums as papers, are, one and all, great subordinators of fine detail.

Now, the reproduced photographs with the present article were taken by me after the method I have just described.

The open front view of the large cowrie shell was taken, natural size, on direct ventral aspect, with all the brilliant points and lines upon it reduced to the minimum, and is a perfect photograph. I collected this shell many years ago upon the Bahama Banks, and its superior surface is shown in the dorsal view of it, which is also a successful picture, where the high lights upon the specimen are reduced to a single "brilliant point," seen in the lower right-hand region. One of my most successful attempts is reproduced in the photograph in which I secured eleven specimens all on one plate with every fault enumerated above completely eliminated.

The photograph of the fox skull shows how admirably this method can be employed in securing photographs of osteological material.

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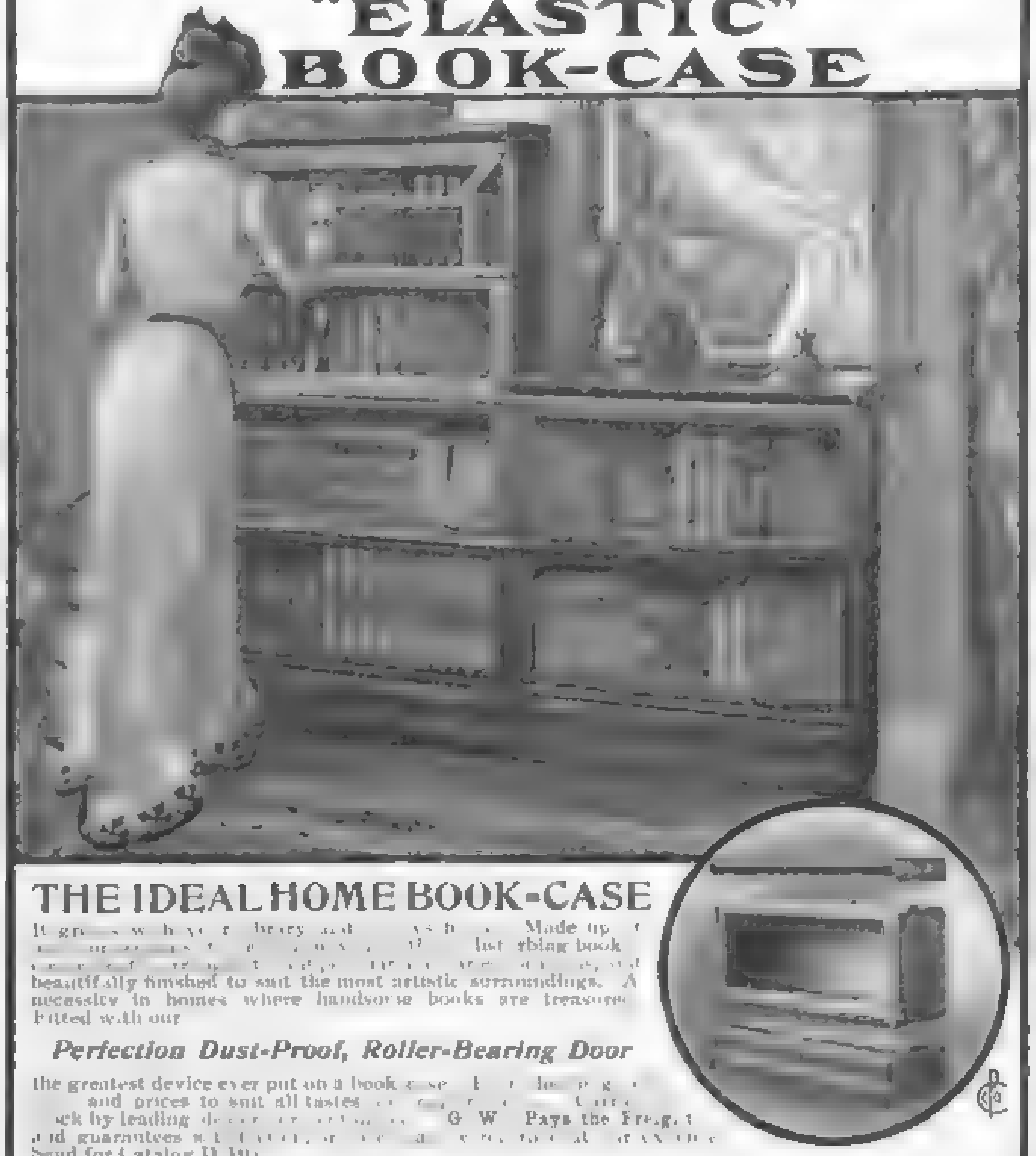

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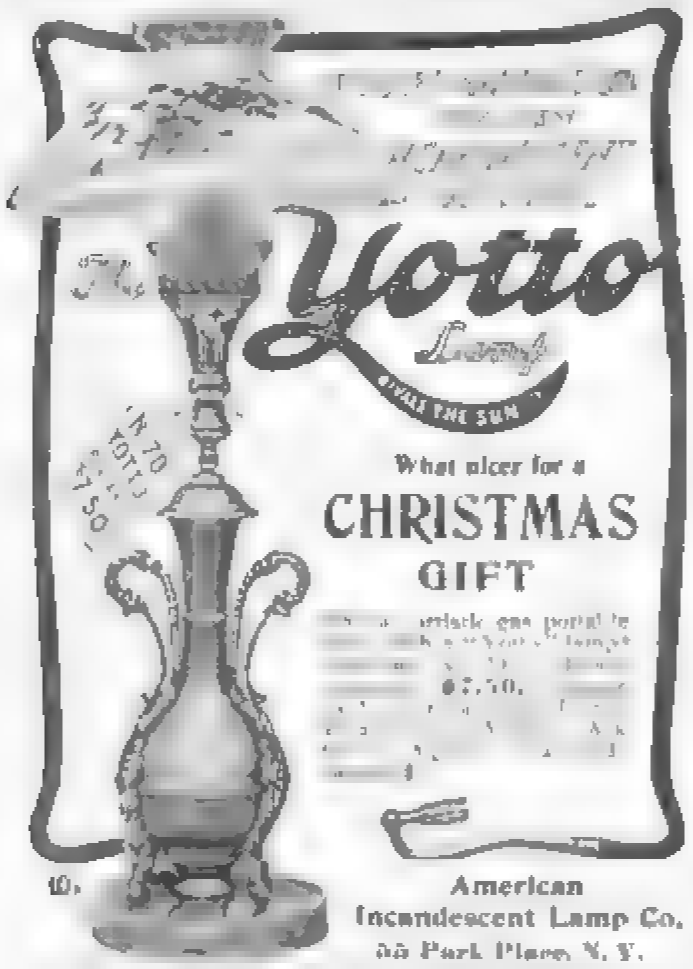

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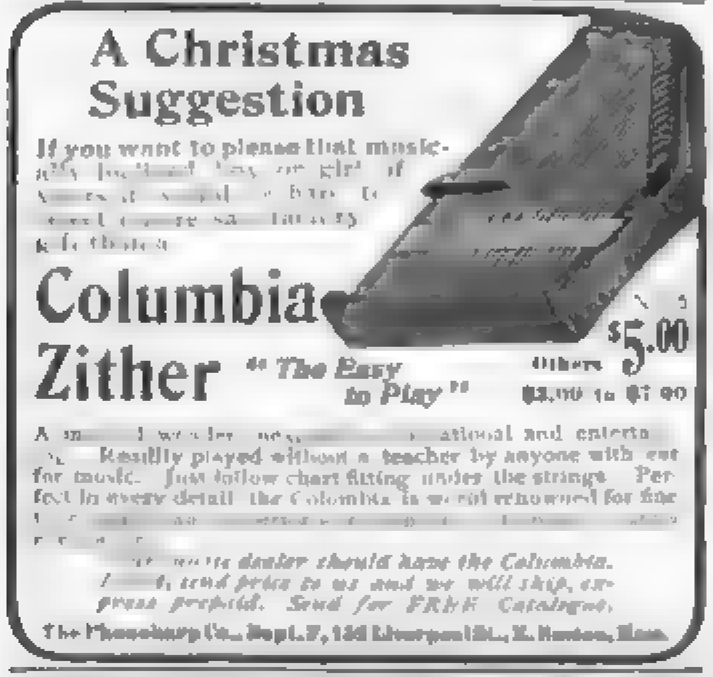

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By William Mathews, LL.D.

THE insignificant stature and feeble bodily strength of many notable rulers of mind and matter—Richelieu, daily fighting greater battles against the malady to which he must in the end succumb than he ever waged for the integrity of France, and Pascal, forgetting his almost incessant pain in the abstraction of intense mental application—established in the minds of their followers and disciples a supernatural preeminence to which all historians and novelists of their times have borne testimony.

In these cases the power was proved—and proved in the face of such seeming obstacles it became almost miraculous. But there can be no doubt that the people expect and love to see great physical strength go with great mental power. Striking examples of such a marriage of mind and body were: John Sobieski, the "Wizard King" of Poland, tall and large-bodied, who in 1683 expelled the Turks from Christendom; Mithridates, the many-languaged King of Pontus; Nicon, the reformer of the Greek church, who was seven feet high and well-proportioned; William Pitt the elder, "the Great Commoner," whose figure was remarkably graceful and commanding, who "had at his command every tone, from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside," and who often cowed a hostile orator of brilliant abilities by a single glance of indignation or scorn; Danton, whose large, muscular frame, passionate temperament, audacious boldness and stentorian voice preeminently fitted him to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm of the French Revolution; and the massive Bismarck, some six feet and three inches in stature, muscular and well proportioned.

Little Women Who Were Great

"If," says an English writer, "we could show some persons the delicate Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the minutest, most fragile, most ethereal creature the sun ever shone upon, with a voice like a ring-dove's, we might swear in vain to her identity as the author of some of the strongest and bravest poetry that has appeared in our day—so obstinate a conviction exists in some minds of the connection between mental power and masculine coarseness."

Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, who went at the head of three hundred of her women to see Alexander the Great, when she looked on him was greatly disappointed because he was not endowed with an extraordinary appearance. Even a woman in a civilized land, the Countess of Auvergne, we find in Shakespeare's Henry VI, is disappointed when she finds that Talbot, the fierce English leader, with whose name "mothers still their babes," is not a perfect ogre:

> "I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
> A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
> And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
> Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf!"

In that storehouse of out-of-the-way erudition, from which so many writers have cribbed who wish to be reputed learned at small expense, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, we read that "Æsop was crooked; Seneca, lean and harsh, ugly to behold; Horace, a little, blear-eyed contemptible fellow, yet who so sententious and wise?—great Alexander, a little man of stature;" and that "Vladislaus Cubitalis (A. D. 1306), the pygmy King of Poland, fought more victorious battles than any of his long-shanked predecessors." While most of these statements cannot be disputed, yet two of them are historically unsupported.

That Æsop was a dwarf, with a hump on his back, is continually asserted; but it is just as true as, and no truer than, that Richard the Third had a hump, that Portia swallowed live coals, that Homer was a beggar, and that Belisarius was both a beggar and blind. The great critic, Richard Bentley, has shown that the story of the fabulist's deformity was invented by Planudes, a monk, two thousand years after Æsop's death. Equally baseless is Burton's statement, so widely repeated, that Alexander the Great was "a little man of stature," and, again, the notion that he was wry-necked and otherwise deformed. All the best authorities agree that he excelled in beauty. Elian ranked him in this respect with Alcibiades and Scipio; and Solinus says that his stature was [illegible] beyond the common; that he had a long neck, eyes large and lustrous, cheeks gracefully ruddy, and in all respects a certain air of majesty.

SUCCESS

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Some Notable Articles for 1902

"President Roosevelt's Early Life in the Rockies"
By "Buffalo Bill" (Hon. Wm. F. Cody)

"Thrift," by Andrew Carnegie
"The Habit of Charity," by Count Tolstoy
"Transmuting Leisure into Success," by Sir Thomas Lipton
"Men Who Make Farming Pay," by Rufus Rockwell Wilson

"The Advantages of Business Consolidation"
By Charles M. Schwab
President United States Steel Company

"The Air Brake Did It," by President James J. Hill
Of the Great Northern Railway
"The Man and His Salary," by Secretary Lyman J. Gage
"Physical Culture as a Life-Giver," by Prof. Dudley A. Sargent
Of Harvard University

"How I Will Reach the North Pole Next Year"
By Evelyn B. Baldwin
[illegible] from Explorer Baldwin [illegible] S., per Steamer *Frithjof*, from Camp Ziegler, Franz Josef Land. Nothing more will be heard from Mr. Baldwin until [illegible] August 18[illegible]

"Three Years of American Progress in Cuba," by Gen. Emilio Nunez
"The Public Use of Wealth," by Edward Everett Hale
"What Our Homes Do for Us," by Mary A. Livermore

"The Need of Young Men in Politics"
By Hon. Galusha A. Grow
War Speaker House of Representatives

"Taxation and Its Limitations," by Hon. Tom L. Johnson
"Law as a Stepping Stone to Public Life,"
by Senator Chauncey M. Depew

"The Romance of Plymouth Church"
By S. V. White

"Conquest of the Air," by A. Graham Bell and Alberto Santos-Dumont
"The Value of the First Thousand Dollars," by Russell Sage
"The Predominating Influence of America," by W. T. Stead

"The Making of a Railroad Man"
By A. J. Cassatt
President Pennsylvania Railroad

"Some New and Important Specific Achievements in Invention,"
by Park Benjamin
"Longevity and How to Attain It," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald and others

"The Navy and Its Needs"
By Admiral George Dewey

"Business and the Larger Life," by Edwin Markham
"Consolation of a Noble Life," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox
"Failure and Inspiration," by Governor B. B. Odell, Jr.

"Mixing Brains with the Soil"
By Prof. I. P. Roberts
Director College of Agriculture, Cornell University

"Education Late in Life," by Hamilton W. Mabie
"The Possibilities of the Automobile," by Henri Fournier
"Animals as Heroes," by W. T. Hornaday
Sup't N. Y. Zoological Garden

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The First Time he sees the above advertisement he doesn't believe it. He has dyspepsia anyway He guesses he needs pills or something He's right about the "something

The Second Time he begins to wonder what the New Rational Method of Physical Culture is. Pills didn't fill the bill, and, besides, he gets out of breath if he runs a block after a car

The Third Time he wonders whether he hadn't better chance 10 cents for the chart. "Not that he believes that it would do him any good" He cannot get to sleep easily and it is making him nervous

The Fourth Time he remembers he forgot to send for the chart, and he writes for it before laying aside this advertisement He works at his desk all day, is flat-chested and weak limbed

The First Week he follows the simple directions and wonders why he didn't begin to take common-sense care of himself before He commences to feel of his muscles. He weighs 130 pounds

The Second Week he writes for the complete course of special treatment—he receives it he follows it—sleeps soundly and no longer realizes that he has nerves or such an organ as the stomach—indigestion gone.

The Third Week he commences the special course in earnest. He's a believer now, for he has gained eight pounds, feels hard all over and boasts of his appetite

The Fourth Week he tells his friend that a man who has indigestion or nerves is foolish and asks him to feel his muscle. His working capacity is running a race with his good spirits.

The Fifth Week—but why continue? His is one case of hundreds; they all end the same way—with a letter saying nice things to us. We've put a number of them into a little book which we send to doubters

Don't Wait to Feel Good

Send for the chart to day. That's enough to begin on. It will cost you 10 cents to cover expenses (stamps if you like).

Fifth Avenue School of Physical Culture

Dept. L, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York

Perdita's Christmas

(Continued from Page 5)

originality, but, had she been too original, it would hardly have been an old-fashioned Christmas Day. Yet there are one or two particulars worth naming in regard to the dinner and the dance. The first is the spirited manner in which Uncle Jake, disguised as a huntsman, carried in the boar's head, and the way in which he gave the old song

> The Bore's Head in hande bring
> With garlandes gay and rosemary
> I pray you all [illegible]
> *(Qui estis [illegible]*

But a still greater sensation was the mammoth pie which it took two strong lads to carry in. Perdita had found the recipe in an old book, and, having somewhat reduced the proportions of the ingredients, had built up her pie as follows: one bushel of flour, ten pounds of butter, two geese, one turkey, one rabbit, two wild ducks, one woodcock, three snipes, two partridges, one neat's tongue, one curlew, four blackbirds and three pigeons The pie was a good six feet round, and weighed about ninety pounds. It was set in a case, underneath which were four wheels by which it could be the more easily passed along the table—the which, as you can imagine, caused great merriment. When we had done with it it was wheeled round the village in triumph, stopping at cottage doors till it was finally consumed

The dance was the gayest thing in the world, but I know it was somewhat of a disappointment to Perdita, for, though she had coached some of our young neighbors in several pretty old dances, the majority of her guests found themselves awkward in the old measures; and I regret to say that very soon her old Christmas dance had degenerated into an orgie of the modern waltz and Washington Post. Yet, as I explained afterward to Perdita, you cannot expect young people to be pedantic over their pleasures, and they naturally prefer to be young in the latest fashion. When youth is dancing with a pretty girl it doesn't want to have to pay too much attention to the steps of the dance

And certainly, for the most part, Perdita had every reason to be satisfied with the success of her Christmas-card Christmas. Every one and every thing had worked together to assist her in her enterprise, and particularly the weather, which was the severest known in our parts for many winters. We felt quite proud of the snowdrifts that all but overtopped the gate posts of our Old Manor, and we forgave the frost its painful tricks with our water-pipes for the sake of the beautiful arabesques on our windows. When we came down to breakfast we felt quite a personal gratification in saying that we had found the water frozen in our jugs. Why is human nature as boyishly pleased with such things as though it had made them itself? And is there anything that makes the soul of man so happy as some masterful display of the elements: fire in its splendor, or water in its might, or the wind in its wrath, or the drowsy snow, so thick, so gentle, so irresistible!

Well, the guests are gone, their laughing good-bys have died away with the sound of their carriage-wheels, like far aerial music the fires once more burn low, we have had our last night-cap together, and the snow is making an eery noise against the old windows It is time to go to our Elizabethan beds Good-night! Let us hope Martha has not forgotten the hot-water bottles

❧

Hop-Toads as an Edible

A SCANDAL has been caused in Paris by the discovery that the commercial supply of frogs' legs is largely adulterated with corresponding parts of hop-toads. It appears that frog-hunters, who pursue the saltatory game in the swamps about Montmorency, Vincennes, Boulogne, and other suitably moist neighborhoods, have been unable to resist the temptation offered by so convenient and easily-captured a relative as the everyday toad, the result being that a large percentage of the so-called frogs' legs sold in the French metropolis are said to be, in reality, toads' legs.

The expert in such matters is not easily deceived. He recognizes the hind legs of the undeniable frog by the whiteness of the flesh, those of the toad being yellowish But everybody cannot be expected to know the difference, and it is painful to think that the notion of the ignorant Englishman, who for generations has called the Frenchman "Johnny Crapaud," should find a basis of fact in his traditional accusation of toad-eating

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Pineapple Culture

SOMETHING of the interest that attaches to the pineapple is due to the fact that it is an American plant by origin. Like tobacco, the potato, and Indian corn, it is a gift of the New World to mankind. The early Spaniards discovered it in South America and in the seventeenth century it was cultivated in Holland and in England, though its use was confined to royalty.

Recent investigations of the Department of Agriculture show that outside of the larger cities in this country it is almost impossible to obtain a pineapple. The entire supply seems to be absorbed by the important centres of population, and none of the fruit is shipped to minor points. This would indicate that the market might be considerably expanded, and, on the other hand, great areas in this country not utilized for the purpose are well adapted for the production of pineapples. Besides, our new insular possessions afford exceptional opportunities for such a crop, especially the Philippines, and in the Hawaiian Islands the plant is cultivated very extensively, even growing wild in many places where it has escaped from gardens.

In Florida nowadays pineapples are being grown to a large extent under sheds with lath roofs, which give the plants a sort of half shade that is very beneficial to them. The fruits produced under such conditions are more tender and juicy than those raised in the open. Also, the sheds discourage frost, and retard the evaporation of moisture from the soil during a drought.

Pineapples Sealed with Paraffin

The gathering of the ripe pineapples is performed by men who are provided with leggins and canvas mittens. Usually the man seizes the fruit in both hands, and gives it a twist, so as to break the stem half an inch or so below the pineapple. Some skill is required, for, if the stem be broken too short, the fruit is likely to rot in transit, and if too long it has to be broken again later. Thus gathered, the "pines" are hauled in large baskets or crates to the packing shed. In gathering some of the fancy varieties the stems are broken longer, and afterward at the packing-house are cut off even with the fruit, the severed ends being covered with paraffin wax to prevent evaporation and consequent loss of flavor. Sometimes, when the pineapples are sufficiently fine to pay the cost, the plant is cut off at the ground, and is carefully wrapped and packed entire in a crate or barrel. Thus treated, with ventilation allowed, it will live during transportation, the vitality of the plant being drawn into the fruit and causing it to mature much more satisfactorily than if it had been taken from the field and ripened for market in the ordinary fashion.

So much interest is taken by the Department of Agriculture in the future of pineapple growing in this country that a special bulletin on the subject is soon to be issued from the pen of Peter H. Rolfs, who has charge of the Government's Tropical Laboratory. Mr. Rolfs (from advance proof-sheets of whose work the facts given herewith are obtained) says that insufficient attention has been given by American growers to the utilization of by-products of the plant. Small and defective fruits can be worked up into marmalades.

Airy Fabrics Made from "Pines"

In a ton of green pineapple leaves are about sixty pounds of an exquisite fibre, which is largely utilized in the Philippines and elsewhere in the East. It is one of the finest known in the vegetable kingdom, and fabrics made from it are among the most delicate in the world; they look like gossamer, and will almost float in the air. For lack of machinery, the material is separated by hand, the ends of the threads being glued together. However, Yankee ingenuity ought to be able to devise a quicker and easier method, and thus a profitable use might be found for thousands of tons of pineapple leaves which now are thrown away in Florida.

It is recommended that canning factories be established in Porto Rico and Hawaii for putting up pineapples—a business which is not practicable in Florida, owing to scarcity of labor. In the British West Indies there are canneries which use from 25,000 to 50,000 "pines" each day, the peeling and slicing being done largely by women and children. The next processes are to put the fruit into the cans, add syrup, solder the receptacles, and immerse the latter in a steam cooking vat.

About that SYLVIA PRIZE?

SYLVIA, remember, is the heroine of the popular new novel, entitled *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess.* She lived abroad, and is described by one of her admirers as "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN EUROPE." Twelve artists, known for their types of beautiful women, have each made a drawing expressing his idea of the charming heroine. Their pictures are all in the book. All persons who like a good story and admire beautiful women are now invited to give their opinion of the types represented. Each reader is to choose from among the pictures the one which, in his judgment, represents the most beautiful woman, and to indicate the order in which he thinks all the others should rank. The person whose choice comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS ($500.00).

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By EVALYN EMERSON
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The book itself is a charming [illegible] from cover to cover. Each volume [illegible] which the reader is to register his choice. [illegible] which every one will naturally have an opinion; and [illegible] of winning the prize of $500.00. Order through the book stores, or send $1.50 direct to the publishers. *Both these pictures copyright, 1901, by*

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Invitations to the "House Party" were extended to the following distinguished authors:

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Owen Wister

Each author was to contribute one story, the stories to be published anonymously. The public was then to be invited to guess the authorship, and to add zest to the contest it was decided to offer a prize of

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Twelve of the authors named above accepted and have each told one story. These stories are all published together in our latest book, entitled "A HOUSE PARTY," which will appeal to every person of literary taste [illegible] every lover of good stories.

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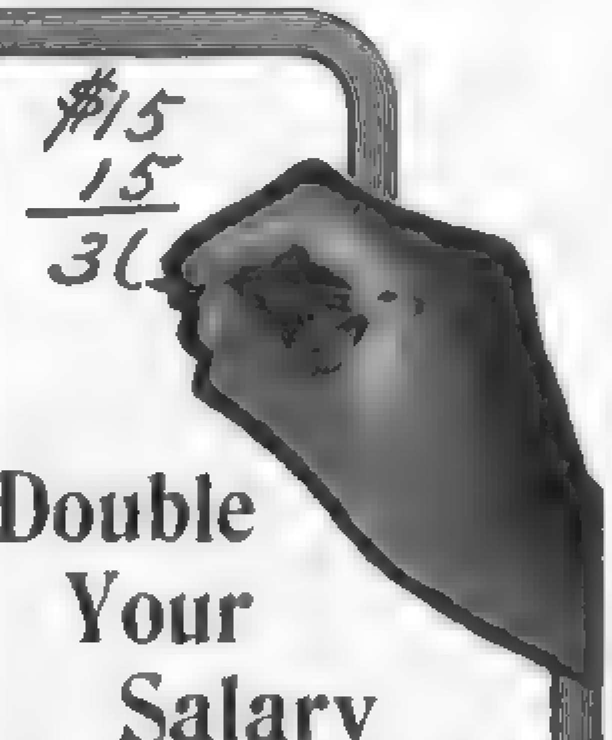

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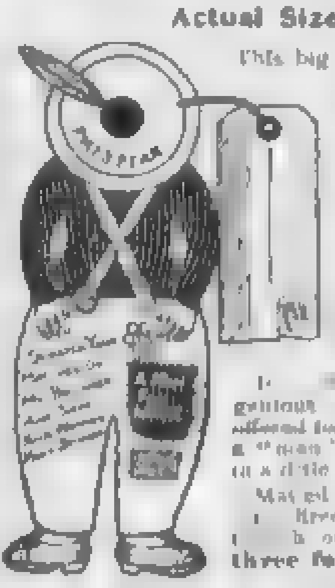

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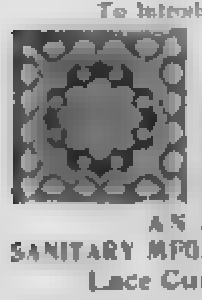

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Men & Women of the Hour

Littlefield's Ride to Success

Hon. Charles E Littlefield

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD, of Maine, is as impetuous in his love for horseflesh as he is in his treatment of the insular question. He declares to his friends that if ever he falls he will fall like ancient Troy, ruined by a horse. When he was a young lawyer, fighting his way past the oldsters in a small Maine city, his first extravagance was the purchase of two horses that he drove in a span. The legal oldsters then declared that "Charlie Littlefield will never amount to anything."

The spectacle of a young lawyer riding in a narrow-seated buggy drawn by two robust horses impressed them in the same way as would the sight of an old lawyer smoking two cigars at one time.

The Congressman still dashes over Knox County behind his two horses. "When I go out to ride," says he, "I don't want to fool with hills. I want to keep going all the time."

This same trait applies to other activities of the Maine Congressman, as his Washington associates can now testify.

Not long ago a local verse writer penned a poem in which the stalwart Congressman from the second Maine district was compared with a trotting horse. He was held forth as "going without blinders, not afraid of the cars," and the poet enthusiastically declared that he didn't need a check-rein or bit or curb, and that where you left him there would you find him, for he would stand without hitching.

This is said to be Congressman Littlefield's favorite bit of verse.

The Cowboy's Indian Barometer

Hon Lyman J Gage

WHILE several officials were exchanging stories a few nights ago in Washington, Mr. Milton E. Ailes, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, turned the topic to "highway robbery" by relating an anecdote he had heard during a recent outing.

"It was told by our stagedriver in Yellowstone Park," said Mr. Ailes, "and was intended to throw light on the reputed chivalry of Western highwaymen. A stage was held up in the Black Hills. Among the passengers was a school-teacher who by dint of painful frugality had saved up enough to invest in a ticket to her home in Vermont and return, with six dollars left over for expenses *en route*.

"'Oh, Mr. Highwayman,' she implored, 'do not take my money! It is all I have, and without it I shall not be able to continue my journey to my widowed mother in distant Montpelier.'

"The bandit opened her purse and surveyed the six silver dollars. Tears started in his eyes, and he said chokingly: 'No, marm, I'll not rob you entire; I'll split the difference; here's three dollars back, and God bless ye.'"

"That reminds me of an incident in my own career," observed Secretary Gage. "You wouldn't take me for an Indian fighter, perhaps, and that's where your judgment would be most sound. It happened years ago before the Union Pacific was completed to Denver. Julesburg was the end of the line. I met on the west bound train eleven acquaintances from Chicago. My destination was the terminus of the road, but they were going on by stage one hundred and sixty miles farther to Denver.

"Several stages had been attacked recently by roving Indian bands, and the excitement and dangers of the approaching trip of my friends were uppermost in our minds. Although I had no actual business in Denver I began to long to share the peril of the journey. Under orders of General Sherman, then commanding the Department

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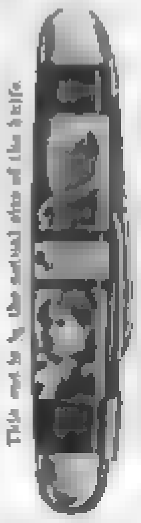
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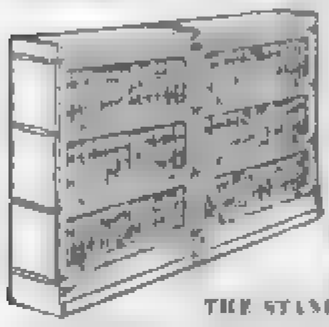

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of the Missouri, all passengers traveling through that country were armed, and with our repeating rifles we felt unusually brave. As our train pulled into Julesburg a stage arrived from the Colorado metropolis, and among its passengers was a typical frontiersman. His hair was picturesquely long. His buffalo-skin coat came to his heels, and when it flapped back it disclosed at his belt a brace of brave-looking weapons. He looked out amusedly from under his slouch hat at our tenderfoot company.

"I accosted him and found he had come all the way from Denver.

"'Tell me,' said I, 'if you had no business in Denver and some of your friends were going there, would you accompany them just for the pleasure of the trip?'

"'Stranger, if I had no business in Denver I'd go in the other direction,' he replied, sweeping his arm toward the Mississippi River.

"'There is real danger, then, from the Indians between here and Denver?'

"'Exactly,' he replied; 'the scalping business is the chief industry of the Colorado plains just at present.'

"'But you got through all right,' I persisted.

"'Yes, but I know their ways; know how to watch 'em and scare 'em off.'

"That was the knowledge I sought, and I asked him to explain, which he did in detail.

"'Some of your party,' he went on, 'wants to sit on the seat with the driver. These drivers bear watching, for sometimes they'll get down, cut the traces, and streak out astride a mule, leaving the passengers to face the Indians.

"'The thing to do is to watch both driver and mules. The mule is the barometer of the prairie. He knows when a storm is coming, and he can sniff an Indian farther than a man can see him. You mustn't think of sleeping on them hundred and sixty miles. Just sit with your rifle between your knees and hold it tight. As soon as the mules snort warning of the Indians the driver should pull the team around short. All the party should then get out and make ready to fire. You'll see the Indians coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly they'll rush toward you, shooting as they advance, and shrieking their battle-cry. That's the time for you to display nerve. Pick them off one by one with your rifles, at the same time giving prolonged imitation of their war-whoop—thus:' and he emitted a series of alarming savage yells.

"'Keep up a steady fire now, and, above all, don't let up a moment on the war-whoop. The Indians are brave in their challenge, but they don't relish the answering defy.'

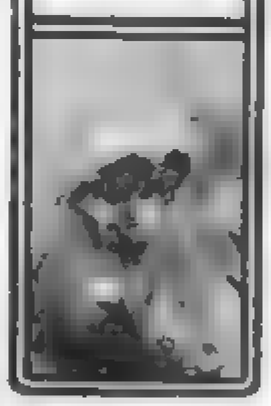
"I wasn't certain," continued Secretary Gage, "that I could remember all this, so I asked him to repeat the program.

"When he got to the war-whoop part of the performance, and attempted to drill me in making the sounds, I suddenly got an inspiration. 'I've decided not to go!' I exclaimed.

"'What's the matter?' he asked.

"'I shouldn't have any breath left to make that war-whoop,' I replied."

Crushed by Madame Bernhardt



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
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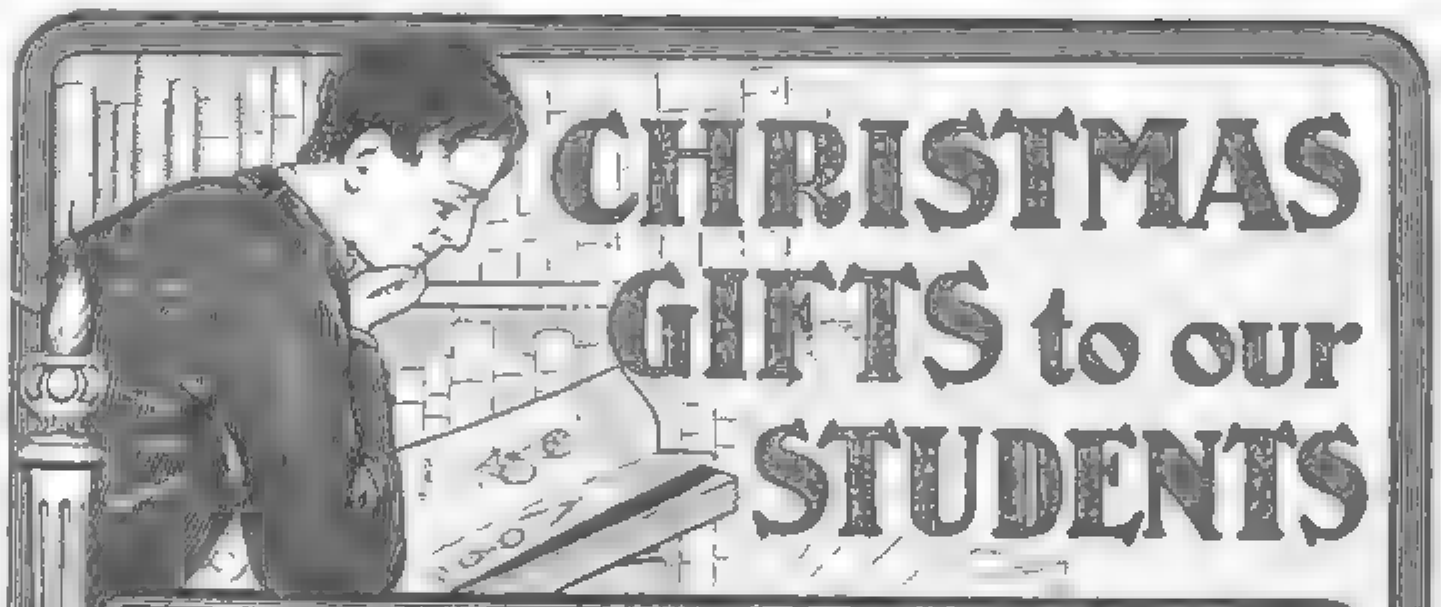
WHEN Madame Sarah Bernhardt was in one of our Western cities a few years ago an artist exasperated her by persistent invitations to visit his studio to see a portrait of herself. He had made it, he said, from a painting which he had seen and studied in Paris some time before.

Finally, after repeated urging on his part, she went to the studio. Standing before the canvas she simulated the keenest rapture as she looked at the portrait, and she complimented the man in extravagant French.

"It is beautiful, grand!" she declared. "It is magnificent!" Then suddenly, to the utter discomfiture of the persistent artist, she added:

"And of whom, pray tell me, sir, is this a portrait?"

One of Madame Bernhardt's best portraits was painted by M. de Gandara. The actress had come to his studio to make the preliminary arrangements. As she was leaving she half turned at the doorway to make her adieus and unconsciously fell into an admirable pose, of which the artist took immediate advantage.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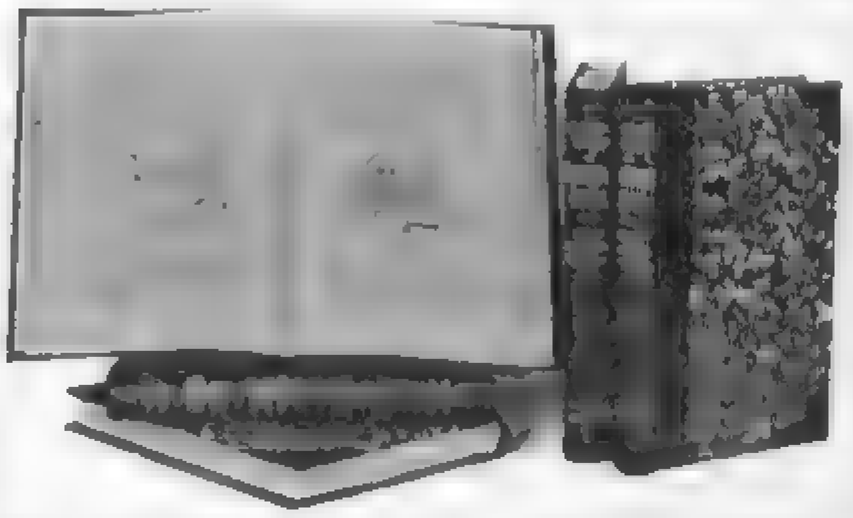

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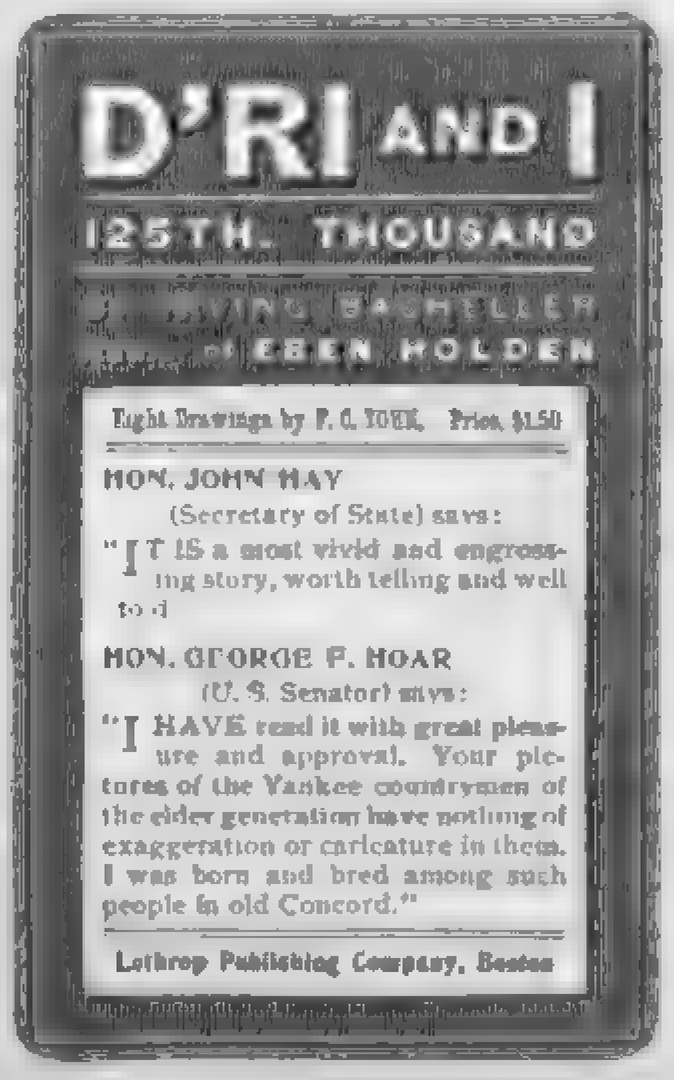

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Sometimes it seems a pity that animals, who suffer so much at our hands, cannot know what Mr. Seton-Thompson is doing for them; that he cannot speak to them, as did St. Francis of Assisi, and tell them of his sympathy and affection. He has in some measure broken down the barrier between man and beast—that barrier which may once have been light and low, but which has been built higher and higher, and broader and broader, in centuries of cruelty and oppression, of wanton slaughter and of harsh abuse. With infinite patience and with infinite gentleness he has studied our poor dumb brothers until he no longer sees in them creatures made to toil in our service, to be eaten for our sustenance, and to be killed for our amusement; but part of the great and kind miracle of life, into which we have wrought such discord. The title of his latest book, Lives of the Hunted *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, has an ominous ring which may frighten away the tender hearted; but the volume is no sadder than its predecessors. None of the stories, indeed, are so piteous as those of Redruff and Lobo, and two or three of them actually have a happy ending—villainy foiled, courage triumphant, and domestic happiness assured

The breadth of Mr. Seton-Thompson's sympathy is the finest charm of his work. It is easy to admire a mountain ram, fleet of foot, stout of heart, and wise with the ancient wisdom of the hills. But when it comes to a pestiferous little coyote, or a city sparrow, most of us refuse enthusiasm. Yet there is nothing better in the book than the tale of Randy and Biddy, little vagabond birds of New York, whose ideas of house-furnishing differ radically, and provide endless matter for dispute. The cock sparrow likes twigs in his nest, and abhors the enervating luxury of stolen feathers. The hen adores feathers and hates twigs—very naturally, in view of the weeks she has to sit on them. Hence daily squabbles and daily refurnishing

The story of the sick bear cub has some of the best drawings, noticeably Johnny with the syrup tin, and Johnny in the pangs of dyspepsia; and there is a charming sketch of a mother teal who is forced, by the drying up of her native pond, to lead her newly hatched ducklings half a mile across country to water. The risks run by the poor little innocents, their hairbreadth escapes, their pluck and endurance, their last adventure and final triumph, make up a tiny drama, thrilling with excitement. It is as good in its way as the account of Tito, a coyote captured in puppyhood, and taught by bitter experience the wiles and wickedness of man. She learns her lesson so well that, by the time freedom is gained, she has added to inherited instincts a wide personal knowledge which stands her in good stead. By its aid she is able to turn the tables now and then upon her persecutors with a sardonic humor Swift would have admired and envied. Such incidents help us to bear the inevitable sadness of the book. The Lives of the Hunted have their blessed moments of comedy. —*Agnes Repplier.*

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Pressed further as to the meaning of "demand," he defines it as "purchasing power," thus bringing this great law down to a simple statement that "you can get what you can pay for." Emerson must have had this in mind when he said. "If you want anything, pay for it and take it, says God."

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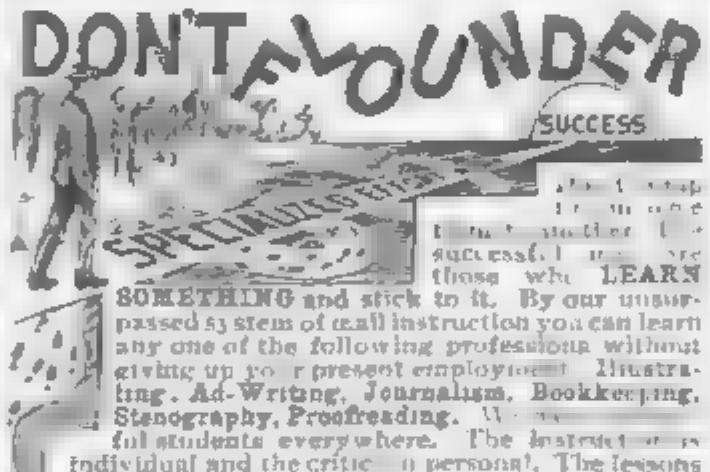

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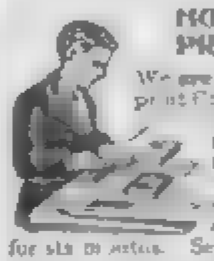

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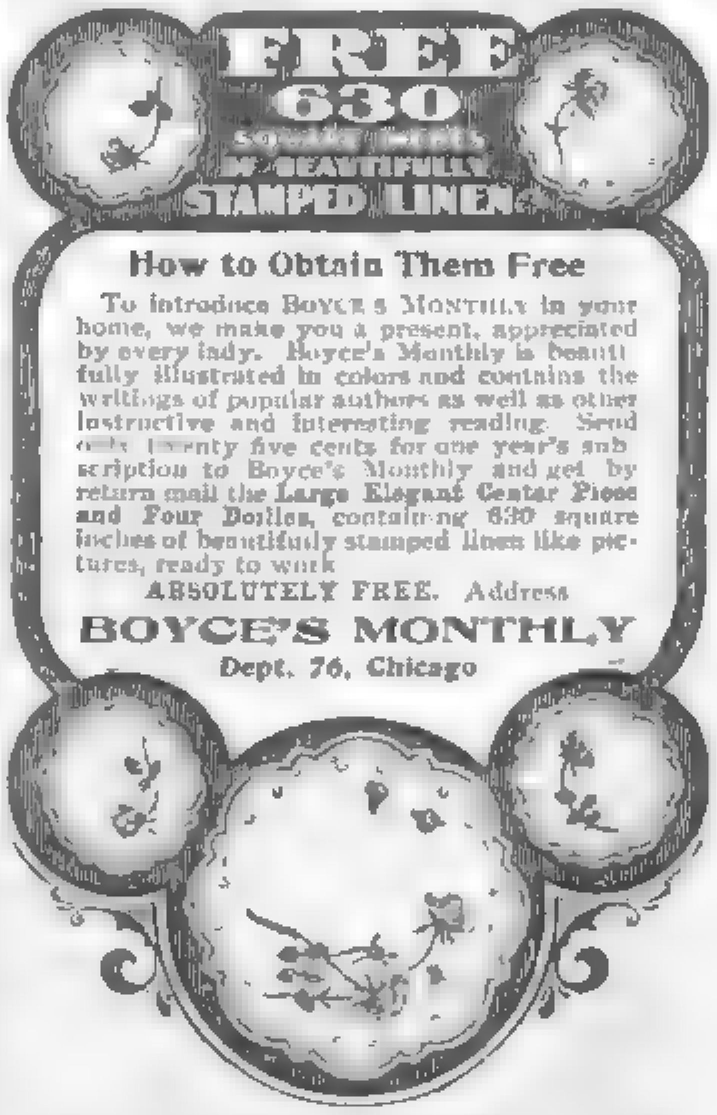

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It must mean want, desire, for one kind does not cost more than another save in its quality, and literature is now so cheap as to make "purchasing power" universal. If the supply of any commodity mirrors the desire for it, then, viewing literature as a commodity, we must conclude that what is set before us is exactly what we want.

Is it? Does the literary taste of a public erect itself on nothing and demand new kinds of writing which it never saw? Did the demand of the reading public create Dickens, for instance, and Carlyle?

Does not the supply precede the demand in all real literature? Does it not appear in scornful defiance of the existing demand, struggle with it, overcome it, and force the new supply down its reluctant throat? Does the new author wait with his ear to the ground for intimation of what people are going to want and then strive to produce it? And, on the other side, what demand accounts for the vast mass of printed matter that clogs the mails, ruins publishers, and overwhelms the reader with despair?

Genuine literature is a product of the highly specialized brain which must write, and write *so*—whether it is wanted or not. But of the vast crop of market literature it is well to remember that the "demand" is from the side of the writer—the hungry writer seeking what he may devour; and the "supply" is the big, patient, generous public.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman

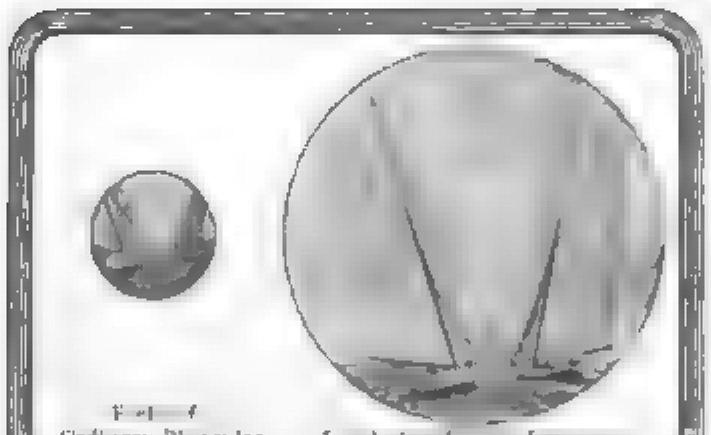
An American Cavalier

Mr. George W. Cable can tell so good a story that we wish he had not thought fit to harness his fiction to the Civil War. So many, so *very* many novels have been written about the War, that when our eyes fall on such familiar phrases as "Grierson's raid," "Johnston's shattered army," and "beleaguered Vicksburg," the spirit weakens within us. We know well what is coming. War stories, like the sea-god's daughters, are "neither the same, nor yet different, but as sisters should be."

The Cavalier *(Charles Scribner's Sons)* opens merrily enough in a camp of those ragged, half-starved, light-hearted Confederates, who bore their privations and bitter losses with the gayety of the French royalists, "smiling upon death." The ladies who flutter now and then through the scenes are especially charming, and can smuggle a home-made gray uniform neatly across the lines by wearing it piecemeal under their flimsy cotton draperies. There is, to be sure, a great deal of slang which sounds vulgar, though maybe it isn't; and the jokes are of the undergraduate type; and the expression "genteel chaps" grates terribly. Neither is it possible to commend such a sentence as this: "I was gone as wanton-tipsy as any low-flung fool, and actually fancied myself invited to be valiant by this transparent embodiment of passion, whose outburst of amorous rebellion had been uttered, not because I was there, but only in pure recklessness of my presence."

Mr. Cable, however, does not aspire to be a stylist, but a story-teller, and The Cavalier is a rattling tale, with plenty of fighting and love-making and secret service work to make it go. The heroine is a beautiful Southern blockade runner, Charlotte Oliver, alias Coralie Rothvelt, who carries quinine across the lines to the sick Confederate soldiers, a kindly action no one will condemn. She can fight, too, like Mary Ambree and the Maid of Saragoza, and does her share of shooting in an animated hand-to-hand conflict in a bedroom; though, if she took aim as she is represented as doing in Mr. Christy's spirited drawing, her shots must have been rather wide of the mark. There are two out-and-out villains, father and son, of the good old satisfactory kind—the father, indeed, quite blood-curdling and dreadful—a palsied, shuffling, white-haired old assassin. The son is Charlotte Oliver's husband—worse luck for her—and has an irritating habit of coming back to life when everybody thinks him safely dead and buried. The second time he does this he tries people's patience a little too severely. His wife, believing herself free at last, is about to marry the hero; and a certain old reprobate of a colonel determines she shall not be balked. So he hunts Oliver down, forces a reluctant "religionist" to shoot him through the heart, and attends personally to the funeral. "You fixed the date of your death last June," he explains to the doomed man, "and we're not going to let it be changed. That's when you died."

The episode is a fine bit of melodramatic art. When The Cavalier is dramatized it will be the telling scene.—*Agnes Repplier.*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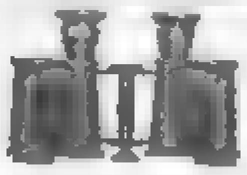
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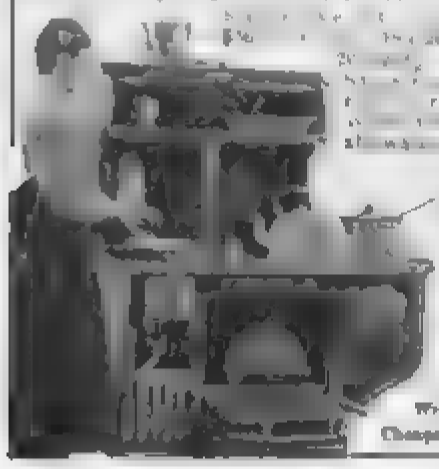
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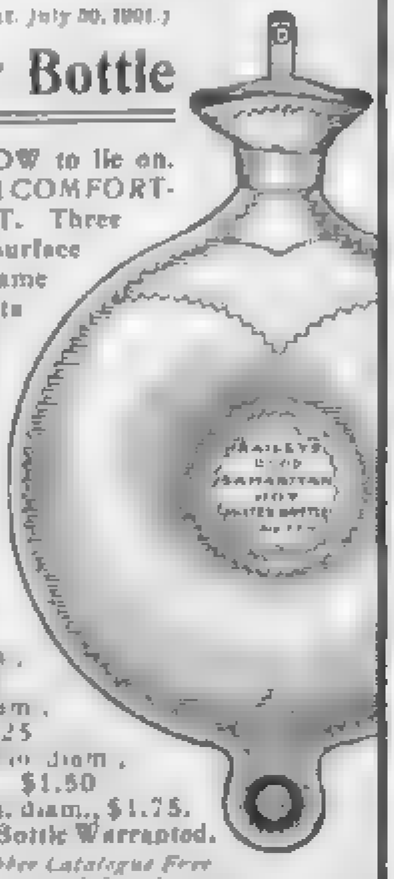
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One of the latest of modern conveniences is a portable electric lamp, which resembles in size and general appearance one of those little pocket cameras which so many people carry about with them nowadays

This contrivance is encased in a leather envelope with a flap that is fastened by buttons. In one end of it is a small incandescent lamp and switch, and the remainder of the receptacle is occupied by three dry cells. The cells are bound together so that they can be conveniently taken out, put in, or replaced by a fresh set

The value of an article of this kind to the every-day traveler is sufficiently obvious, inasmuch as he can carry it in his pocket or in his handbag where it is always available for ready use. Though so remarkably compact, the lamp gives quite a brilliant illumination, being materially helped by a suitable reflector

At one end of the leather case is a round hole, closed by a little bull's-eye, through which the light will shine if one desires so to manage it. In a berth on a railway car at night or in a stateroom on a steamship the portable electric outfit is particularly convenient. For use by the traveling photographer, it can be made available by covering the circular opening aforesaid with a piece of ruby-colored translucent paper

What the Birds Eat

One of the most notable difficulties experienced by experts of the Government Bureau of Ornithology in studying the contents of birds' stomachs—a plan pursued for the purpose of finding out just what amount of good or harm is done by various species incidentally to their feeding upon insects, seeds and fruits—has been to identify the different kinds of bugs whose remains are discovered in the digestive apparatus. Birds often mutilate their food before swallowing it, and the gizzard afterward reduces it to fine fragments

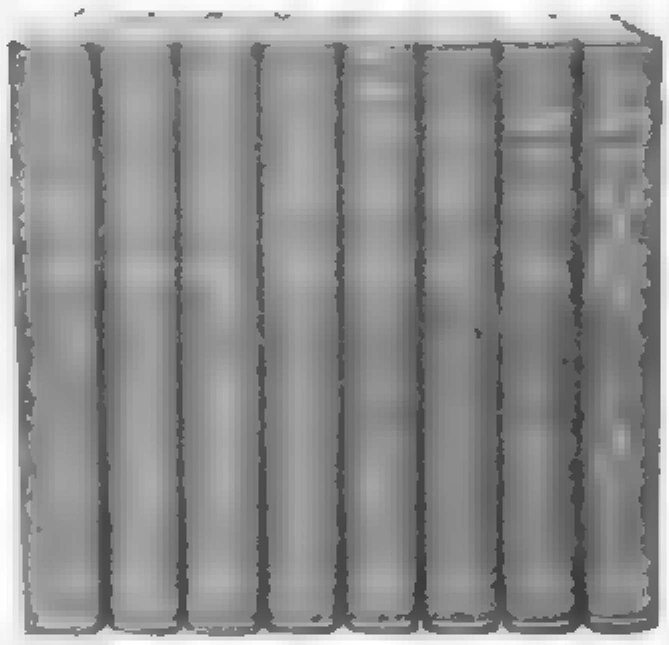
The men who do this work of investigation have become extraordinarily skillful at it In a pinch of grasshopper dust the trained eye of the expert quickly detects a tiny jaw with a grooved cutting edge and a grinder; or, if the jaw is lacking, a search seldom fails to reveal a little piece that looks like a human ear, but which in reality is part of the knee joint of the insect.

The remains of caterpillars found in bird stomachs usually consist of little packets of broken skin, which has been twisted and rolled into such compact form by the action of the digestive organs. Sometimes nothing is left by which to identify these insects except the concave jaws, which are of so peculiar a shape as to be unmistakable. Beetles have hard shells, and so their remains are easily recognized. Butterflies and moths are more difficult, but they may be distinguished by the scales of their wings when examined under the microscope.

Many soft-bodied insects are recognizable by their hard jaws, which resist destruction in the bird's stomach. The hinged body of a click-beetle is provided with a tooth which strikes against half of the hinge and produces the clicking noise when the beetle springs into the air. This tooth, when found in a bird's stomach, is often broken off from the body, and is sometimes all that is left to show that a click beetle has been eaten

The wing-covers of weevils (the insects that devour stored grain) resemble pieces of earthenware on a minute scale, and so are easily identified. Recognition of butterflies and moths is much harder, as the distinguishing features are mostly in the veining of the delicate wings. Ants, on the other hand, can always be recognized, even when the action of the stomach has reduced the insect to dust, by the very hard jaws, which look like a pair of gauntleted hands

Spiders are identified by their jaws, which look like miniature cow horns, and by their little eyes, which, beneath the microscope, resemble clusters of gleaming gems. In studying the remains of earthworms the compound microscope has to be used, the high-power lenses revealing the peculiar amber-colored spicules with which the bodies of these annelids are covered. Remains of May-flies usually contain some of the prettily reticulated eggs of the insects, each of them holding a golden globule of oil.



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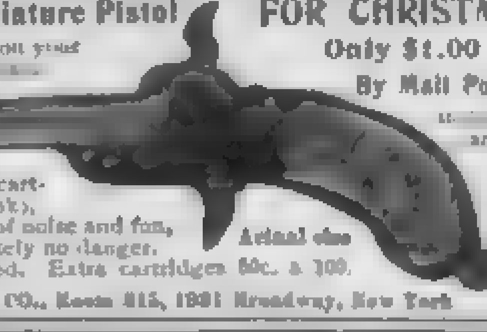

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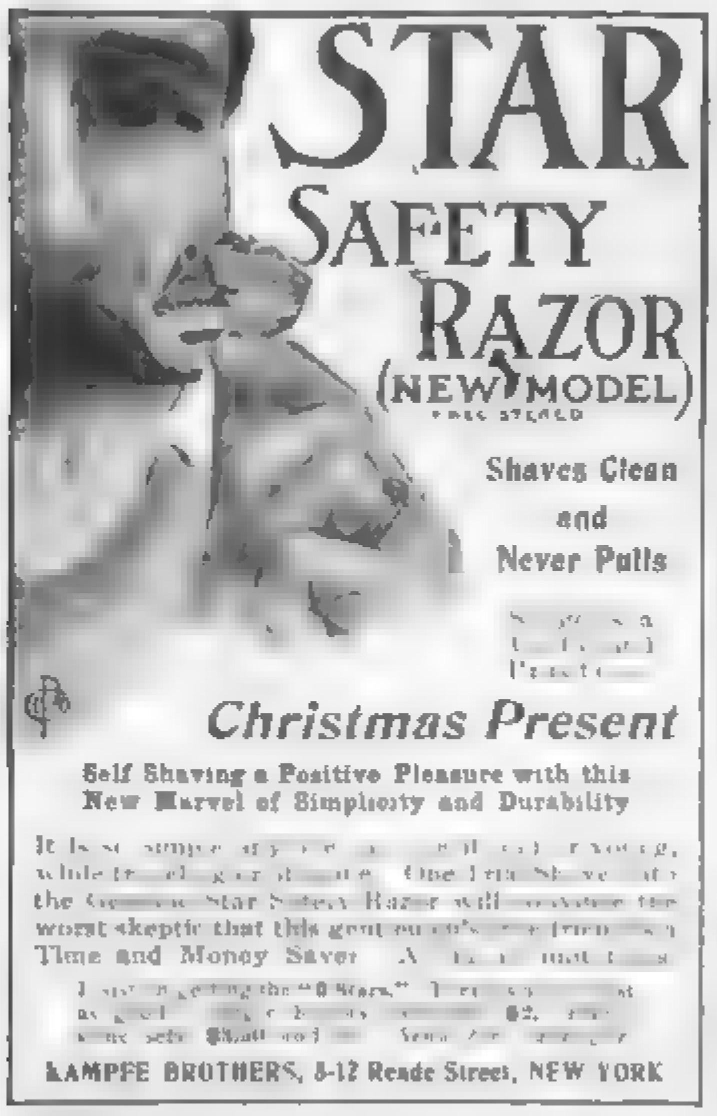

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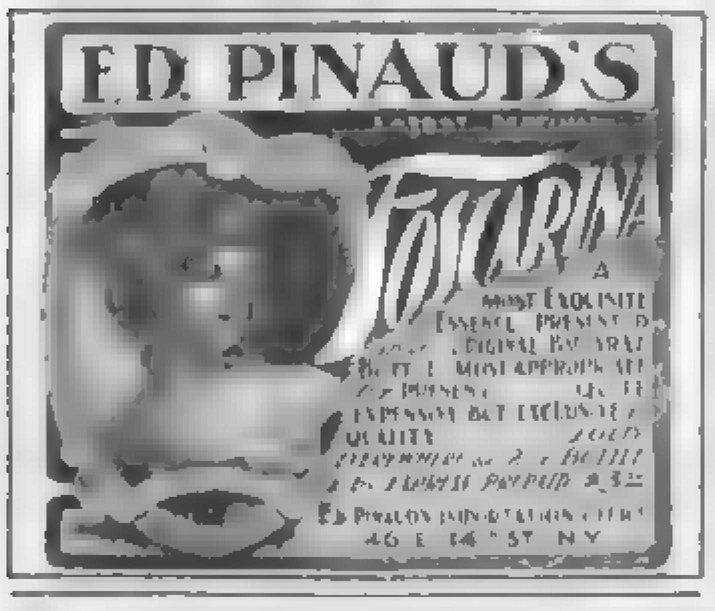

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Birds take into their gizzards for grinding purposes many curious things. Sparrows sometimes utilize in this way small fragments of mica, tourmaline, and even volcanic lava and in Kansas they employ in like manner the disk-shaped sections of the stems of fossil sea-lilies. A sooty grouse taken in British Columbia was using in its little mill four small nuggets of gold.

The Fad for Matrix Gems

One of the funniest of fads is the present craze for so-called "matrix stones."

Only a short time ago such "gems" would have been unsalable. What started the fashion was turquoise matrix. In New Mexico turquoise occurs in a stone of a rather pretty color, écru to reddish, and usually the precious material is so mixed up with this matrix as to be of no commercial value, only occasional pieces of the pure stuff being obtainable.

One day not long ago, however, it occurred to a gem expert of New York City that bits of the stone containing fragments of turquoise might be polished prettily and made available for ornaments and jewelry. For the sake of a name he called the product "matrix turquoise."

The enthusiasm with which his idea was accepted was astonishing to himself. Matrix turquoise became the rage, and artificers who imitate turquoise in enamel are now called upon to counterfeit the matrix effect.

The fashion has extended to other kinds of gems, and at present there is a large demand for matrix emeralds, matrix rubies, matrix sapphires, and so forth. A stone of any sort, not pure enough to cut in the ordinary way, may furnish a matrix gem. The dealer nowadays assures his customer that any precious stone he wishes to sell is "genuine matrix," and with that assurance the patron does not hesitate to buy it. Without that guarantee it would not sell.

Great is the efficacy of a freak idea when flawed stones filled with ordinary rock and impossible for cutting become suddenly valuable through a turn of ignorant popular fancy, helped out by an attractive name. Matrix turquoises are really very pretty, but other gem materials treated in the same way are not so effective, the contrast of colors being less striking and less agreeable to the eye.

Picturesque Chemistry

Perhaps the most picturesque phase of the wonder-work of the modern chemist relates to the building up of substances counterfeiting those furnished by Nature—such as artificial indigo, which threatens to drive natural indigo out of the market and thus to destroy an important agricultural industry. Indeed, in many instances these articles are not in a true sense imitations, but the things themselves manufactured from the very elements which Nature uses in her business. Take, for example, the volatile ethers which are mainly accountable for the perfumes of flowers and fruits. All of them have been, or can be without difficulty, reproduced in the laboratory; and they are the veritable ethers, not mere counterfeits.

Chemists call this branch of their work "synthesis." It is quite a new branch, inasmuch as the magicians of the laboratory, until very recently, have confined their attention entirely to the old style of work termed analysis.

Everybody knows that the analysis of a substance means the taking apart of the elements composing it, as a small boy would dissect, ruthlessly, his sister's doll. The process is useful so far as it goes; the small boy learns how the doll was made up; but if he is asked to put it together again he is puzzled. He has solved the problem of analysis, but synthesis—the putting together of the parts—is beyond his powers.

Nevertheless, some very remarkable things in this line have already been accomplished. Consider, for instance, vanillin—a crystalline substance which is the flavoring element of the vanilla bean. It is produced to-day from coal-tar in the laboratory—not a counterfeit, mind you, but vanillin itself—and is trying to drive the real vanilla bean out of the market.

Chemically speaking, the make-up of ordinary sawdust is very nearly the same as that of starch. From this fact it has been inferred that sawdust, with proper skill, might be converted into starch.

If that problem could be solved the great forests which now are being eaten up to supply the presses of newspapers and periodicals with wood pulp could be utilized as human provender.

The TORREY STROPS

Useful Holiday Gifts

Any gentleman would appreciate a Torrey Strop [illegible] and the longer he used it the more he would [illegible]

HERE ARE SHOWN FOUR OF OUR BEST:

No. 201. Swing Strop. Polished linen hose and horse-hide, combined with removable swivel. Padded handle. $1.50. Other grades, $1.00, $2.00

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Torrey's "Pullman" Strop. Works on a [illegible] dust proof case. Out of sight when [illegible] case, single leather, 50c. Enameled case, canvas and leather, $1.25. Engraved aluminum case, single leather, $1.00. Engraved aluminum case, canvas and leather, $1.50. Sterling Case, Ebony Ends, [illegible] $6.00.

Send for [illegible] Torrey Strops and Hones [illegible] honing [illegible] free

Where dealers haven't [illegible]

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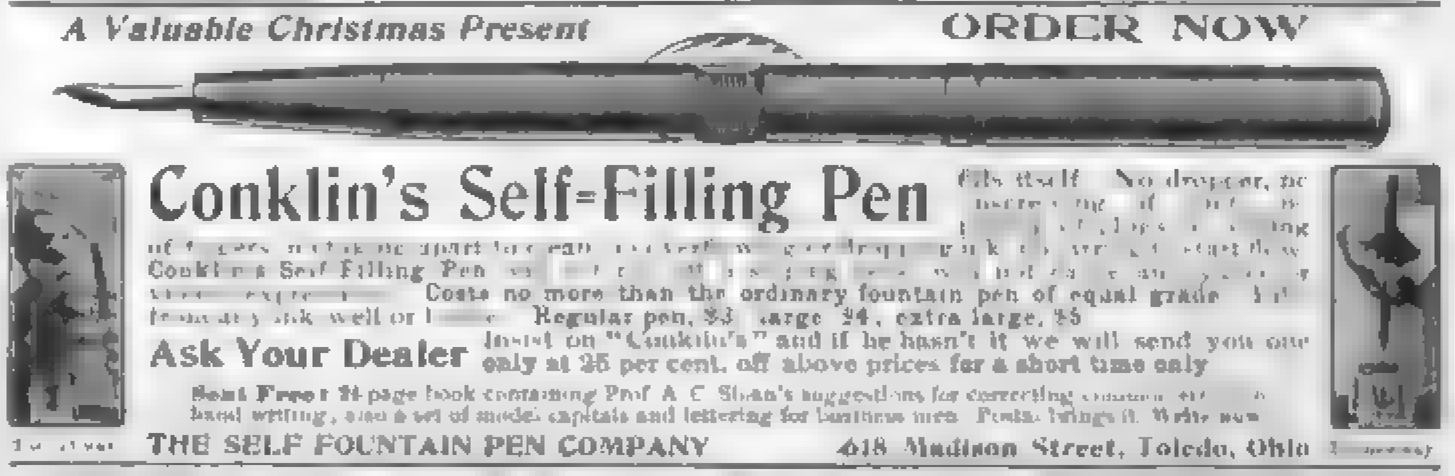

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Fills itself. No dropper, no [illegible]

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Ask Your Dealer Insist on "Conklin's" and if he hasn't it we will send you one only at 25 per cent. off above prices for a short time only

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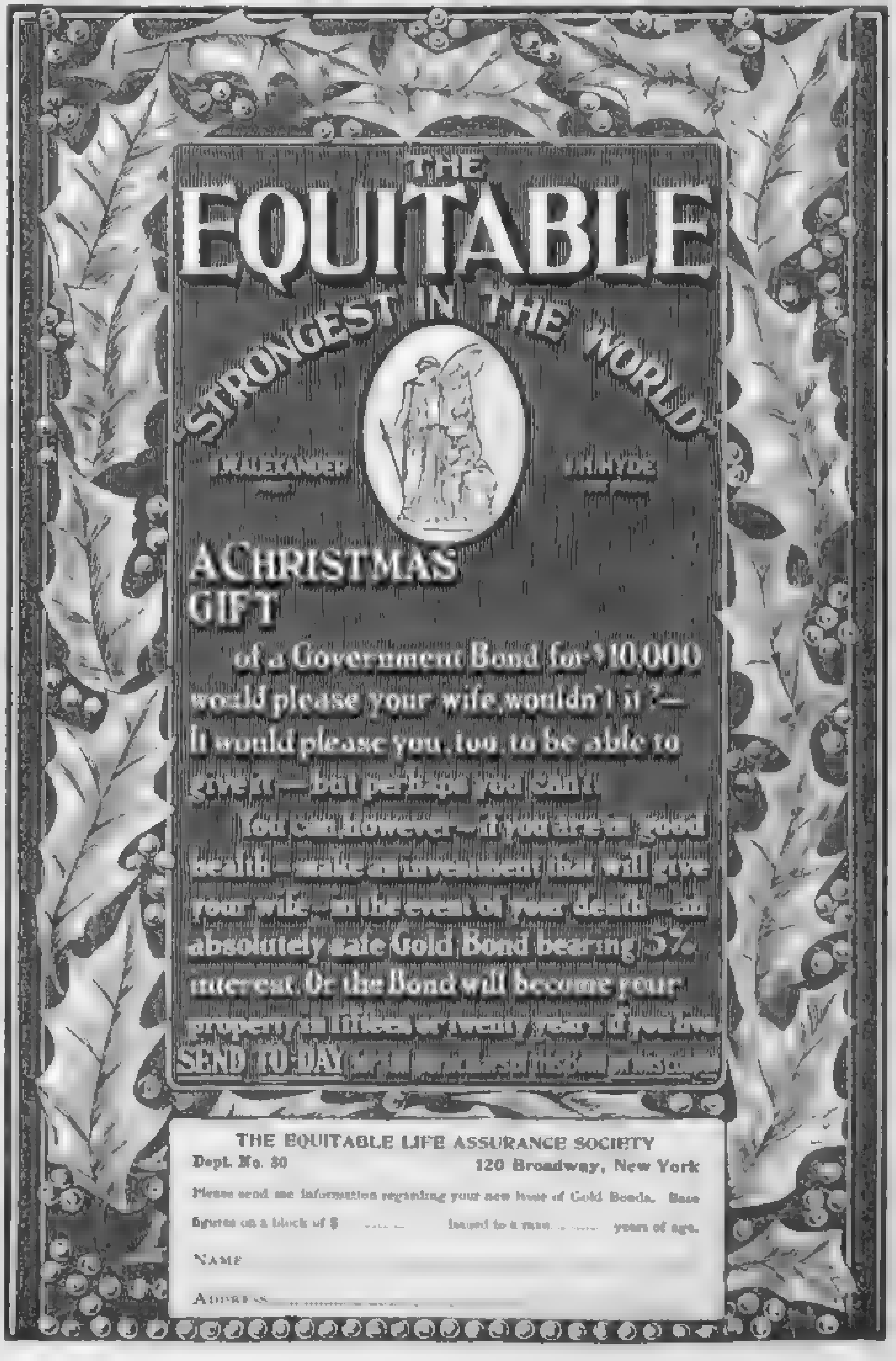

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"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

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of a Government Bond for $10,000 would please your wife, wouldn't it?—It would please you, too, to be able to give it—but perhaps you can't.

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Please send me information regarding your new issue of Gold Bonds. Base figures on a block of $........ issued to a man .... years of age.

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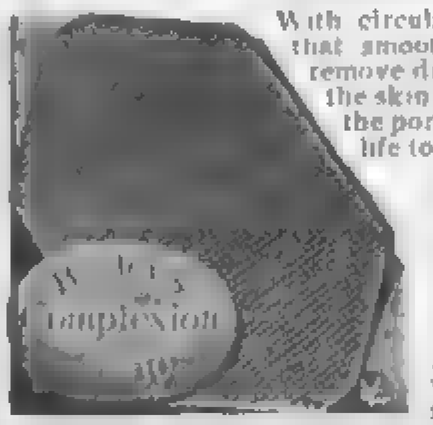

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Are all made this way. It's the right way. Millions in use. Bailey's name on every brush. Accept no others. Beware of imitations. (Agents wanted.)

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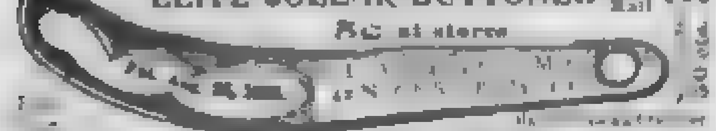

GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS
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OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y. City

Thompson's Progress

(Continued from Page 11)

it smell so good? And burgundy put down to warm! Tom, never prate to me about your savage tastes again. I can foresee a French *cordon bleu* in the establishment that is to be if your wife is going to have anything like a comfortable time of it with you."

"I say," replied Tom stolidly; "you know you ought not to be here."

"But I am here, and that's the main thing. Put another plate down to warm, Tom. I see you have only one there. Aren't you going to give me chipped potatoes as well? And bread sauce?"

"There's only biscuit to eat with it. You ought not to be here, you know, Mary. And besides, there is only one plate and one knife and fork."

"Then I shall take them, and, as a punishment for your inhospitality, you must eat with your fingers. Tom, I'm not a person that goes in for crying, but if you don't amend your manners there will be tears or something in about another minute. I can tell you, it took a big wrench to one's pride to come here at all."

"You know quite well why I keep away from you."

"I never see you at all except across a street, and even then you won't cross over to speak to me. It isn't exactly proper treatment from the man one's engaged to."

"I'm not engaged," said Tom grimly. "I told you straight out I was not going to be engaged till I was in a proper position to marry."

"And yet you threatened all sorts of horrible things to any one else who chose to take a fancy to me."

"Oh, yes, and I quite meant all I said."

"Then it seems I'm to remain a miserable spinster during my lord's pleasure."

"About that—I hope it won't be much longer now."

"I see. Well, if this is your idea of courtship, I must say it is more original than amusing. Is the pheasant nearly done, Tom? What's that that makes it smell so good?"

"Never mind the pheasant. You mustn't stay here. I'll see you home, or, at any rate, well along your way."

"You greedy boy! I believe you want it all for yourself. Well, you're not going to have your own way just for once. Here I am, and here I dine. Do you still keep that ridiculous stuffed trout that we first made acquaintance over? I think you ought to hand that trout and its glass case along to me."

"I offered it to you once, and you wouldn't have it. Now you'll have to wait till 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow.'"

"You talk so glibly of marriage, and you haven't even proposed to me yet."

"I'll propose to you, Mary dear, in due form when the time comes, if you want it. I'm not ready yet. I think I shall be soon. But I'm not going to marry till I can settle on you an estate as big as your father's on your wedding day. That's where my pride comes in."

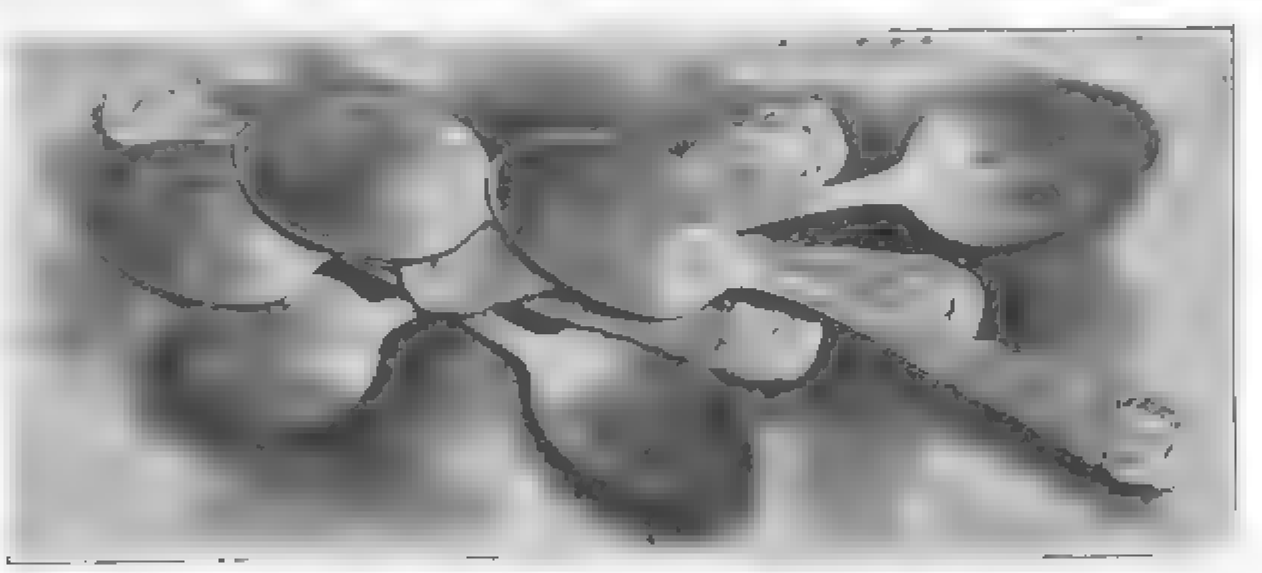
She turned and faced him with eyes that shone suspiciously, and a little spurt of passion. "And do you think you have a monopoly in pride? Do you think I would marry you at all if I didn't care for you? Do you think you could buy me just as you buy one of your abominable bales of wool, if only you offer a full market value?"

Tom stooped on one knee and kissed her hand. "I know you care for me, dear, and I know, too, you understand how dearly I love you. But it's the difference of the positions we are in that makes the trouble. You come of an old county family, and it is your duty not to marry beneath you. I am nobody except what I make myself. It's the future I look to. If we married now, all your own class would look down on you. No, don't deny it, dear; you know they would. But, presently, I shall have made what every one will call success. I shall have money; I shall have land, with every prospect of more to follow. People forgive much to success. I don't think they would dare to be cool with you then."

"No. They would say I married you for your money."

"If you will continue to look at me when we are married, my sweetheart, as you are looking at me now, I don't think people will have any doubt about our real reasons unless they are stone blind. Oh! Mary, darling, don't make it harder than it is to keep away from you."

"It seems," she said with a little rueful laugh, "that my will has got to give way to



A Pleasing Christmas Gift

What shall I buy the folks for a Christmas present? One of the most pleasing and acceptable gifts you can make will be a set of the **Pan-American Exposition Souvenir Coffee Spoons** made especially for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway by the Oneida Community. They are made of best material, carefully and handsomely finished and fully guaranteed. They are serviceable and will last for years. Like quality spoons sold at Exposition at 50 to 75 cents each.
The set consists of six spoons. A different Exposition subject is engraved in the bowl of each spoon.

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TIRES.—In pneumatic tires as now made liability to puncture is minimized. Their popularity has increased as people have learned that by keeping the tire well pumped, and with a little care at the valves, rim cutting and puncture are almost unknown.

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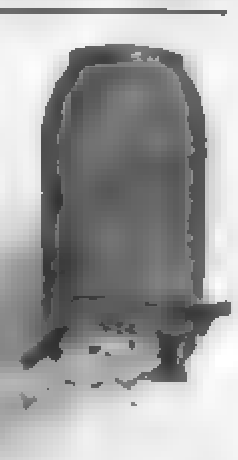

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DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

yours, Tom, and so I must bide my lord's good time. But there's one thing," she flashed, "that I will not be cheated out of, and that's my dinner. When Clara led me in here she fairly wriggled with hospitality, and if you'll not give me an invitation of your own, I know you'll not be cruel enough to deny Clara's."

"You shall eat part of a pheasant," said Tom heartily, "such as seldom comes to the tooth." He took the bird away from the fire, unpinned its bacon armor, and carved away one breast and the oyster pieces from the back. The fragrant steam of the meat and the chestnuts and the rowan berries filled the place deliciously. He set a tumbler of burgundy beside her, and stood back to watch her eat, feasting himself on her eyes.

"When I go out to dinner, Mr. Thompson, my host eats, too."

"I'm getting all I want, thanks."

"And doesn't make—or look—ridiculous compliments unless I happen to be engaged to him."

"Oh! have you been engaged to many people, then?"

"That's my secret. But you said just now very plainly that I wasn't engaged to you, so unless I'm to understand that you've changed your mind——"

"Not at all," laughed Tom hastily, and helped himself from the bird, and ate with a pocket-knife, and used the lid of the biscuit-box as a plate.

"I'm glad you've got only one tumbler," said Mary Norreys with a shy laugh, and drank a toast. "Here's to that coming fashion in mohair, Tom. I only took a partial interest in it before. But as you've got so very high and mighty I'm going to make you remember that if you do pull a fortune out of the new fashion you'll owe some of it to me. If I don't pin the women's tastes in London on to mohair, I'll—well, I'll not marry you. And that would be dreadful. Oh! but I shall do it, Tom. They shall wear it, dear, all of them: and then, when the fortune comes, it will be partly due to both of us. Here's to mohair, Tom!"

Then she passed him the tumbler.

. . . .

It was a little more than a year after this—about Christmas time, to be accurate—that a dog-cart brought Tom up over the crisply frozen drive that led from the main road to Norreys House, and presently Tom found himself being rather coldly regarded by Mr. Norreys, in a very much unused library.

"I just called," said Tom pleasantly, "to say I'm going to marry Mary, and we'd like to have your consent."

"The deuce you would! I knew you'd got ideas of that kind in your head some time ago, but I thought they were all over and done with. By the way, does she know you are here?"

"Not yet. She will directly. Are we going to have your consent?"

"Most certainly not. I like you well enough personally, Thompson, but you're not the right man. Miss Norreys is going to marry some one in the county. So suppose we drop the subject."

"Not at all. I've been pretty successful in business lately."

"My dear fellow, I know nothing at all about business."

"I knew you'd a weakness for land, and out of sheer deference to your tastes I've bought a tidy estate out of surplus profits; and if size and rent-roll go for anything, it's about twice as big as this of your own. Now mind, I still hold to my own theory that for an active man, such as I am, to sink his money in land is sheer waste of useful capital. But I want very much to have your approval, and so there's the estate. It will be settled on Mary when we're married."

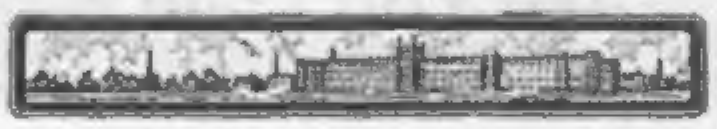
"Where is the place?"

"Buton Hall."

"Phew! I say, Thompson, you seem to have been doing pretty well. But just buying the place doesn't get you into the county, you know."

"I've an intention," said Tom dryly, "of skipping the county and going into the Peerage in the course of time. I said I'd only bought Buton to please you."

"H'm, very good of you, very good of you. Well, stay to dinner. I suppose you'd like to go and see Mary now, and say it's all right. By gad! though, to think of your buying my girl Buton for a wedding present! I'll have a talk with you about wool afterward. It seems rather a good thing to go in for if one's got a bit of loose cash."



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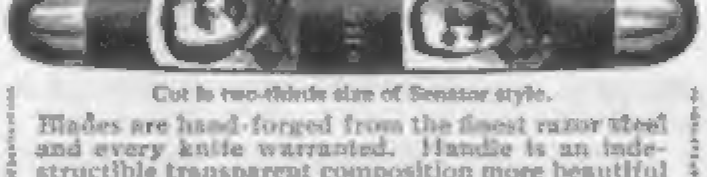

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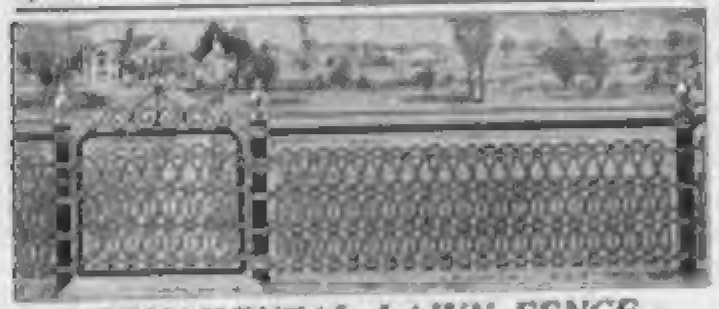
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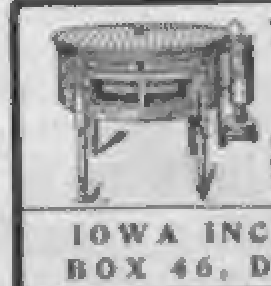
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Dan'l Borem

The Popular American Novel

By Bret Harte

(Concluded from Page 9)

For a minit I hed to ketch on to the fence to keep myself from fallin'. I swoony! ef he didn't look like a case of measles on top o' yaller fever—'cept where the harness had touched him, and that was kinder stenciled out all over him. Thar was places whar the 'ostler had washed down to the foundation color—a kind o' chewed licorice! Then I knew that somebody had bin sold terrible, and I reckoned it might be me! But I said nothin' to the 'ostler, and waited until dark, when I drove him over here, and put him in the stables—lettin' no one see him. In the mornin' Lummox comes to me, and sez he: 'I'm glad to see you back,' sez he, 'for my conscience is troublin' me about that hoss agreement; it looks too much like a hoss trade,' sez he, 'and I'm goin' to send the hoss back.' 'Mebbe your conscience,' sez I, 'may trouble you a little more ef you'll step this way;' and with that I takes his arm and leads him round to the stable and brings out the hoss.

"Well, Lummox never changes ez much as a hair, ez he puts up his eyeglasses. 'I'm not good at what's called "pop'lar Art,"' sez he. 'Is it a chromo—or your own work?' sez he, critical like."

"'It's *your hoss,*' sez I.

"He looks at me a minit and then drors a paper from his pocket. 'This paper,' sez he in his quiet way, 'was drored up by you and is a covenant to return to me a yaller hoss with golden mane and tail—or a hundred and fifty dollars. Ez I don't see the hoss anywhere—mebbe you've got the hundred and fifty dollars handy?' sez he. 'Suppose I hadn't the money?' sez I. 'I should be obliged,' sez he, in a kind o' pained Christian-martyr way, 'ter sell *your* hoss for two hundred, and send the money to my fr'en'.' We looked at each other steddy for a minit and then I counts him out a hundred and fifty. He took the money sad-like and then sez: 'Mr. Borem,' sez he, 'this is a great morril lesson to us,' and went back to the office. In the arternoon I called in an old hoss dealer that I knew and shows him Pegasus.

"'He wants renewin',' sez he.

"'Wot's that?' sez I.

"'A few more bottles o' that British Blonde Hair Dye to set him up agin. That's wot they allus do in the cirkis, whar he kem from.'

"Then I went back to the office and I took down my sign. 'What's that you're doin'?' sez Lummox with a sickly kind o' smile. 'Are you goin' out o' the bizness?'

"'No, I'm only goin' to change that sign from "Dan'l Borem" to "Borem and Lummox,"' sez I. 'I've concluded it's cheaper for me to take you inter partnership now than to continue in this way, which would only end in your hevin' to take me in later. I preferred to *do it fust.*'"

VII

A RICH man, and settled in business, John Lummox concluded that he would marry Mary Bike. With that farsighted logic which had always characterized him he reasoned that, having first met her on a liner, he would find her again on one if he took passage to Europe. He did—but she was down on the passenger-list as Mrs. Edwin Wraggles. The result of their interview was given to Mrs. Bigsby by Dan'l Borem in his own dialect.

"Ez far as I kin see, it was like the Deacon's Sunday hoss trade, bein' all 'Ef it wassent.' 'Ef ye wasn't Mrs. Wraggles,' sez Lummox, sez he, 'I'd be tellin' ye how I've loved ye ever sense I first seed ye. Ef ye wasn't Mrs. Wraggles, I'd be squeezin' yer hand,' sez he; 'ef ye wasn't Mrs. Wraggles, I'd be askin' ye to marry me.' Then the gal ups and sez, sez she: 'But I *ain't* Mrs. Wraggles,' sez she; 'Mrs. Wraggles is my sister, and couldn't come, so I'm travelin' on her ticket, and that's how my name is Wraggles on the passenger-list.' 'But why didn't ye tell me so, at once?' sez Lummox. 'This is an episoode o' protracted humor,' sez she, 'and *I'm* bound to have a show in it somehow!'"

"Well!" said Mrs. Bigsby breathlessly; "then he *did* marry her?"

"Darned ef I know. He never said so straight out—but that's like Lummox."

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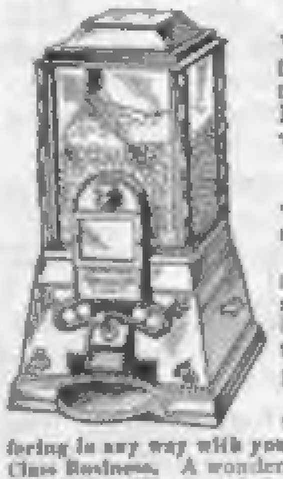
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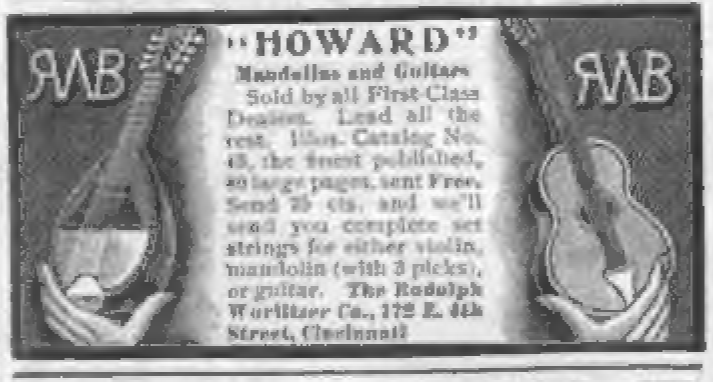
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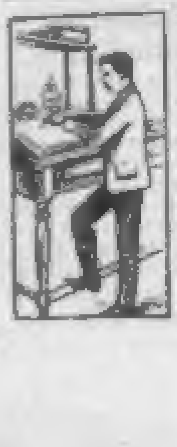
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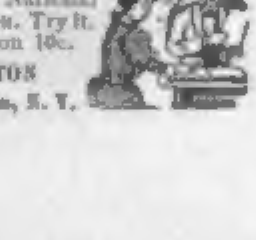
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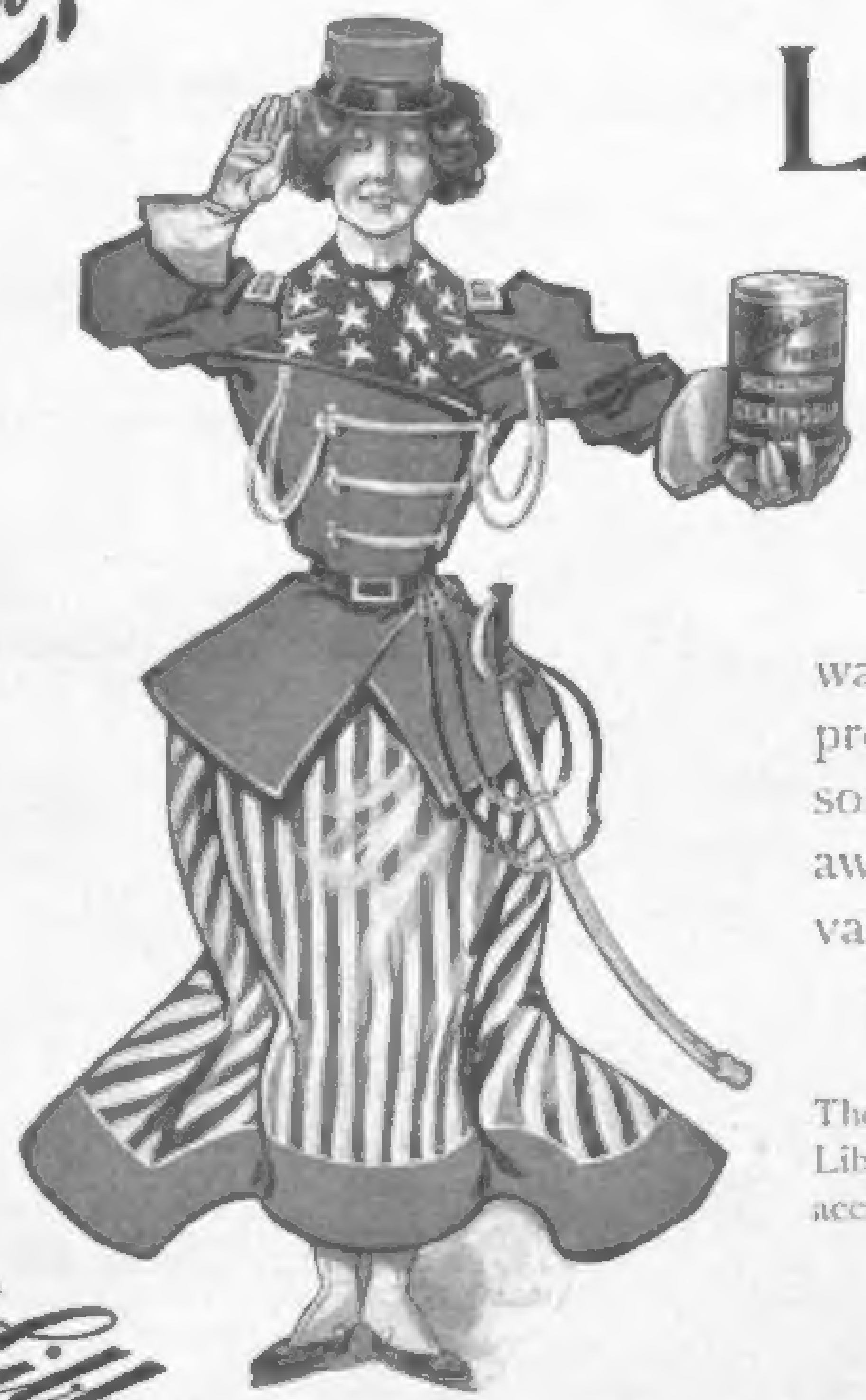

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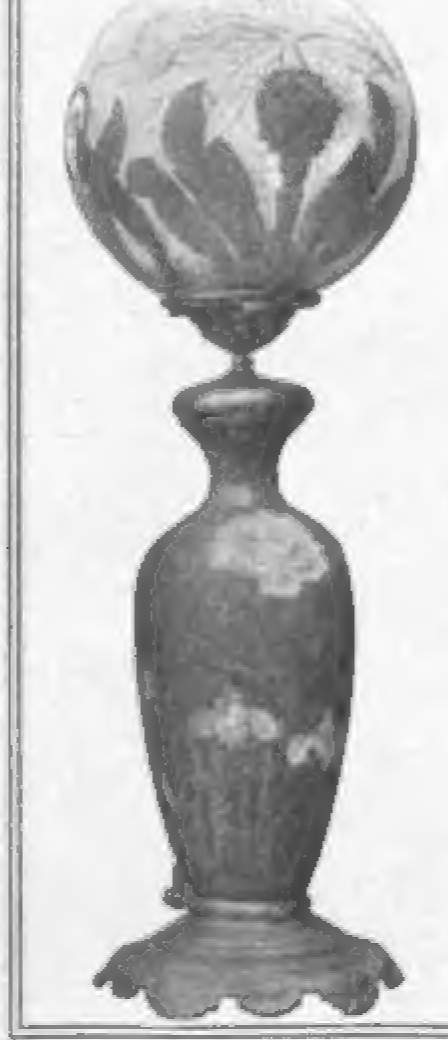

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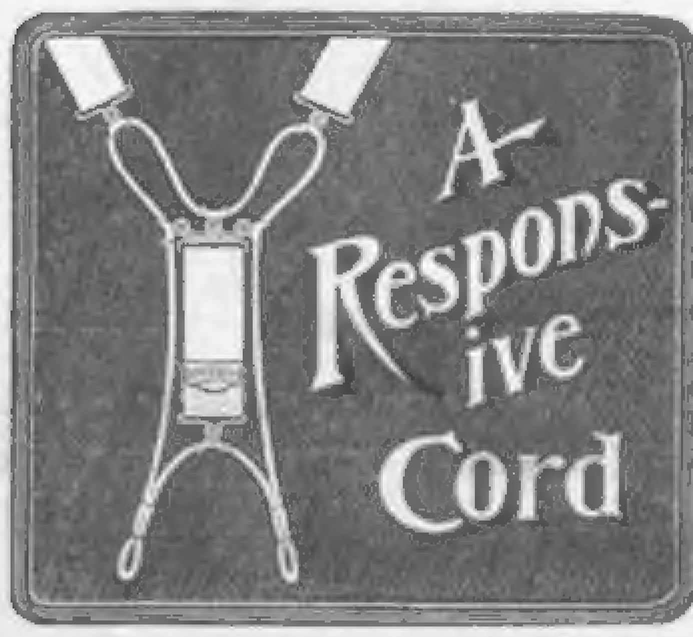

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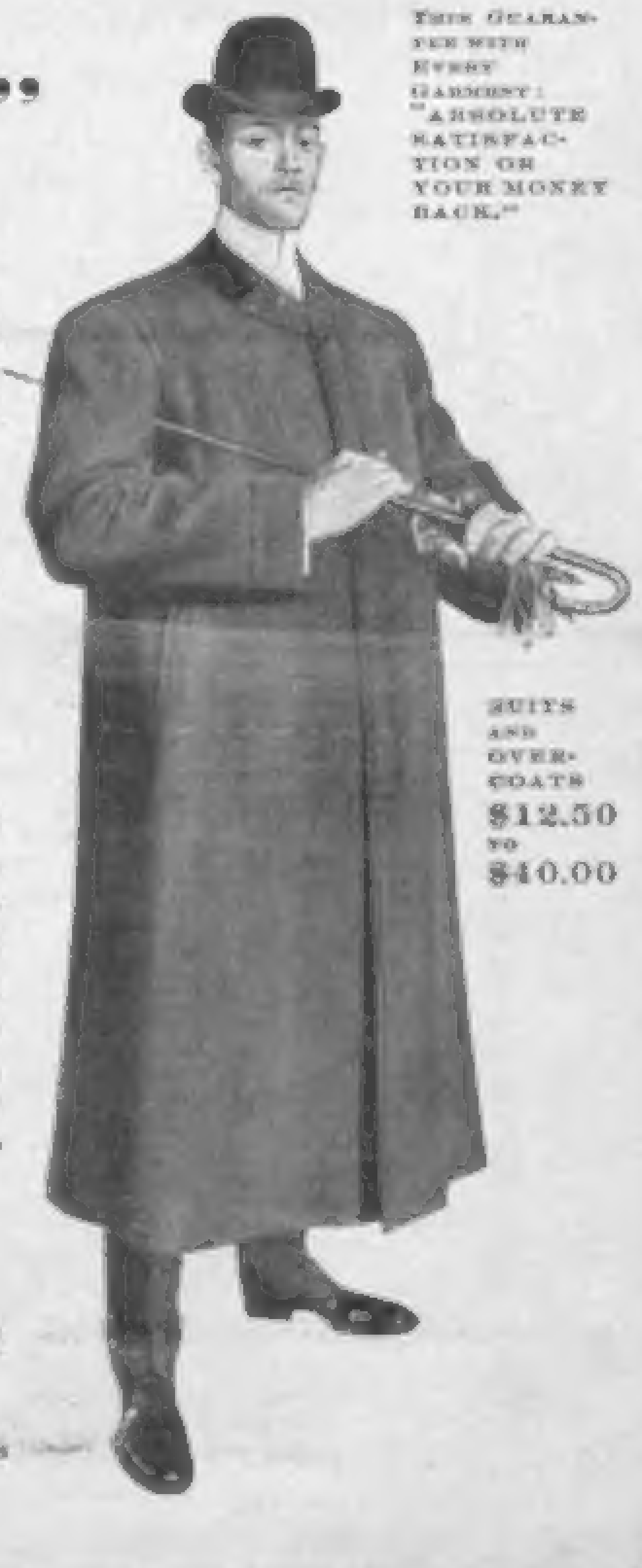

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